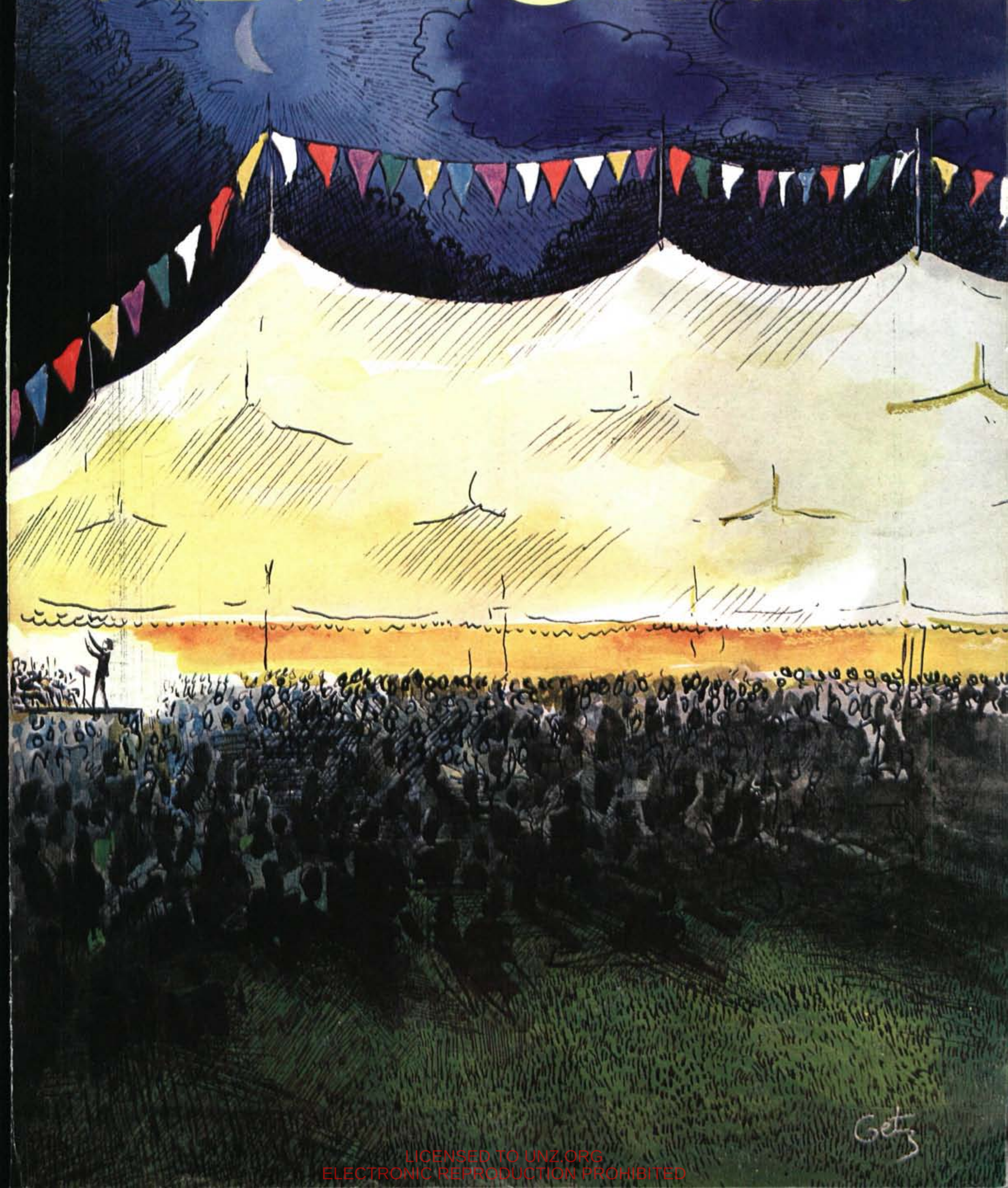
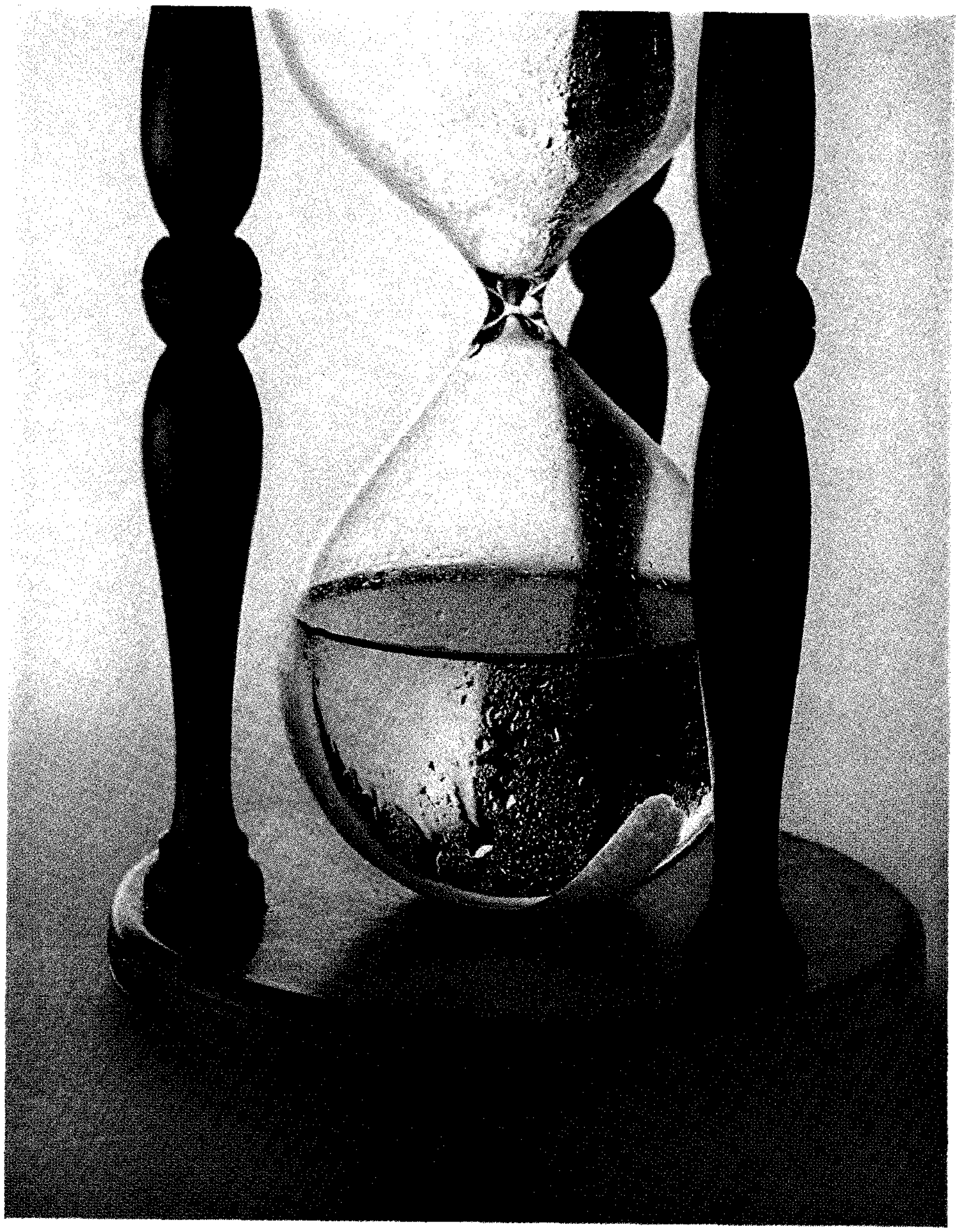
July 25, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



The dry martini was born 100 years ago.



Back in 1870, Fleischmann created the world's first dry gin . . . the gin that made the dry martini possible. Of course, we were a little ahead of our time.

But today when most people want to make their martinis as dry as they can, we're still the gin that does it.

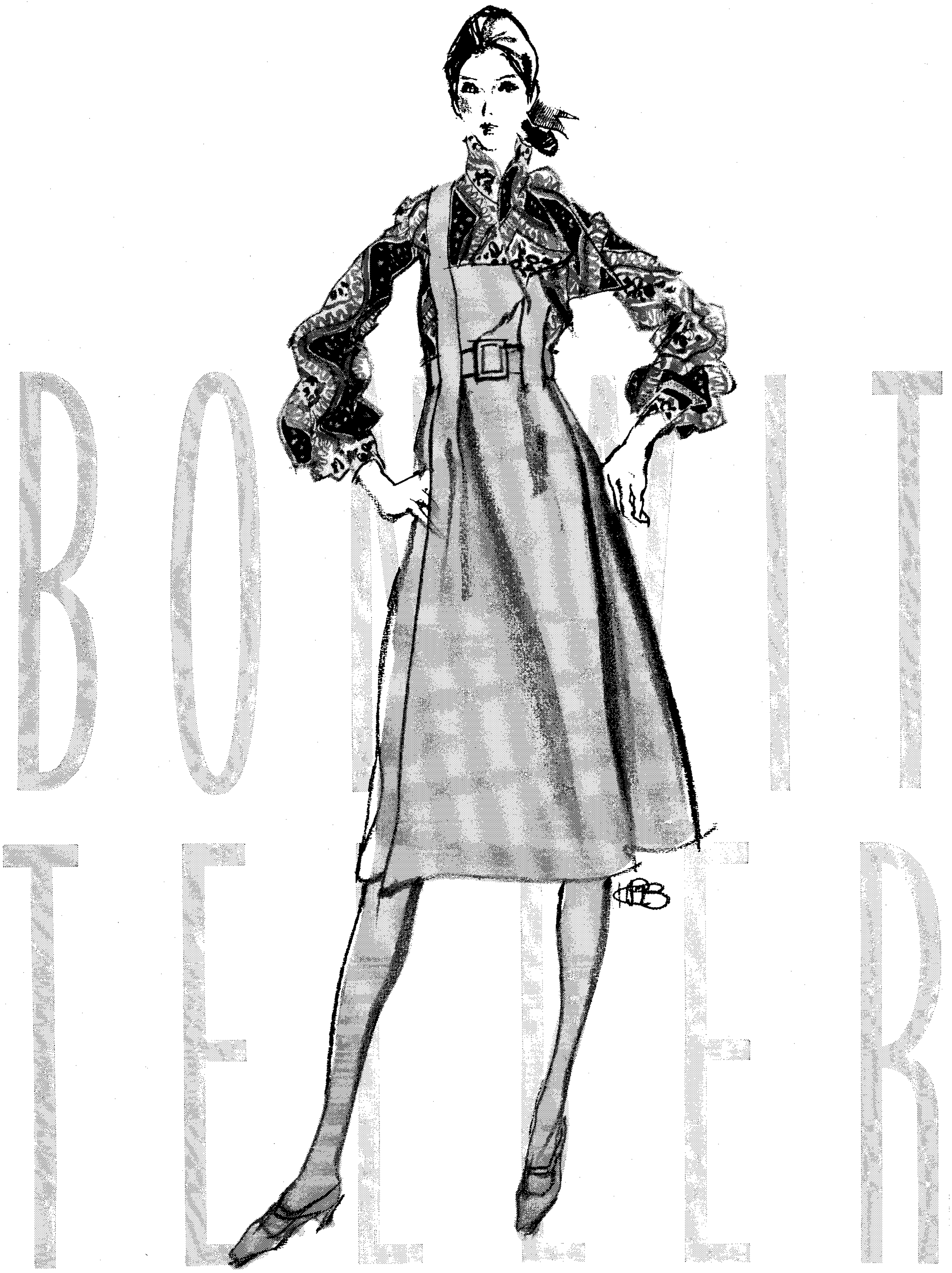
Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin. For the last 100 years. And the next.

1870 1970
FLEISCHMANN
100 YEARS
OF QUALITY AND
VALUE

FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED
DRY GIN

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., N.Y.C.



BONWIT JERSEY AND CHALLIS—THE DRESS THAT GETS THE JUMP ON THE MIDI SCENE!

It's Rodrigues' prophetic design in soft wool: mauve jersey jumper and a mulberry and black paisley blouse with its own scarf. 4 to 12 sizes, 130.00 Collection Clothes, New York and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak but vivid play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—An eloquent, touching adaptation, by Frank McMahon, of Brendan Behan's account of his life in an English reform school. Wonderfully acted by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes, of the Abbey Theatre. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is capably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2, for the summer. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Golden Bat—A musical performed by the Tokyo Kid Brothers, a company of Japanese young people. Itsuro Shimoda wrote the music and Yutaka Higashi the book and lyrics. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. Starting Monday, July 27, Rita Moreno will replace Miss Lavin. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **butterflies are free:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **forty carats:** Zsa Zsa Gabor and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"ON A WAGON" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 25
"DEATH BALLAD" (POEM) . . . . *John Berryman* 28
"THREE STORIES" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 31
PROFILES (VALENCIA) . . . . *Kenneth Tynan* 33
"AN E-TYPE ON THE INTERSTATE" (POEM) . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 36
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 54
LETTER FROM DUBLIN . . . . *Jane Kramer* 56
MUSICAL EVENTS (JAZZ) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 66
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 70
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 74
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 77
BOOKS . . . . *Roger Angell* 79
  BRIEFLY NOTED 80

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

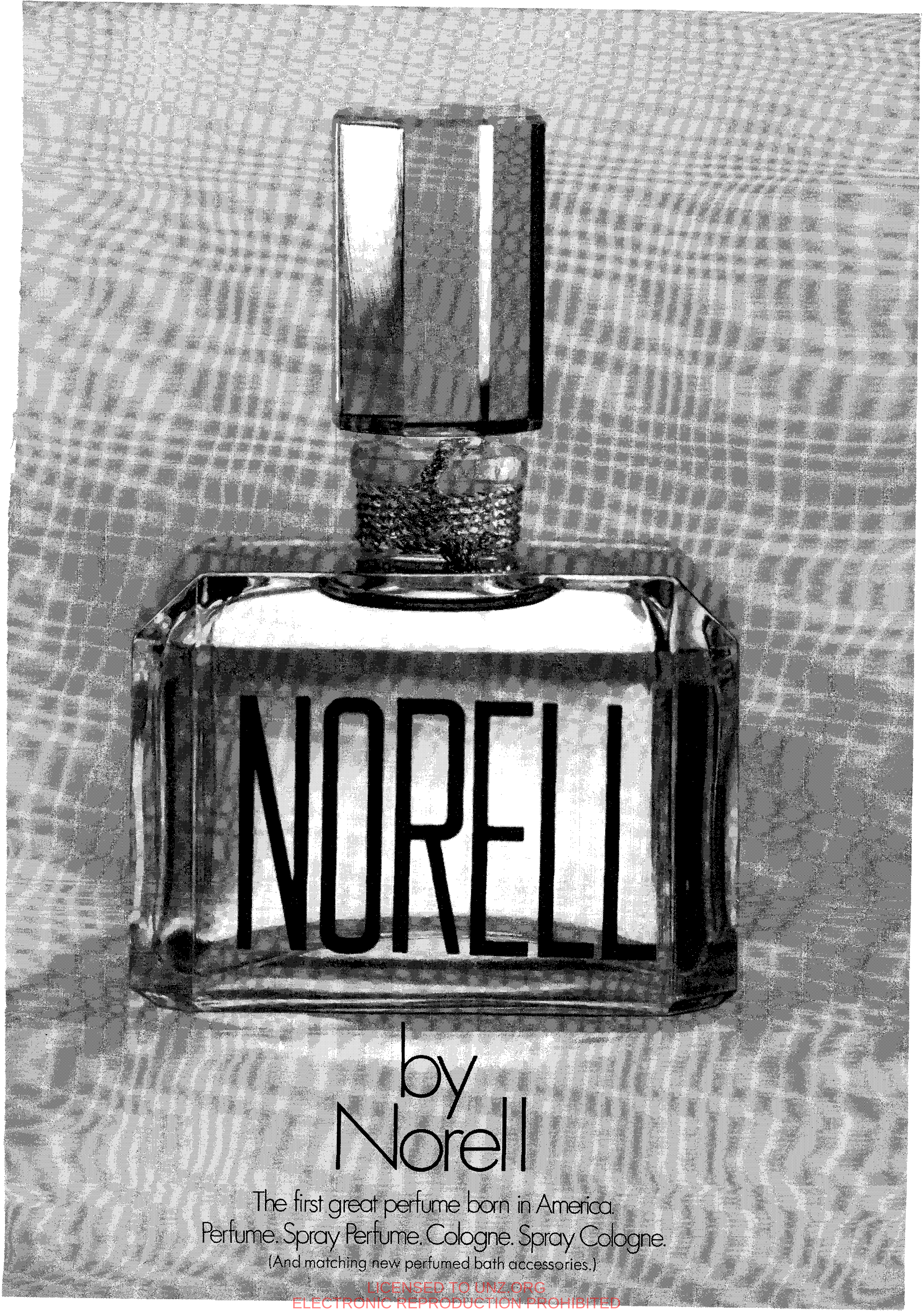
DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Robert Day, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Farris, James Mulligan, Whitney Darrow, Jr., George Price, Alan Dunn, Warren Miller, Henry Martin, Stan Hunt, Everett Opie, Frank Modell, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 23, July 25, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



by
Norell

The first great perfume born in America.
Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.
(And matching new perfumed bath accessories.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

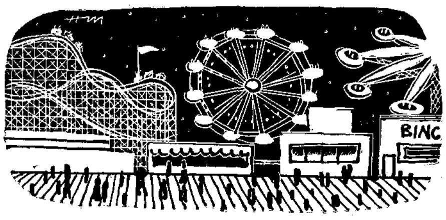
JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with delight. We'll have a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids. Four omnipotent sovereigns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone stairs, singing out of tune with a Cockney accent: (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** O, won't we have a merry time/ Drinking whisky, beer and wine,/ On coronation,/ Coronation day?/ O, won't we have a merry time/ On coronation day? (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

DANCE PROGRAMS

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of a three-week engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 25.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, and Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1. . . . **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Friday, July 24, and Tuesday, July 28. . . . **RICHARD III:** Sunday, July 26, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)... **NOTE:** Both parts of **THE WARS OF THE ROSES** will be presented on Saturday, July 25, starting at 6.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Ace Trucking Company, a troupe of talented young improvisers, comes on with some inspired (and some not so inspired) comic bits. On Wednesday, July 29, a Jamaican rock group called Azuma will arrive. Performances at nine-fifteen and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are *hors concours*, with visitors filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. From eleven to three, well-wrought jazz comes from a trio involving piano, vibes, and bass. Dinner is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—A popular spot that uses brick walls and candlelight to enhance its ambience of modish intimacy. Some fairly intricate jazz sounds from eleven until one, usually on piano and bass. Advanced dining. No music Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous instrument is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) Kenny Burrell does a fine, inventive job, with the help of Larry Ridley on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Sub-Mason-Dixon dining.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, who—when he is in there swinging—plays a tenor sax that has few contemporary equals, is in charge of a quartet. In addition, Fridays through Sundays, patrons can hear Anita O'Day using her voice like a jazzman's instrument. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

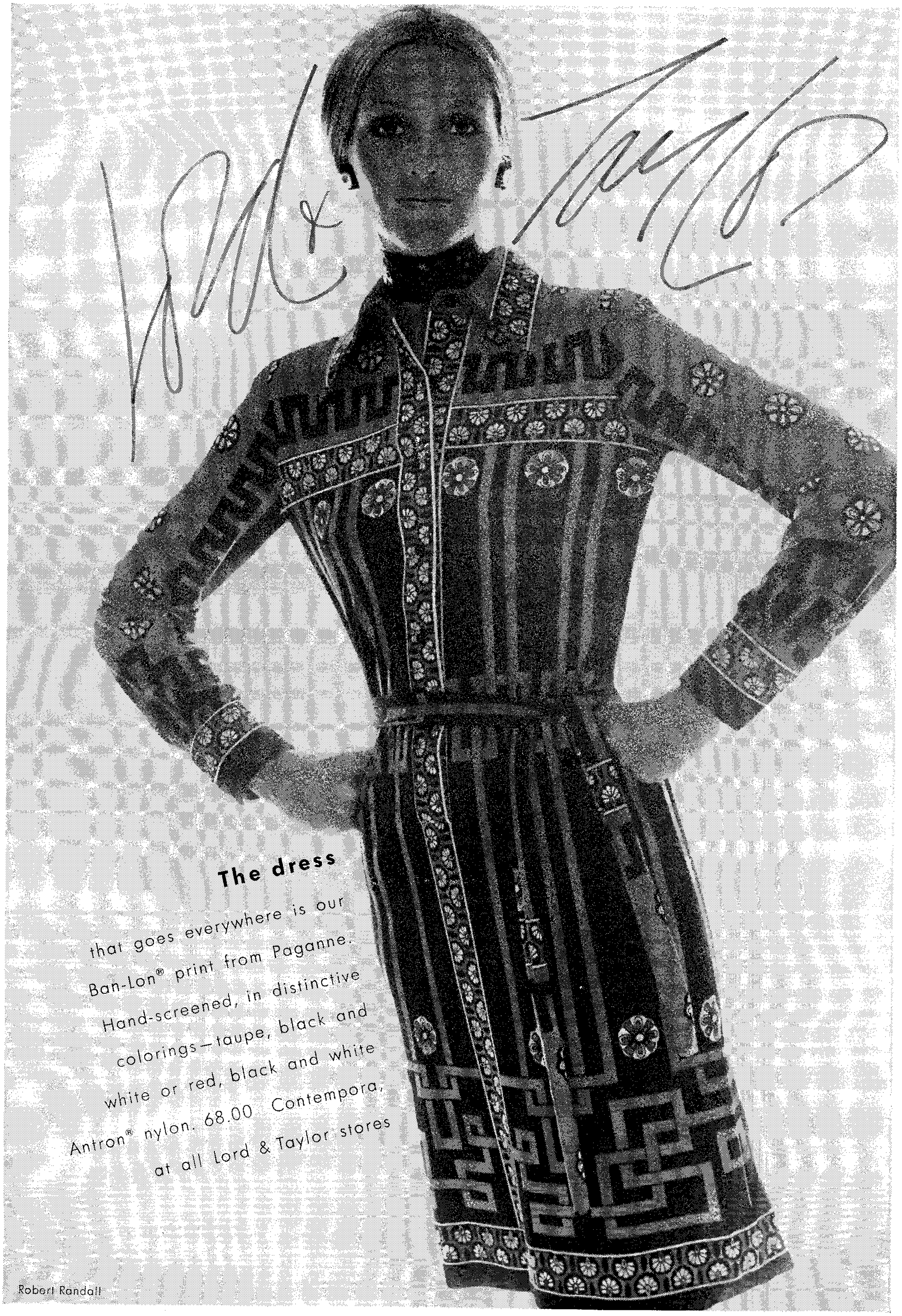
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that usually includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo parlor. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus*, movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the happy, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Lee Morgan quintet. Milt Jackson's melodious and tremulous vibes have been playing softly for a generation or more, and on Tuesday, July 28, he will come in with a quintet. Closed Mondays.

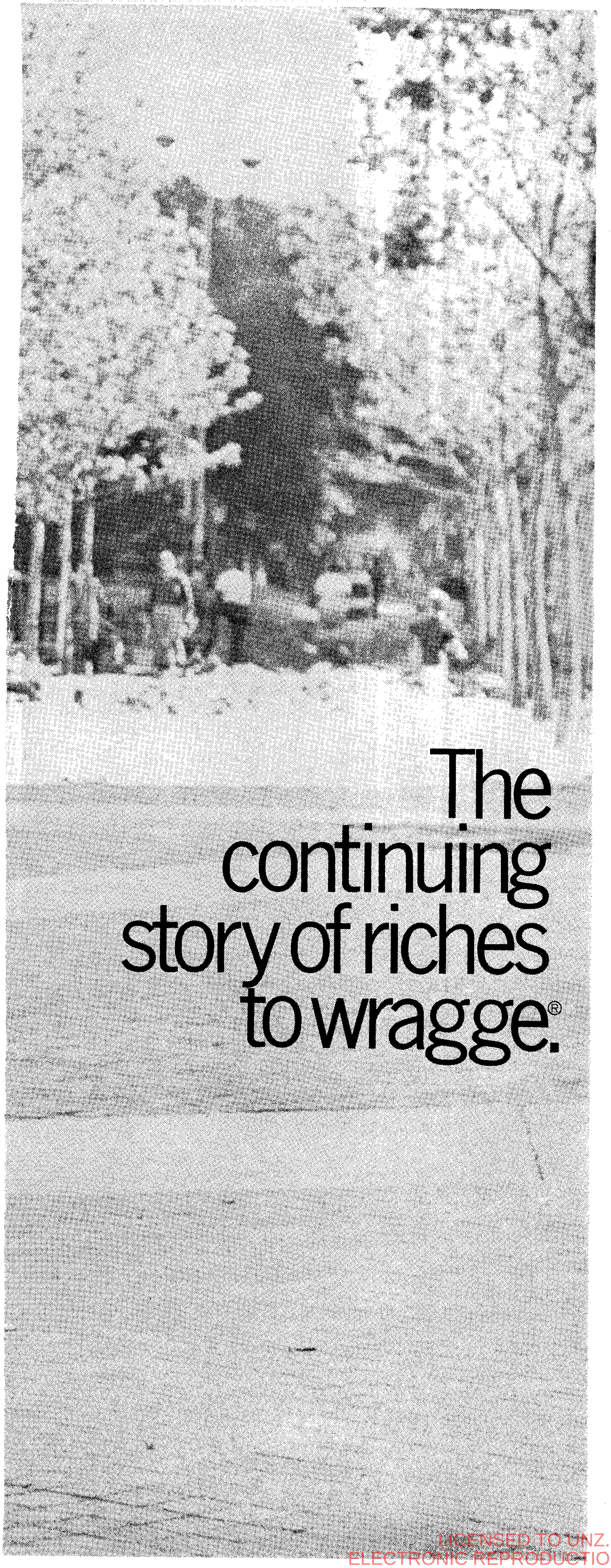
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Bill Evans trio plays some ornamented stuff for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Saturday, July 25: Children of God. Sunday, July 26: Farmer Brown. Tuesday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 1: Farmer Brown and Sea Train. Music from ten-thirty Mon-



The dress

that goes everywhere is our Ban-Lon® print from Paganne. Hand-screened, in distinctive colorings—taupe, black and white or red, black and white Antron® nylon. 68.00 Contempora, at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall



The continuing story of riches to wragge.®

Some women live for dressing.
Others dress for living.
We've always made clothes
for the second kind.

Especially now when we sense a mood of anti-fashion in the air. It's not that women feel appearances aren't anything. They're just not everything.

And it's an interesting thing. Women who think that way usually look better than women who just stand around and look rich.

Example. The jumper of patterned jacquard wool woven by Anglo Fabrics, with its own white blouse. About 175. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Rich's; Julius Garfinckel.

bh wragge® 550 Seventh Avenue, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Elvin Jones' drums being among the big sounds of our time, there are sufficient reasons to hear his quartet, which includes George Coleman, Frank Foster, and Wilbur Little. On Tuesday, July 28, Freddie Hubbard's energetic quintet will arrive. Monday, July 27, will be devoted to the seventeen-piece Bill Berry-Willis Cosgrove band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, adequate dancing (from ten to three or four), and a well-developed cuisine. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—The epitome of the adolescent-oriented disco, flashing and pulsating and filled with minors digging the sights and sounds of July and August. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Don't Tell Me I Know is onstage until Wednesday, July 29, when Old Chippewa Straight Kinni Kinnick will roll in. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An intelligently run restaurant that opens one of its glittery, soft-carpeted rooms to dancing two nights a week. The recorded music continues from eleven until three on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Warwick than Hendrix—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—From the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, patrons look out on Midtown glitter—dancing, as it were, in a neon ionosphere. Live groups alternate with records. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Again the heights, this time with a fine view of the Park, and with an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Sundays through Wednesdays, a rock band called Chartreuse plays. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by baritone Clint Holmes. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—In the heart of Yorkville, a basement has been turned into a facsimile of a street, with real shops, some bars, some café tables, and pavement on which people are encouraged to dance to 45s—which they do from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. Nine people called Freeway are the live ones. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is two-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Come into the garden, Maude, to sit, and sup, and dance under the spreading chestnut trees. Music from seven-thirty or so, and everyone indoors (including the music) if it rains.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays.

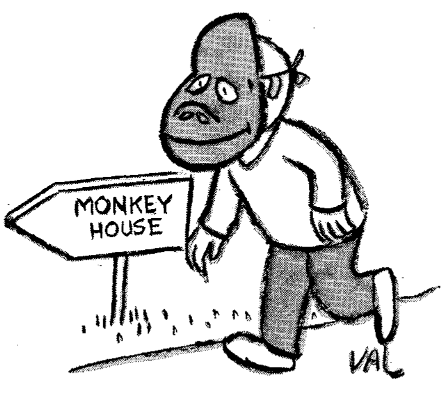
El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, stentor, tenor, and amusing housemaster. Plenty of other music, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Footloose and fancy free is how it goes when good flamencans, such as José Molina and his crew, get together. Two deals every night is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordiall. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.



Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Jazz piano without a single neurosis is the accomplishment of Marian McPartland, whose triad is in action whenever Urbie Green's sixsome is not dispensing glee. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery, the pièce de résistance on the menu (at dinner and supper) is Helen O'Connell, who, Mod though her costumery may be, sings quietly and true-blue in the old-fashioned way, from the bottom of what must be a very big heart. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

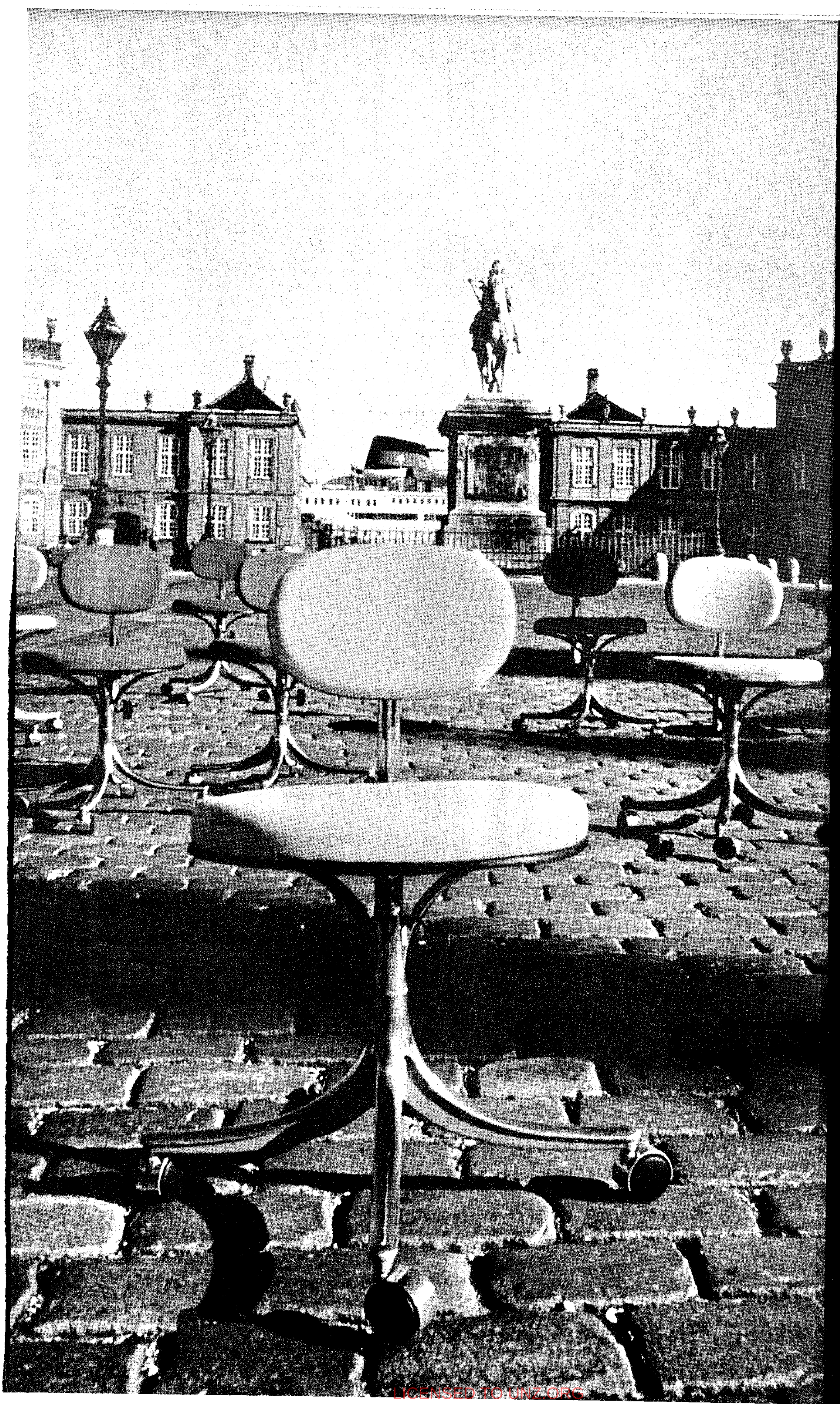
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, the perpetual Eastern European guitar man, has just moved in alongside her. Closes for the summer after Saturday, July 25. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Warren Meyers, one of our better composers, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The summer music in the Palm Court is now only the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu from four-thirty to six-thirty every night. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this mu-



Knoll International

Jørgen Rasmussen designs for Knoll.
A new concept for a working chair—in plastic or with cushions.
Rasmussen has also designed a related arm chair
which is *fully upholstered.*

Knoll International operates in 31 countries.

745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
Light Special
LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH

Löwenbräu costs more than beer.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383, BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

seum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, George Feyer's summertime stand-in. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Its summer vacation begins with curfew on Saturday, July 25. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a far-away one, but still of the original Village villagey. Circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach-front property, right on the boardwalk. Open all year round, full meal service, moderate rates, no mosquitoes. The magisterial Buddy Barnes provides diners with piano that remembers with affection the best of this year and all other years. Closed Mondays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Care and thought have gone into preparing the open-air court for diners (there are even umbrellas to ward off City Fallout) and listeners (music, live, from noon to two-thirty, from eight to one, except Sundays).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Thirty-six works of this pioneer Cubist sculptor's American period, 1923 to 1963. It will run concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art. Starts Thursday, July 23. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

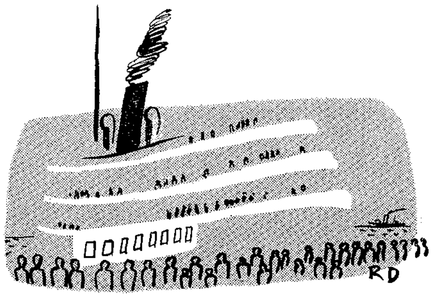
Osamu Shimoda—Fifteen geometric sculptures; through Friday, July 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by, among others, Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, and William McCartin; through Thursday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bearden, Duchamp, Jensen, Lam, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, Ossorio, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: One work each by Westermann, Beal, Pearlstein, Wiley, Saul, Maryan, and Leaf; through Friday, July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **GIBSON,** 27 E. 67th St.: Data on happenings and earthworks by Christo, Hutchinson, Insley, Kaprow, and Oppenheim; through Aug. 28. (Closed mornings.) . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Friday, July 31. . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: An assortment of oils and watercolors by, among others, Fosburg, Kuhn, Albright, Rattner, Burchfield, Marin, and Demuth; through Aug. 14. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings of beach scenes by such twentieth-century Americans as Sloan, Heliker, and Glackens; through Friday, July 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, Robert Irwin, Nevelson, Krushenick, Dubuffet, and Sven Lukin; through Friday, July 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through Friday, July 31. . . . **TIROCHE,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Sept. 4. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through Friday, July 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through Sunday, July 26. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. A good complement to this exhibit will be the Archipenko show at the Danenberg Galleries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ New materials and techniques in graphics, including three-dimensional and shaped posters and spectator-participation works; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)



Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning representing possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Costumes, bed-curtains, bedspreads, and valances of hand-painted cottons made in India in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, borrowed from museums here and abroad; through Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through Friday, July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through Friday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our Oriental beauty, a most luxurious wrap robe of rayon-and-silk quilted in a pattern of fluttering birds and filled with cotton to keep you cozy. In turquoise, pink or white for petite, small, medium, large sizes. The long robe, $39; short, $33. Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Odetta and The Fourth Way—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 23, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Hot Tuna, Leon Russell, and Rig—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8 and 11:30.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears and Miles Davis's Quintet—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 25, at 8:30.

Leon Thomas—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, July 30, at 7:30.

Grand Funk Railroad, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Blood Rock—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Dean Dixon conducting Program I (Henze, Sibelius, and Brahms), with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin. Sixten Ehrling conducting Program II (William Schuman, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, and Moussorgsky-Ravel), with Earl Wild, piano. PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: The first of two concerts. (Thursday, July 23, at 8:30, Program I.) . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: The first two in a series of three concerts. (Saturday, July 25, at 8:30, Program I; and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: The second in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, July 28, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: The first of two concerts. (Friday, July 31, at 8:30, Program II.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Samuel Jones conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello. (Friday, July 31, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 22, at 7 and 9:30: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 7:30 and 10: Great Speckled Bird with Ian and Sylvia and Tom Paxton. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 7:30 and 10: La Lupe and Joe Bataan and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, July 27, at 7 and 9:30: Peggy Lee. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 29, at 8:30: John Sebastian and Manhattan Transfer. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 7:30 and 10: Iron Butterfly. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 7:30 and 10: Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Gerry Mulligan, and Dakota Staton. (Through Saturday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

Carl Schurz Park—Abraham Kaplan conducting the Park East Orchestra in the first of two concerts. (Thursday, July 30, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 24, at 7: A recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Aaron Copland conducting the Boston Symphony, with Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Jorge Mester conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 28, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 8:30) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, conducted by Aaron Copland and Lukas Foss (who will also act as piano soloist). A benefit for the Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 7: An all-Beethoven recital by Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting another all-Beethoven program, this one with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Antal Dorati conducting still another all-Beethoven program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET: Wednesday, July 22, at 8:30: "Ballet Imperial," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8:30: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: "Ballet Imperial," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 3:30: "Concerto Barocco," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA: Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski directing, with Marian Anderson, narrator; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; the Capitol Hill Choral Society; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 3:30: Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Miss Tyler and Robert Mosley, baritone. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—James Taylor. (Lenox, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 2, at 7:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 25: The Pearl Lang Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 1: Joyce Cuoco and Bill Martin-Viscount, Lonny Joseph Gordon, and Bhaskar and Shala with assisting artists. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: The Martha Graham Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8:30: A program of works by Ray Cook, June Lewis, Libby Nye, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: The Martha Graham Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, July 22, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, July 24, at 8:05; Saturday, July 25, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 26, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday and Tuesday, July 27-28, at 8:05, and Wednesday, July 29, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, July 31, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 4:05.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 2.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 2.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 25. . . . MONMOUTH

park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Sorority, Saturday, July 25, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Friday and Saturday.)... **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8, from Monday, July 27, through Saturday, Oct. 17.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 26. Meets at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Taira Clan Saga" (1955), a Japanese film.... ¶ July 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "China Express" (1929), a Russian film. ... ¶ July 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein.... ¶ July 25 at 11:30: "Top Hat" (1935), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.... ¶ July 25 at 3 and 5:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings.... ¶ July 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt; and "Warning Shadows" (1922), directed by Arthur Robinson.... ¶ July 27 at 1:30 and 4: "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" (1932), with Douglas Fairbanks.... ¶ July 27 at 7: "The Last Laugh" (1924). ... ¶ July 28 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919) and "Warning Shot" (1922).... ¶ July 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cameraman" (1928), with Buster Keaton. ... ¶ July 30 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) ... **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 22: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall.... ¶ July 23: "Angel" (1937), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall.... ¶ July 24: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan.... ¶ July 25: "City Streets" (1931), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney.... ¶ July 26: "High, Wide, and Handsome" (1937), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott.... ¶ July 29: "Written on the Wind" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson and Lauren Bacall.... ¶ July 30: "The Tarnished Angels" (1958), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson and Robert Stack. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A five-week series of international films: July 29 at 6: "L'Age d'Or" (France, 1930), directed by Luis Buñuel.... ¶ July 29 at 9: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (France, 1970), directed by Jean Renoir.... ¶ July 30 at 6: "Cleopatra" (France, 1970), directed by Michel Auder.... ¶ July 30 at 9: "One P.M." (United States, 1969), directed by Donn Pennebaker. (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.)

Automatic focus.
Automatic showing.
Instant editing.
Random access.
Remote control.
Spillproof.
Halogen lamp.
500-watt power.
Fast f/2.8 lens.
Easy carrying.
All-metal body.

Kodak CAROUSEL 850

Make the most of your color slides with our popular Kodak Carousel 850 projector that has the best of everything. Less than $190. Other Carousel projectors start at less than $60. See your dealer. Now.

Kodak Carousel 850 projector.
Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak

THE EPOCH EPERGNE,
A GRACEFUL BOUQUET OF LIGHT AND FLOWERS.
In silverplate, 5 inches in height, 7½ inches long, $33.50. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick, from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With a grotesquely miscast Shelley Winters, and Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 22.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 22. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23-29.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 30.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 28.)

Cactus Flower—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, two New York police detectives, on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, with an intricate plot skillfully directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel of Chester Himes and featuring Raymond St. Jacques, Godfrey Cambridge, Calvin Lockhart, and Redd Foxx. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 28.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the classic American ice maiden, the frigid Mrs. Craig, and John Boles as her depressed husband. Dorothy Arzner directed this fairly literal version of the George Kelly play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 30.)

The Devil's Disciple (1959)—The Shaw play, not too well directed by Guy Hamilton, but Laurence Olivier is an irresistible General Burgoyne. As an English critic remarked, he administers "such a drubbing to his American co-stars that Burgoyne's military defeats are triumphantly avenged." With Kirk Douglas, Eva Le Gallienne, and Burt Lancaster (who has one great scene). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's celebrated comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting July 29.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting. Michael Ritchie directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 29.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23-29.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through July 27. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Monday through Friday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 2 and 4:45.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. A classic of the French postwar period. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 23-27.)

Gaily, Gaily—Some marvellous material (from Ben Hecht's past) directed so broadly by Norman Jewison that the whole thing is fairly embarrassing. With Beau Bridges as young Ben, getting his first newspaper job, and Brian Keith as a veteran reporter. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 28.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 23-27.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—Perhaps the best of the American all-star episode films. The cast includes W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, Mary Boland, Jack Oakie, George Raft, and Wynne Gibson as the prostitute who, given a million dollars, goes to bed alone. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, among others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

It's a Gift (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums (1966)—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy Administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play, the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 22.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 22.)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most charming and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. With Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and, as a god, young George Sanders. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through July 28.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 29.)

The Out-of-Towners—Prospective citizens of New York City come up against a holdup man named Murray, among other hazards of urban life. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; July 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting July 29.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Popi (1969)—Alan Arkin as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 22.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great, enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 28-29.)

The Revolutionary—Jon Voight, rather expressionless, in a good first feature film directed by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five. It's about the changing course of a young radical from a bookish, well-heeled leftist into an activist, who ends the film with an unthrown bomb in his hand. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Sicilian Clan—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. (In French at the Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 29. . . . ¶ In English at the Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting July 29.)

The Strawberry Statement—One way of looking at student "unrest": fondly, and as a matter of pure emotions untainted by brains. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean

Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750; through July 23. . . . ¶ Embassy, 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through July 28.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers in the dialogue and acting (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—Interesting performances by Alec Guinness and John Mills, as two colonels in a peacetime Scottish regiment who are out to destroy each other, compensate for some muddy exposition and mediocre film techniques. Ronald Neame directed, from James Kennaway's script. With Suzannah York and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23. . . . ¶ Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935: July 28-29.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th. AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'll do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through July 26.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 22.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. (In French at the Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ In English at the Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Note—"Movies in the Park," a program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people, will be shown in various parks in Manhattan on Wednesday evenings, 9 to 10:30, through Aug. 5, and in Prospect Park at the Sugar Bowl (7th and Prospect Park West) on Monday evenings, 9 to 10:30, through Aug. 3. For locales and programs, call 734-1002. . . . ¶ Kenneth Clark's thirteen films on art, generally headed "Civilisation," will be shown (free) at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium of the Loeb Student Center (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.) on the following schedule: "The Light of Knowledge" and "The Pursuit of Happiness," July 28 at noon, 3, 6, and 9.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Z (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
CACTUS FLOWER; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 28: "Man and Wife;" and "The Touchables" (1968), Judy Huxtable.
From July 29: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French); and "The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 26: **WOMEN IN LOVE.**
From July 27: "Entertaining Mr. Sloane," Beryl Reid, Peter McEnery.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Hello-Goodbye," Michael Crawford.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 23: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From July 24: "The Christine Jorgensen Story," John Hansen.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 28: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM**; and **GAILY, GAILY.**
From July 29: **DR. STRANGELOVE.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Z.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 23: "Kelly's Heroes," Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas.
From July 24: "You Can't Win 'Em All," Tony Curtis, Charles Bronson.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier, Martin Landau.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 22: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and **POPI.**
July 23-29: "The Dunwich Horror," Sandra Dee, Dean Stockwell; and "Scream and Scream Again," Vincent Price.
From July 30: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 28: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND.**
From July 29: "Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 28: **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID.**
From July 29: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 22: **THE BLUE ANGEL** and **M** (both in German).
July 23-27: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French).
July 28-29: **RASHOMON** (in Japanese); and **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali).
From July 30: "Black Orpheus" (1959; in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; in Ukrainian).

R.K.O 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 28: "Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.
From July 29: "Chisum," John Wayne.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 28: "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.
From July 29: **DR. STRANGELOVE.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
July 22: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.**
From July 23: "Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boatniks," Robert Morse.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE REVOLUTIONARY.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through July 27: **FELLINI SATYRICON** (in Italian).
From July 28: "The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
July 22: "The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).
From July 23: "Cowards," John Ross.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 28: **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID.**
From July 29: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 28: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**; and "The April Fools" (1969), Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.
From July 29: **THE SICILIAN CLAN**; and "The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

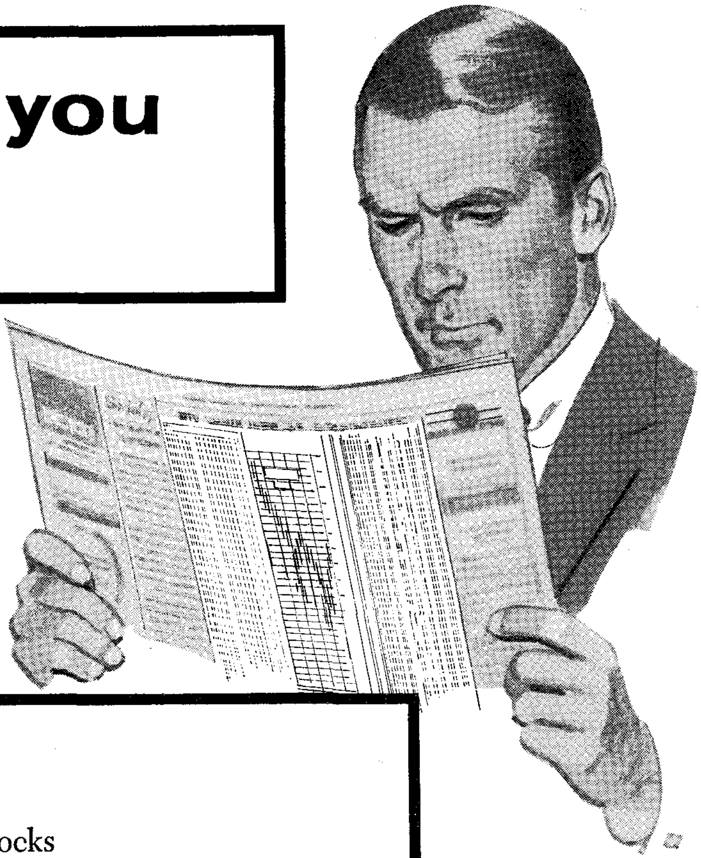
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 22: **LIONS LOVE**; and **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).
July 23-29: **8½** (in Italian); and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).
From July 30: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and **CRAIG'S WIFE.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 28: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM**; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia" (1968), Dudley Moore.
From July 29: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**; and **DOWNHILL RACER.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 22: **THE KNACK**; and **THE BALCONY.**
July 23: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World" (1963), Siobhan McKenna.
July 24: **IT'S A GIFT**; and **IF I HAD A MILLION.**
July 25: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish); and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).
July 26: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and **THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE.**
July 27: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and **BILLY LIAR.**
July 28: **THAT MAN FROM RIO** (in French); and **TUNES OF GLORY.**
July 29: "Tosca" (1949; in Italian); and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary with an English narration.
July 30: **THINGS TO COME**; and **THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Z (in French).

What's right for you NOW?



For years, investors were saying:
"I can't afford to sell my stocks because of capital gains taxes."
At other times,
"I hate to sell—too many losses."

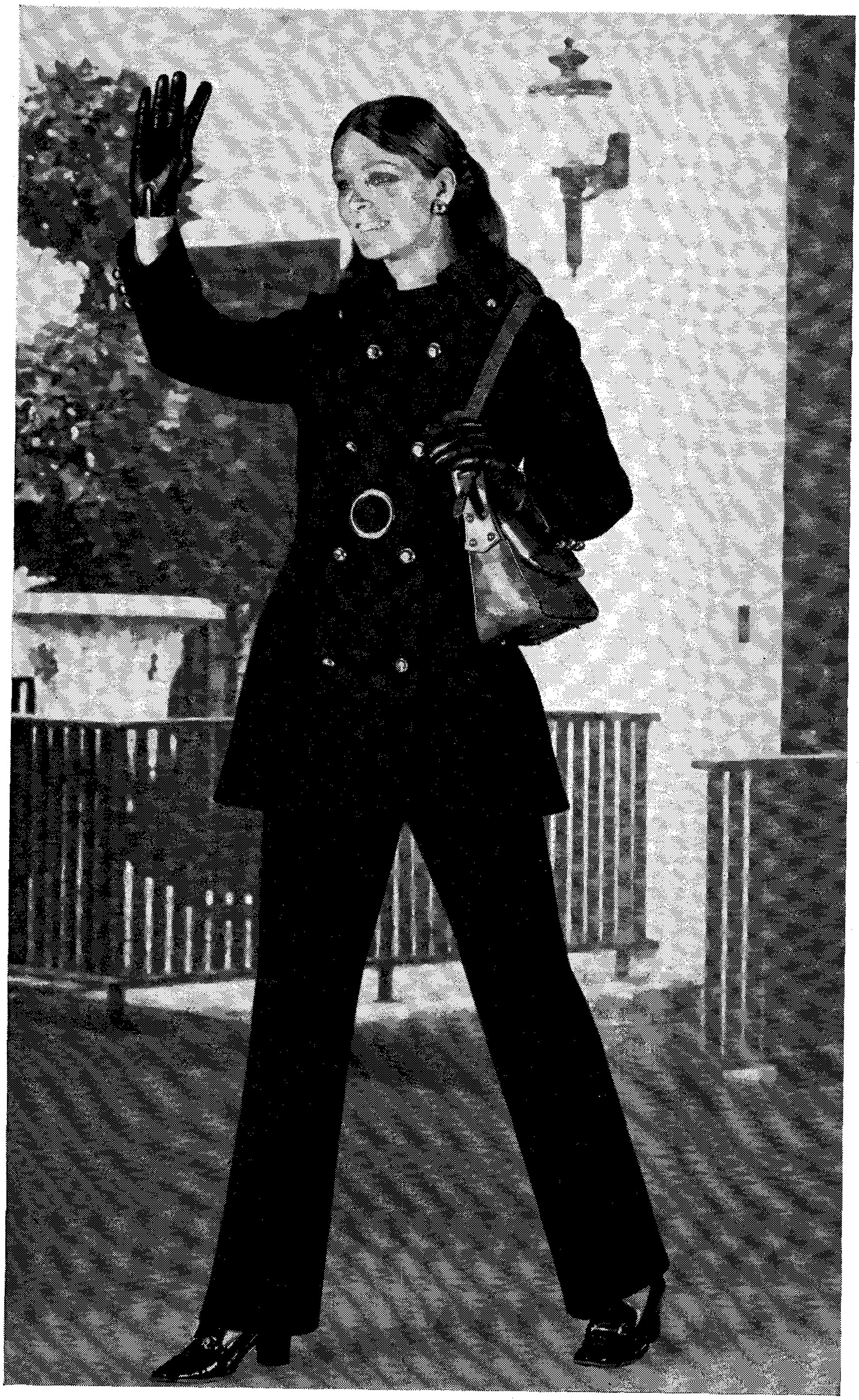
Whether the market is up, down or in between, the point to decide is how to use your funds to best advantage *right now* ...and not to worry about what you *should* have done in the past.

The Trust Company is helping substantial investors work out answers to that question. May we help you get a fresh start?

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK

45 Wall Street • Telephone 212-425-4500

Peck & Peck's three-pièce de résistance. For a certain kind of woman.



Interesting how one can never have enough of certain things. Pant costumes, for instance. This one with straight-down side-zip pants, a jewel-neck short-sleeve tunic, and long belted jacket. All lined and all double-knit of Dacron® polyester/wool. Brown with gold-color buttons. 8 to 16 sizes, 105.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Fifth Avenue and Branches.
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus 75¢ for handling beyond delivery area.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

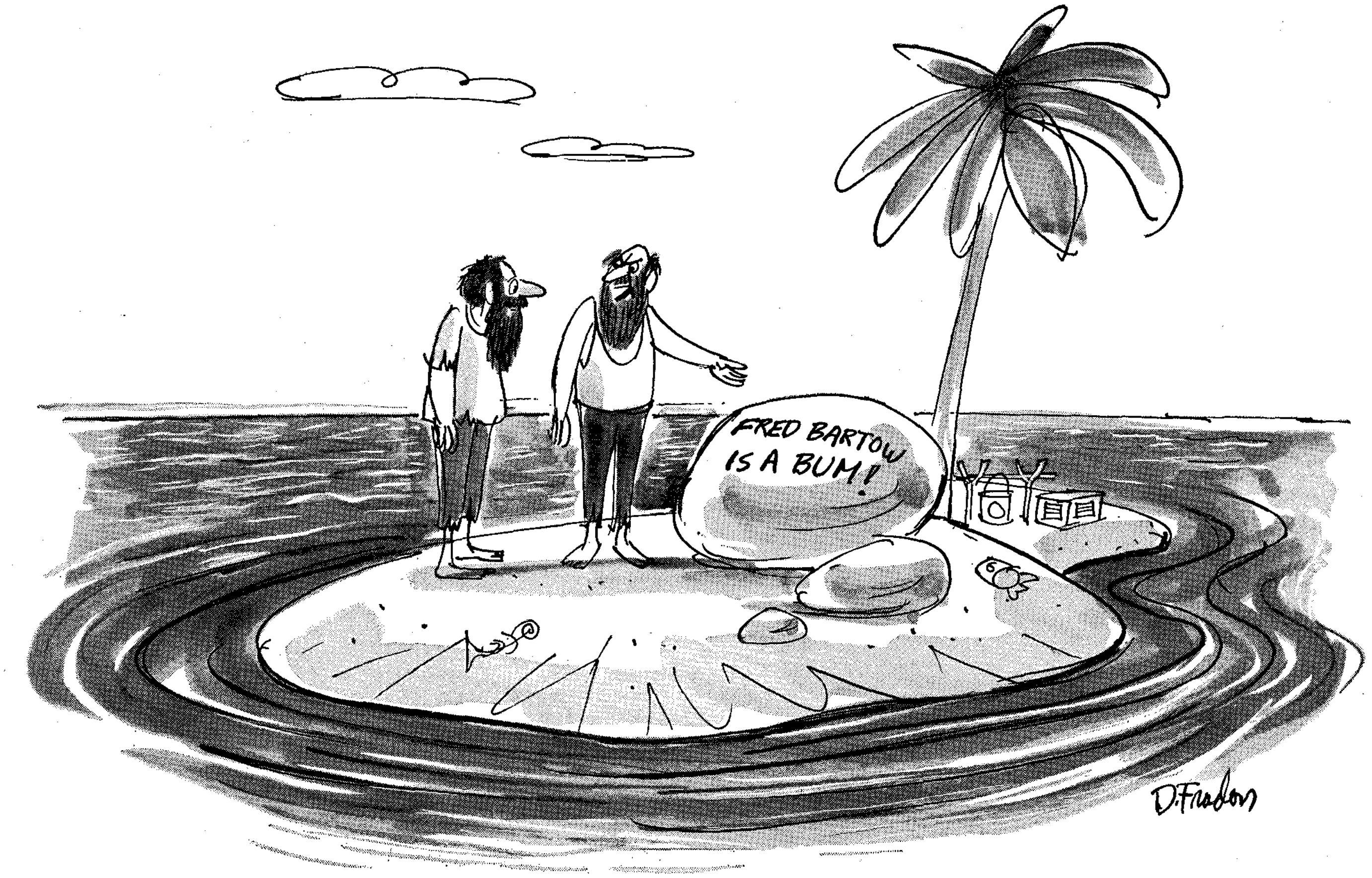
OURS is an age of contrived enthusiasms. Ever since corporations and governments learned that public opinion and public tastes are things that can be created, molded, manipulated, our frail and tentative spontaneous enthusiasms have been increasingly swamped by the confident roar of manufactured enthusiasm for detergents, films, political candidates, savings accounts, soft drinks, wars, fashions, and so on. The field of literature has been invaded, too; publishers have discovered that by employing the new techniques they can induce the public to buy thousands of copies of books it might never have looked at if it had been left to follow its own impulses. In the world of books, this trend is particularly unfortunate, because it is notorious that the public, even when it *is* left to follow its own impulses, passes very doubtful judgment on works written in its own time. However, the decision that an author's contemporaries make about his work, whether favorable or unfavorable, has never been final. Fortunately, the much wider public of future generations of readers who constitute what we call posterity makes the final determination, and this public has proved itself to have more dependable judgment than the readers of any single generation. Again and again, posterity has ruthlessly consigned to oblivion some of the books most celebrated at the time they appeared, and has secured immortality for works that were unknown while their authors lived. But of late there have been signs that certain people are no longer content to exercise their dubious influence on the present generation, and are threatening to set things up in such a way that they can meddle with the judgment of posterity as well. We saw one of these signs when a young friend of ours who is a writer, and whom we will call Albert Smith, showed us a letter he received recently from an official at the library of a well-known university, which we will call Woodyard University. Smith is in his mid-twenties, and, in our opinion, although he has done some promising work, he has not yet (and he agrees with us) written anything that he can absolutely count on to win the admiration of generations to come. The letter he received reads, in part, as follows:

DEAR MR. SMITH:

We are most desirous of establishing the Albert Smith Collection at this University and in this city, and we seek the honor of associating you with Woodyard University in this manner. Your career is highly admired here, and it is our feeling that future scholars will be studying your life and work. It is important that your manuscripts, papers, and correspondence be carefully preserved under optimum archival conditions. Our new library, just recently completed, will be devoted to the study of contemporary literature and public affairs. We very much wish the Albert Smith Collection to be a part of such a center.

Smith told us that it had surprised him to learn that his works, and his correspondence, too, had won a place in the archives of posterity even before they had been written, and he said that somehow it gave him an unpleasant feeling of being buried alive. However, he admitted that, just for a second, an uncontrollable feeling of satisfaction had stolen over him when he read of "the honor of associating you with Woodyard" and of "our feeling that future scholars will be studying your life and work." He wondered for a moment whether his accumulation of papers might not really be better off under those "optimum archival conditions" than in the old cartons in his closet where he keeps them now, but he quickly pulled himself together and replied to the library official that he presumed he still had a lot of manuscripts and letters to write, and that he didn't want to have the feeling that ghostly scholars of the future were peering over his shoulder as he wrote them.

We think Smith's decision was the right one; Woodyard's project may


FRED BARTOW IS A BUM!

“Well, if you didn’t do it, who did?”

• •

have been flattering, but it struck us as misguided. We have since done a bit of investigating and have found that a number of libraries are sending similar offers to authors all over the world. Now we find ourself imagining a time in the future—say, a hundred years from now—when the librarian of Woodyard discovers the Albert Smith Collection in his card catalogue. Suppose, for the moment, that it turns out that Smith failed to write any immortal works during his career. In that case, one thing our librarian might decide to do, of course, would be to throw the whole collection in the incinerator (not a very nice prospect from Smith’s point of view). However, another thing the librarian might decide to do—and it is this kind of thing that has us worried—would be to go ahead and hold a “retrospective” of Smith’s works and letters anyway. Having hung on to the Smith Collection for a hundred years, waiting to see whether or not Smith’s works would be posthumously recognized, the library might well consider that it had a vested interest in *making* them recognized. In fact, with a hundred years to work at it, it might well manage to manufacture something of a reputation for Smith, much as a publisher can now manufacture something of a reputation for a living author by aggressively promoting his books. It is not entirely inconceivable that libraries and universities might begin to promote the reputations of hundreds of mediocre works by deceased authors, because by doing this they might be able to increase the financial value of their collections. (Such an attempt would be roughly analogous to the practice, already widespread among small countries seeking added revenue, of taking advantage of the market for rare stamps by issuing stamps specially for stamp collectors.) And if this were to happen, the marvellous and mysterious process by which a generation selects the best works of the preceding generations and transmits them to the generations that follow would become corrupted. In short, we are in danger of corrupting posterity. Needless to say, this is no trivial matter. Scholars and readers, who now have enough trouble picking their way through the junk of the present, might lose their bearings entirely if ambitious libraries began dumping the junk of the ages in their laps as well. There would be no end to the mischief. Professors might soon become confused, and force students to study worthless writings of the past. Whole courses might be given on the life and works of Harold Robbins and Arthur Hailey. The wisdom of the past would be drowned in a flood of old best-sellers and old magazines. If this process went far enough, man might lose his heritage as the animal that transmits knowledge from parent to offspring, and become the animal that transmits pieces of junk from parent to offspring. As we see it, libraries should leave young writers alone, and stop betting on them as though writers were horses, even if this means losing a few of the grocery lists and love letters that the writers have yet to write. They would do better to concern themselves with what has already been written, and let posterity shift for itself.

Notes from the Underground

Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., prize-winning poet, peace activist, and the first political-fugitive priest in our history, is alive and extraordinarily well in the underground. We went to see him recently at the home of some friends of his a few hours west of the Eastern seaboard. As he came to greet us, dressed in sandals, bluejeans, and a plaid sports shirt and carrying a volume of French Surrealist poetry under his arm, we were struck by his exuberant good health. He had put on several pounds since beginning his flight from authority; he was deeply suntanned; and he seemed considerably more serene and cheerful than when we had last seen him, aboveground, in March.

"I think I'm a born felon," Father Berrigan said, with a radiant smile, when we commented on how well he looked. "Also, I've been doing a lot of gardening—getting more fresh air and exercise than I've had in years—since I began this interesting and precarious existence."

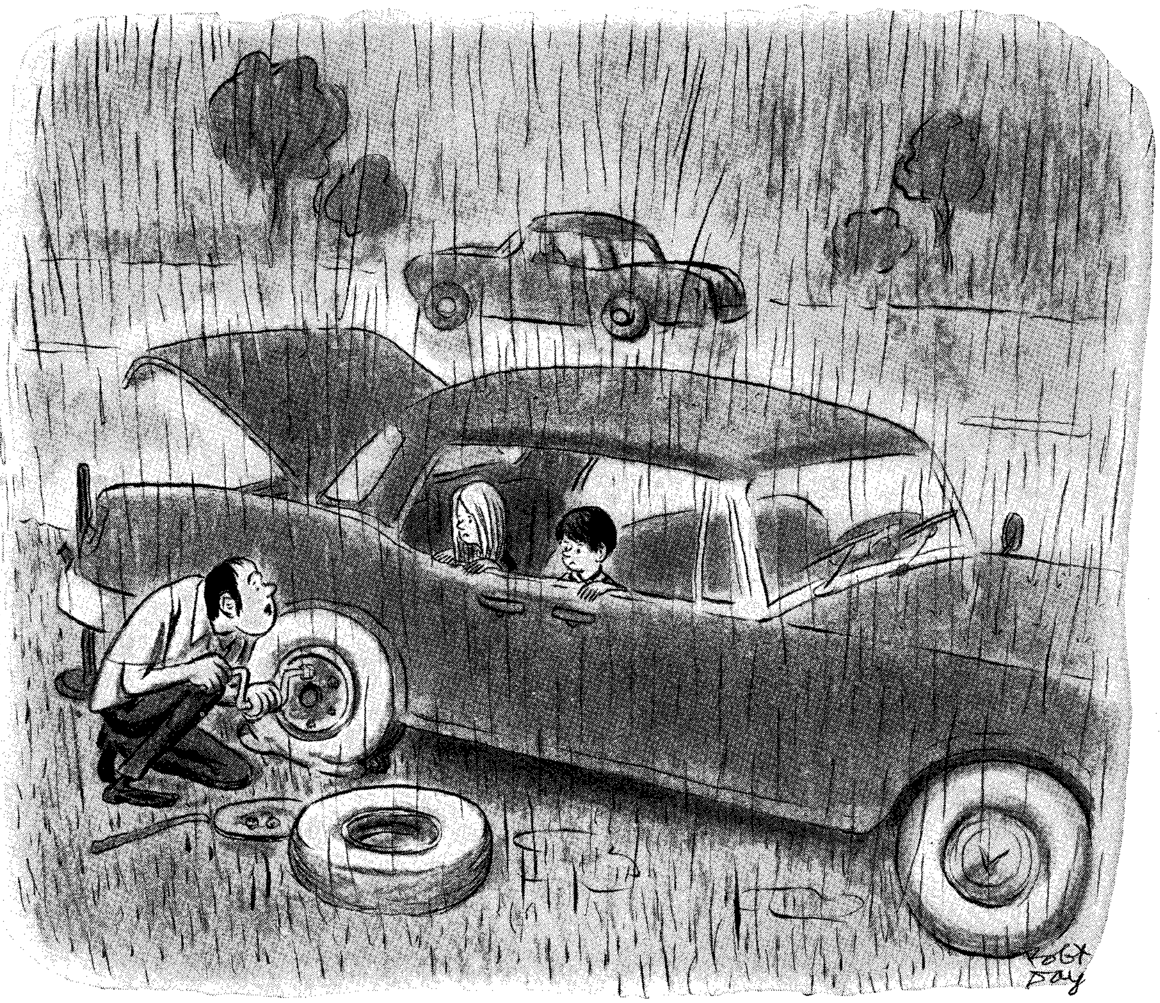
Father Berrigan was sentenced to three and a half years in prison for destroying draft files in May, 1968, in protest against the Vietnam war, in the company of his brother Father Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., and seven other Catholics, both priests and laymen. On April 9th, the Supreme Court having declined to review his case, he refused to surrender to the authorities. He has changed his domicile several dozen times since then, meeting with groups of peace organizers in many parts of the nation, contributing articles to periodicals, and holding underground conferences with various representatives of the press, including the *Times* and N.B.C.

One of the first questions we asked Father Berrigan was why he had forsworn the classic theory of non-violent civil disobedience—which, as it has been advocated over the past decades by Mahatma Gandhi, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Father Berrigan himself, states that when men break a small law to prove the immorality of a larger law they must take the due punishment. We had often heard Father Berrigan say that, having destroyed draft files to stress the illegality of the Vietnam war, he had done so with the full intention of going to jail, just as civil-rights workers of the early sixties expected to serve prison terms as a result of their Freedom Rides and sit-ins.

Father Berrigan answered the question in his best Thomist vein. "I'm trying to separate the essentials of non-violence from its accidentals," he said. "The essentials involve retaining non-violent means; the chain of crime and punishment is an accidental. It's true that for years I'd been advocating the classic theory: 'You do your thing and you take the rap.' But I decided that in view of the illegitimate way the war was being escalated it was increasingly questionable that I could stay faithful to the tactical details of the sixties. Two years ago, there was hope that the course of the war could be altered by such acts of witness as ours, and there was hope that we could use the courts as forums for discussion of the illegality of the Vietnam war. But this year we had to face the fact that the war had gravely worsened and that the courts not only were useless but were being used to break up the peace movement. So I decided to up the ante in an imaginative way, to be innovative in the light of recent events. Of course, I'm jeopardizing a lot of my future freedom by going underground. They've threatened to press new charges against me, I've forfeited all hope of having my sentence reduced, and it has been made clear to my brother Philip, who is in maximum security at Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, that he will remain in an isolated cell until I have given myself up. This is a punitive measure I consider strictly illegal, and I don't consider my brother a political prisoner anymore—I look upon him as a hostage."

We asked Father Berrigan whether the effect of his actions on his brother's prison status would pressure him into surrendering, and he shook his head sternly.

"There are many pressures on me, but that is not the major one," he said. "It is a certain source of suffering, but it is not the major pressure, because I have confidence in Phil's incredible toughness and dedication, and I know that he wants me to stay underground as long as I can. This is a decision that we made together when we were still free to talk. The main pressure on me, really, has been my desire to become a true contemplative. I consider my present way of life a deeply contempla-



"Don't you understand? This is life, this is what is happening. We can't switch to another channel."

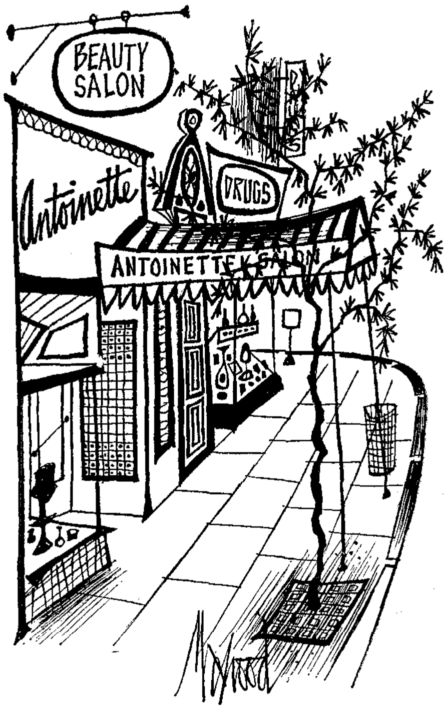
tive experience, similar to the life led by the communities of anchorites, hermits, and cenobites in past centuries."

Father Berrigan, a slender man of rigorous posture and with a wizened, elfin face, has often been compared to a Zen monk, and he looked more Oriental than ever during our meeting, which he spent sitting cross-legged, in the lotus position, on a chair in his friends' living room. He went on to describe a typical day of his underground existence, which sounded, except for its hours, fairly monastic. "I've always been a night owl," he said. "I sit up into the early-morning hours reading and writing, so I get up pretty late. I work outdoors if I'm living in the country; I love hard work of any kind—weeding, planting, cutting grass. Every day, at some point, I read some New Testament and meditate upon it; it's a strict Jesuit tradition to use Scripture as a point of departure for prayer, and I love the whole penumbra of those words in history. I've been writing a great deal. I'm working on an essay on St. John of the Cross in the light of the resistance—as you may know, St. John wrote his best poetry in jail. And, of course, I've had a marvellous lot of time to read. I've recently finished Erik Erikson's works on Gandhi and on Martin Luther, two very great books, and in the way of contemporary poetry I'm particularly enjoying Allen Ginsberg and Denise Levertov. In the evening, there's almost always some kind of meeting with whatever community is supporting me. There isn't a major town in the United States in which I haven't been offered shelter by an extraordinary variety of citizens—doctors, lawyers, teachers, housewives, priests. The community's decisions are taken by vote and are seldom unanimous. At our meetings, which are invariably delightful—marked by a great deal of love and laughter—we plan the move to the next city, the sending out of tapes, letters, and magazine articles, and talks with reporters. We all sweat when we have to say yes or no to this or that reporter who asks for an interview, because there's a delicate balance to preserve—educating people as to what I'm doing, yet keeping very firm security measures."

We asked Father Berrigan how he and his friends had managed to prevent the F.B.I. from discovering his whereabouts.

"Because the F.B.I. are overtechnologized and dehumanized," he answered, with a smile. "It's like the U.S. Army, which, with all its matériel, can't win against the North Vietnamese people, who have a passion for their land and their community. You could say that my survival is a triumph of the love and the humanity of the people who shelter me over the F.B.I., who are merciless but extraordinarily unimaginative men. For instance, six weeks ago my mother, who is eighty-five, broke her hip and went to the hospital. The F.B.I. were at that hospital on twenty-four-hour duty—armed—because they were sure that I'd go to see her. They're not aware of my high degree of discipline. Everyone except the F.B.I. knows that I'm disciplined to stay away from the people I love the most—the Jesuits, my family, my closest friends. One of the reasons I'm doing this is to break down the myth of the omnipotence of the people in power—to prove the power of powerlessness. I must say that the F.B.I. are the politest bloodhounds I've ever had on my trail. A disproportionate number of them are Catholic, and they never lose their Catholic manners. I hear that they're still doing the rounds of the convents, peeking under the nuns' beds and saying 'Father Dan? Are you there, Father Dan?' My brother and I have always been delighted by the humor of this kind of situation—its Yippie, guerrilla-theatre quality. I've got only one message to Phil at Lewisburg, and it said, 'I'm laughing, and I want to hear you laughing, too.'"

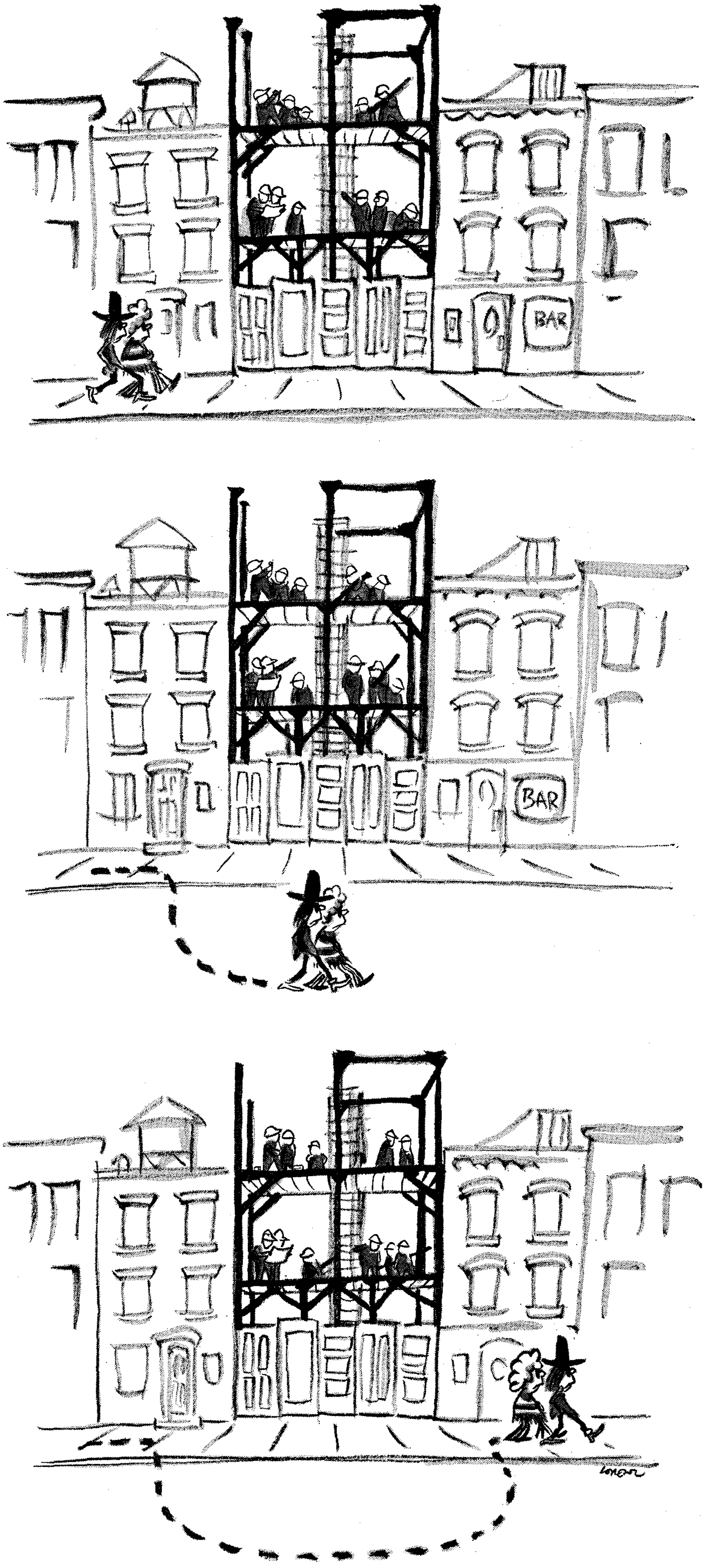
The cloak-and-dagger aspects of the underground life seemed to amuse Father Berrigan immensely, and on that cheerful note we broke for lunch.

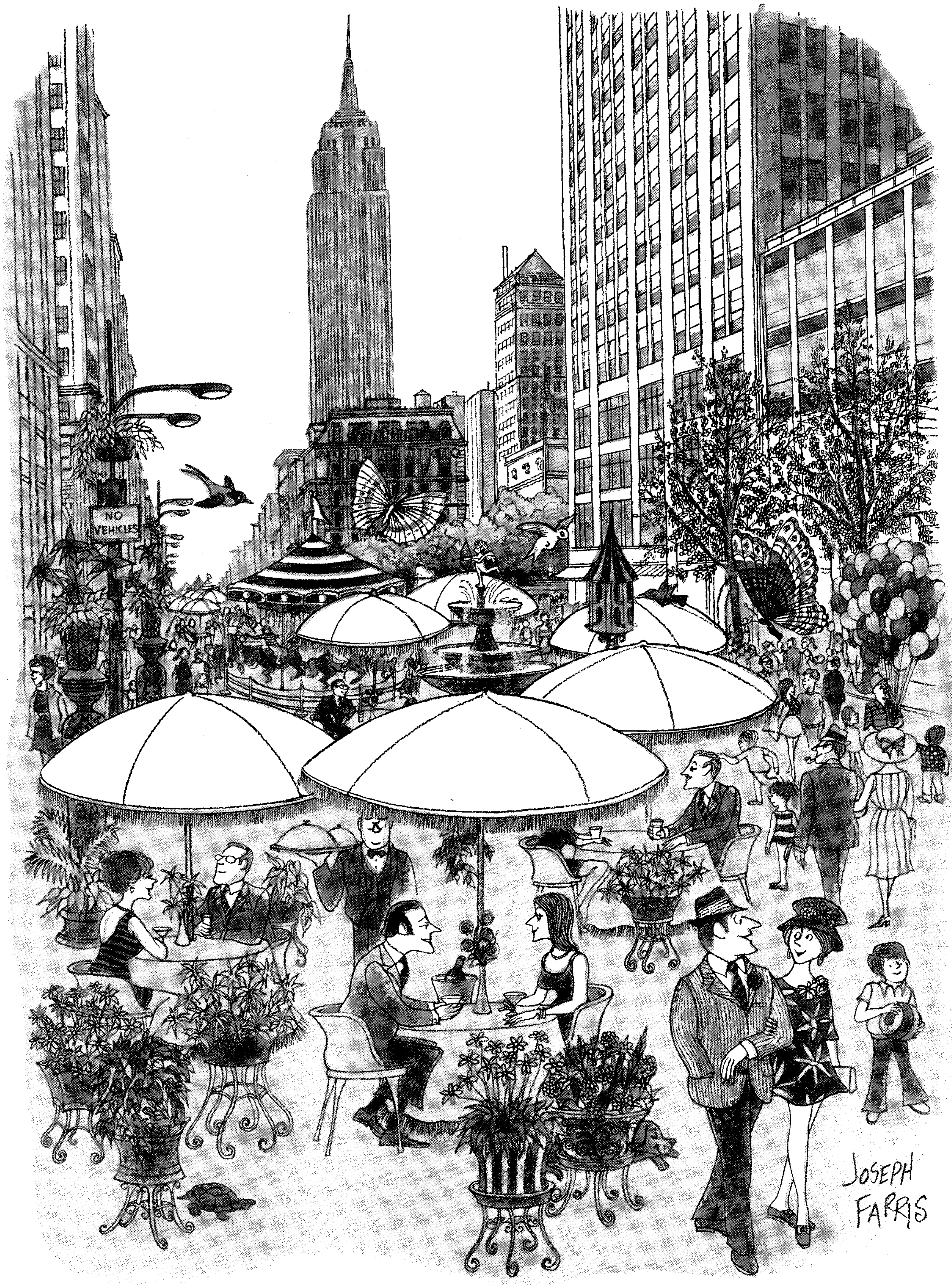


Over a plate of tuna-fish salad provided by our hostess, Father Berrigan commented on Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin ("What we need is serious organizing instead of hapless clowning"), praised his defense lawyer, William Kunstler ("I'm not nuts about all his public utterances, but I have the deepest respect for him"), and defended priestly celibacy ("Being a celibate in this situation is very important. American society has sexualized itself as a ticket of admission"). He expressed pastoral concern for the Weathermen ("I'm totally critical of their tactics, but I believe that we must dialogue with them. They are infected by the violence of our society. . . . I am as much in need of redemption as they are"), and went on to talk about one of his favorite books, William Carlos Williams' "In the American Grain" ("Williams is the only writer to note that in the seventeenth century there was a choice between the Puritan and the Jesuit tradition as the one that would prevail in North America. The Puritans won, alas").

Lunch over, Father Berrigan seemed particularly interested in discussing the underground tradition in the history of the Jesuit Order, whose motto, he reminded us, is "For the Greater Glory of God." "We have forgotten that the Jesuits, by and large, have a solid tradition of prison and of the underground," he said. "Out of our twenty-seven Jesuit saints, thirteen were martyrs, men who in some way defied secular authority—a higher ratio of martyrs, perhaps, than in any other order of the Church. The sixteenth century was rich in underground Jesuits. There was Father Robert Parsons, and Father Edmund Campion, who lived underground in disguise during the reign of Queen Elizabeth—when Catholicism was outlawed in England—until he was captured and hanged for treason. Also put to death after living underground in England was the wonderful poet Robert Southwell, whose poem 'The Burning Babe' you must reread: 'The metal in this furnace wrought/ Are men's defiled souls. . . .' In the seventeenth century, there were great radical Jesuit missionaries, like Roger de Nobili and Mateo Ricci, who Christianized the Far East and were ostracized by the rest of the Church for dressing like the natives, taking Oriental names, and saying Mass in the vernacular. Then, in the eighteenth century, there was that great communist community established by the Jesuits in Paraguay, where the Indians were encouraged to preserve and develop their own culture instead of having it obliterated by the Spanish Mafia. Later on in the eighteenth century, of course, the Jesuits were completely underground for several decades; they were banned from every country in the world except Russia, and got their only shelter from Catherine the Great. And don't forget that in our own century, in Nazi Germany, where the Catholic clergy was so abominably silent, the leading voice of dissent against the Hitler regime was that of the Jesuit Father Alfred Delp, and that he suffered the same fate as Campion and Southwell. As a matter of fact, Jesuits voiced their dissent so much more than the rest of the clergy that they were the only priests whom Hitler would not allow into the military chaplaincy. So I guess there has always been a kookie radical edge to our order, and I belong to it. Perhaps this is the only country that does not have some tradition of Jesuits' going to jail or underground. The Jesuits have had three hundred years of uninterrupted good housekeeping in the United States, and they've made General Motors out of the Order. I think I'm just restoring some good, old-fashioned tradition to them. At a time when so many men are leaving the priesthood, it's important for them to know that I, who will never leave, choose to be in trouble. I see astonishing changes in our order in the past few years. In 1965, when Phil and I began to speak up about the war, we were threatened with dismissal, whereas a few weeks ago all ten provincials of the Jesuit Order in North America signed a strong letter to every senator condemning President Nixon's war policy. And I have received beautiful letters of support from some of my superiors since I've been underground. The Society of Jesus has always been the first love of my life; I always sensed that the Order had enough breadth and richness to support the likes of me, and my trust has been justified."

At the end of our visit, Father Berrigan put on an outlandish sombrero—that day's disguise—and was escorted into a large convertible by a young woman, who was to drive him back to his hideaway. "Give everyone my love," Father Berrigan said as we parted. "And tell them how happy I am. At first, I felt that if I lasted two weeks I'd be content. And here I am, still around after three months. Every day is so exhilarating! I wake up in the morning and say, 'Here's another miracle beginning.' "




NO VEHICLES
JOSEPH FARRIS

"I'll bet Lindsay never dreamed this would happen!"

ON A WAGON

Rejowiec was the last station. From there to Zamość one went by horse and buggy. Ozer Mecheles got off the train with two valises and stood for a moment on the platform. The summer night was warm and moonless. The conductor had put out the candles in the cars of the train as soon as the passengers stepped down, and the only light came from a kerosene lamp in the empty station. For a while, the locomotive puffed thick smoke, hissed, and poured water; then it began to move backward. Ozer caught a glimpse of the engineer. He stood at the window, half illuminated by the fire in the box, his face smeared with soot like a chimney sweep's. He made Ozer think of the black angels of Gehenna described in "The Rod of Punishment." The station was situated a few versts from the village, and the breezes that drifted from the fields smelled of fresh-cut hay and the smoke of fires in which shepherds were roasting potatoes. Frogs croaked. Crickets chirped. A wagon drawn by one horse arrived from somewhere, and Ozer knew that it would take him through the night all the way to Zamość.

Another passenger waited on the platform—a woman from the same train. In the light of the station lamp Ozer could see that she was young. She wore a long skirt and a white blouse, and her wide-brimmed straw hat was circled with flowers. She left her bags on the platform and seemed to hesitate before approaching Ozer.

"Are you going to Zamość?" she asked.

"Yes," Ozer said. "To Zamość."

"Is that your home town?"

"I am from Lublin, but my parents-in-law live in Zamość."

"Whose son-in-law are you, if I may ask?"

"Gabriel Danziger's."

"Nesha's husband!" the woman cried.

"Yes, Nesha's husband."

"Then I was at your wedding—and here I was standing asking myself, 'Is he or is he not from Zamość'! It's so dark I wouldn't recognize my own mother. I am a great friend of your sister-in-law Mirale. So you are Ozer Mecheles."

"That's right. May I ask whom I have the honor of speaking to?"

"Sonia Felhendler. My maiden name was Bardulin. My husband is Feivel Felhendler, from the sawmill."

"I know your husband and your father-in-law quite well," Ozer said.

"Who doesn't know them? Zamość isn't Lublin, after all. But our coachman is waiting." And she called out, "Reb Zeinvel, are you ready?"

Zeinvel, a little man almost as broad as he was tall, wore on this summer night a padded jacket, a sheepskin hat, heavy boots. He smelled of axle grease and sweat. He cracked his whip. "Yes, ready!" he called back. "How many are you?"

"Only two."

"Two, eh—for that I will not have enough for the Sabbath. Well, what are you standing around for? Get in."

"Will you be so good as to take care of my luggage?" the woman said.

"Where is it? Without the moon, it's as dark as Egypt in this godforsaken hole. The Russian pig, curse him, is too stingy to pay for half a quart of kerosene. Get in, get in. Yesterday, I had a full wagon. Today, nobody. Well, so be it. If only it doesn't rain. The way my left leg twinges, we're in for nasty weather."

Ozer hurried to load the baggage himself and helped Sonia into the wagon. There was a fragrance about her of perfume, chocolate, cookies. She leaned on his shoulder for support, and Ozer's hand inadvertently touched her breast. He apologized, and she laughed. The wagon had four benches, upholstered in horsehair. Hay and straw covered the floor. Sonia sat down on the rear bench, which had a back. She pointed to the space beside her. "Sit near me," she said.

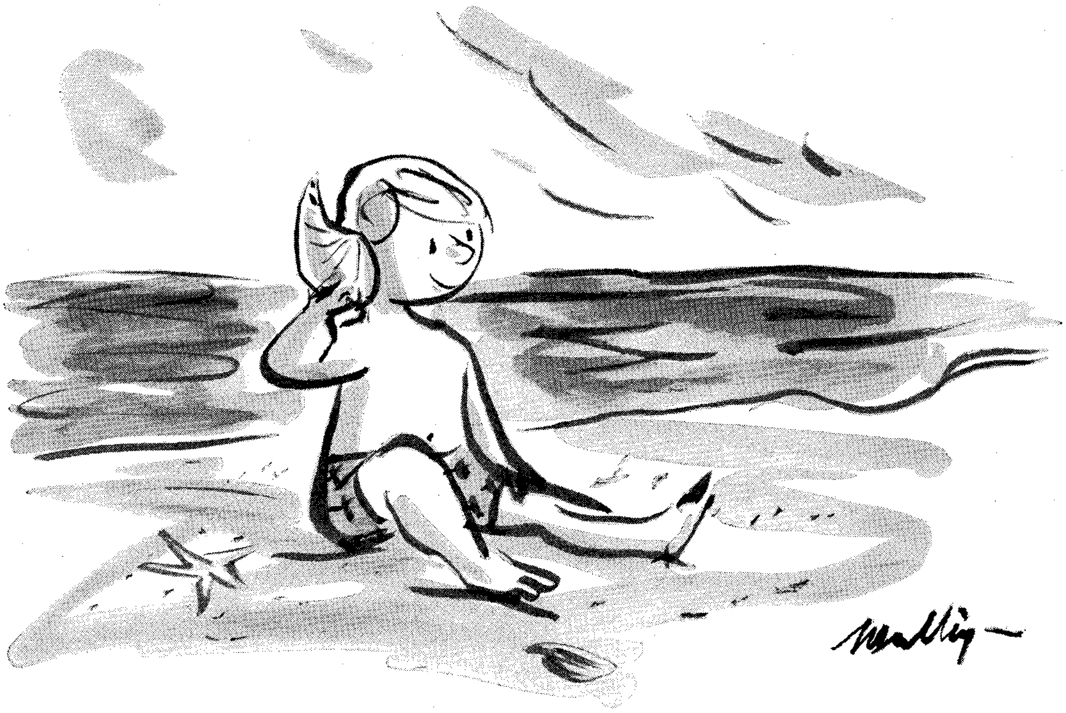
"Yes, thank you." It's a miracle it's dark, Ozer thought. He felt himself blushing. Although even before he left the yeshiva he considered himself enlightened, read modern books, and now in Warsaw spent time in museums and the observatory, he still suffered from bashfulness. He grew red in the face when a girl or a young woman addressed him. Whenever he went to Warsaw, he realized how far he really was from worldliness. He got lost in the streets and had to ask his way. In the hotel, he had trouble finding his room. When he spoke on the telephone, he became deaf. All kinds of mishaps befell him. The shoelaces that he knotted in the morning kept coming untied. His black Chassidic tie hung always askew. His father-in-law was trying to make him a drygoods merchant and had sent him to buy for the store, but he could not differentiate between wool and felt. Besides, he had an aversion to the Warsaw wholesale merchants—their vulgar jokes and salesmen's antics. Behind his father-in-law's back, he studied algebra, physics, philosophy. In one of his valises he carried Darwin's "The Origin of Species" and a book about astronomy by Flammarion, translated into Polish. It was too late for him to enter the university to become a doctor, an engineer, or a chemist. He studied only because of his desire for knowledge. But as Zeinvel the coachman had just said, from that one would not have enough for the Sabbath.

Zeinvel had disappeared. In the half-darkness, the horse chewed oats from a burlap bag, spilling some grains. Every now and then it stamped the ground, as though impatient. Sonia Felhendler had taken off her hat and placed it on the bench in front of her. She smoothed her black hair, which was coiled at the nape of her neck, and settled herself comfortably. Ozer Mecheles tried to move over to give her more space, but she was spread out on the short bench in such a way that he could feel her hip. She opened her bag and took out halvah and biscuits, ate some herself, and offered some to Ozer. She said, "Why do you move away? You'll fall out of the wagon." After a while, she added, "You are not so holy."

Zeinvel reappeared, bringing a sack and a crate. Ordinarily, he did not carry baggage, but as he had only two passengers he would make a gulden on the side. After the sack and crate, he loaded a pack of flax. This freight almost hid the horse and the driver's seat. Sonia began to laugh softly. "Next thing, he'll bring a barrel of herring."

Zeinvel got in, waved his whip: giddap.

The horse walked slowly on the broken cobblestone road with its ditches and holes. In the fall and spring, the cart often overturned and threw its passengers into the mud. But after Pentecost the mud had dried. Now the road stretched between ripe fields, pastures where horses grazed through the night, haystacks, and sleeping hamlets. Dew was forming. A night bird cried. At the edge of the horizon there was lightning not followed by thunder. Ozer looked in silence from right to



"*Once upon a time . . .*"

left. He had lived almost twenty-five years, he had read many scientific books, but the world remained as much a riddle to him as when he had started cheder. The wagon went over a bridge. Stars were reflected in the water. Where the river turned to the right, a mist rose, white as milk. There was no doubt about it—Sonia pressed her foot against his deliberately. Her soft knee spoke to his knee independently and in a language that only the flesh understands. Ozer was amazed; she had a decent husband, wealthy, the owner of a sawmill—even somewhat worldly. What could she want from him, Ozer? Or was she just teasing.

Sonia asked, "You come from Warsaw, eh?"

"Yes, from Warsaw."

"What do you do in Warsaw? Do you buy drygoods for your father-in-law?"

Ozer did not answer immediately. "My father-in-law wants to make a merchant out of me, but I am afraid nothing will come of it."

"Would you rather be a professor?"

"Too old."

"Mark my words, you will be a merchant. My Uncle Beinush was so unworldly as a boy he didn't know the difference between a kopeck and a ruble, but he became a successful businessman. He was even accused of filching money from a squire. Besides, Reb Gabriel Danziger will leave you a nice heritage."

"Let him live one hundred and twenty years."

"Why should anyone live so long? For myself, I'll be satisfied to reach forty-five."

"No longer than that?"

"What is a woman after forty-five? Old, sick, worn out. Trouble begins with daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, grandchildren. I could make peace with a short life, but it has to taste good."

"From what I know, you have a good life."

"Not bad. But what does a small town have to offer? No theatre. No circus. Why, when so much as a performing bear arrives the whole place goes wild. There isn't even anywhere to take a real walk. And who could I go walking with? Feivel is always busy with his lumber. Your sister-in-law Mirale can't leave her children. Your Nesha used to be a jolly girl, but she's not the same anymore. Besides, she's younger than I am."

"What was she before?"

"A husband shouldn't be too nosy," Sonia said, and gave a short laugh.

"I hope nothing bad."

"No, but she liked to enjoy herself. She was the best dancer in Zamość. We girls used to gather at Zalman Kroses'—he has a living room as big as a forest, and we used to dance there. He forbade boys and girls to dance together, but he went to sleep at nine and we did as we pleased until eleven. The boys would sneak in through the back door. Those were gay times—especially in winter. Your Nesha was always the life of the party. Half the young men in Zamość were in love with her, but she was madly infatuated with a cheap guy."

Ozer felt hot under his collar. "Who was that?"

"Oh, you know well enough. That kind of thing gets around. Don't play innocent with me."

"I swear I don't know."

"Well, men are funny! What difference does it make at this point? What happened happened."

"Please, do me a favor. Tell me who he is."

"Curious, eh?" Sonia began to murmur. "All right, then, I'll whisper in your ear. I wouldn't want Zeinvel to listen." She leaned over, took Ozer's neck, and bent his head toward her. Her hand was warm, her lips touched his ear. "Mendele Shmeiser." And she did something to Ozer's ear that no woman had done before; she pushed her tongue into it and licked it.

Ozer was startled both by the name and by what she did. His ear burned and rang. He was overcome by anger and an unfamiliar feeling of shame. He knew Mendele Shmeiser—a musician and a barber. He had a round face, a head of curly hair, and a thin twirled mustache; his chin was cleft. Even though he never went riding, he carried a crop and wore breeches and highly polished riding boots. He was known for his spicy jokes. Ozer felt sick to his stomach and his mouth filled with bile. He thought he was going to vomit, but, using all his will, he managed to control himself. His left leg trembled, but his right, which Sonia was pressing with hers, remained steady. His forehead became moist. Sparks flew before his eyes in fiery designs—triangles, rhombs, circles; green, blue, violet—the exact formations and colors he used to see as a child in half dream before falling asleep. In spite of his doubts about God, he murmured a prayer. "Father in Heaven, let me not be disgraced."

HE heard Sonia speaking—her voice seemed to come from far away. "After all, it's not the Middle Ages," she was saying. "It's the twentieth century. It's high time humanity became civilized. Zamość is neither Bilgoraj nor Tomaszów. A woman is just as entitled to enjoy herself as a man. We grabbed what we could. Was that so wrong? The minute you're married and then pregnant, everything is finished. Feet stop being so light for dancing. That Mendele is a no-good fellow, but he knows how to make a girl fall for him. He kissed everybody—a real sport. Your Nesha was terribly jealous! She wanted him all for herself, the poor girl."

Ozer bent his head in silence.

"I shouldn't have told you this. Give me your hand. Swear that you won't reproach her."

"No." Ozer's voice was barely audible.

"Some time before the marriage agreement was signed, she got sick and had to go to Warsaw. They said all kinds of things. But what does that mean? People gossip. Swear." Sonia took Ozer's hand and put it on her breast. She held it there with her own. "What does it matter? Now she is your wife. Still, she hasn't forgotten Mendele. We were all standing around in Tsippe's Candy Store one afternoon not long ago when he came in. She looked at him and turned as white as chalk. And what do you think he did! He held out his riding crop and lifted up her skirt. To him a woman is worth nothing, because they all throw themselves at him. A shameless rascal, even though he is handsome."

"Handsome . . . Well—"

"A big talker, that's all he is. An ugly mouth. But when he talks it does something to you. Still, a man can come from a Chassidic house and also have charm. I like you better than Mendele Shmeiser. You're quiet and gentle. Nesha doesn't appreciate you. This is the truth. If I had you, I wouldn't even look at Mendele."

"Does she meet him?"

"Who knows what a woman does when her husband is out of town! You can love your husband and still be interested in another man. Sometimes you want a change. A woman doesn't wear the same dress forever. You don't eat noodles with boiled beef every evening. Am I right?"

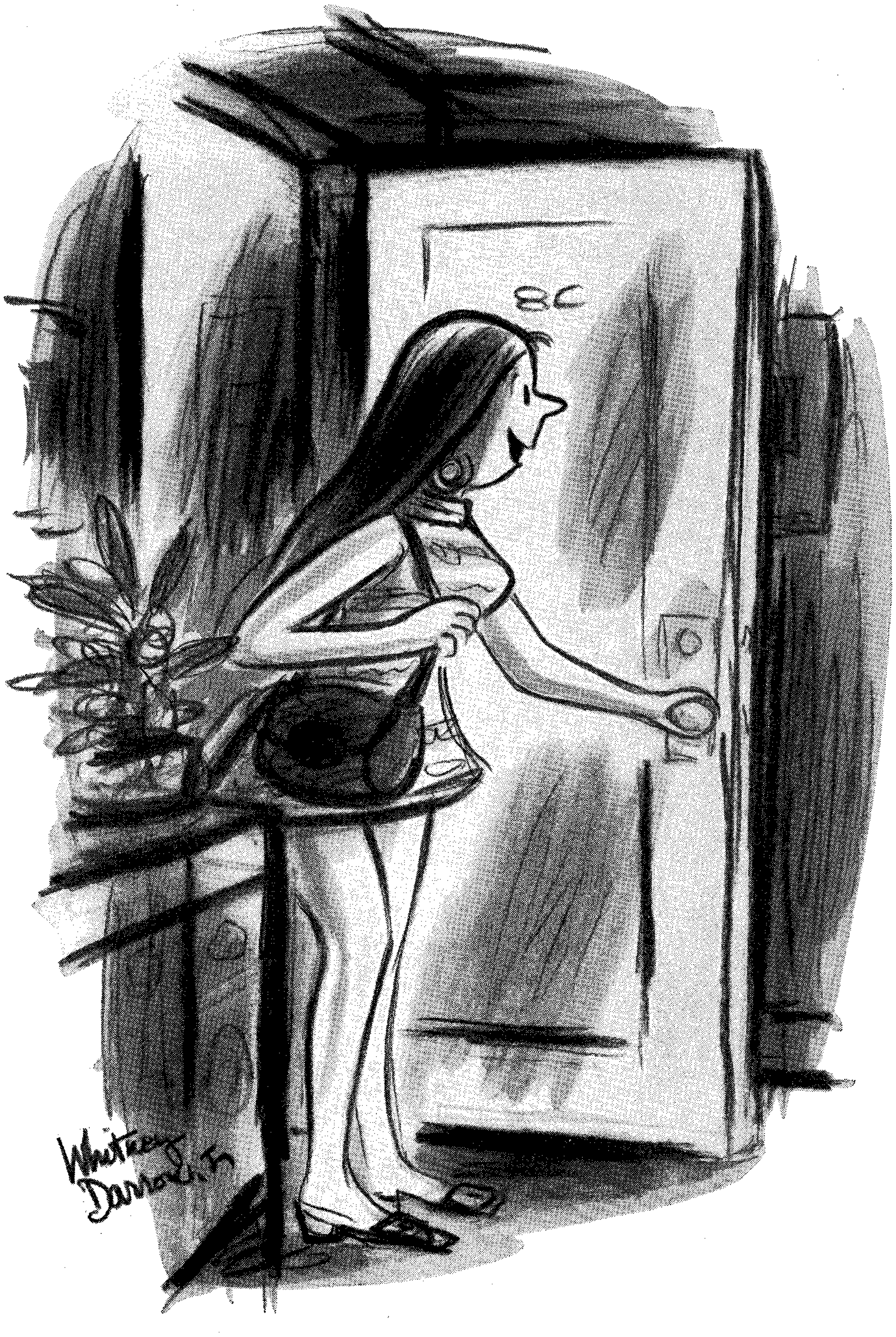
"Perhaps you are right," Ozer Mecheles mumbled. The bitterness remained in his mouth. Stealthily, he withdrew his hand from Sonia's breast.

The night had grown darker. Everything had merged: fields, road, sky. The horse moved slowly; once in a while it stopped and then moved forward again. Ozer remembered his mother's saying that animals see demons—a horse will halt to let one of the night creatures pass by. The wheels knocked against the cobblestones. The air remained warm, humid. Who knows, Ozer thought, maybe a comet is approaching the earth. This night may be the end of existence. Since the heavenly bodies have neither purpose nor consciousness, such encounters are unavoidable. Zeinvel the coachman kept silent on the other side of the load, or perhaps he had dozed off.

Sonia again took Ozer's hand and put it against her breast. "Please don't be a stick-in-the-mud." She spoke with a kind of insolence that was unknown to him. "Why should God care if young people enjoy themselves? And how do you know there *is* a God? The delegate from Warsaw said that everything was evolution. He said that the earth was hot and it cooled off, like the crust on a pot of buckwheat. Is that true?"

"Who knows."

"I love Feivel. But if you love butter cookies, can't you eat a few macaroons? Why should men have it all their own way? They chase after every skirt. I was sitting on the train, and in comes a travelling salesman. We got talking. He had a wife and three children, but that didn't keep him from other men's wives. Wherever he goes, he'll find a woman, Gentile or Jewish. He propositioned me, but I didn't like him—small, fat, paunchy. If I take



"Hey, Mom! I've replaced a machine!"

on someone, I want to enjoy it, too. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand. Our fathers and mothers—"

"Fathers and mothers!" Sonia half cried out. "What were they—fanatics! They wasted their years on the Talmud and the supplication books. What did my mother get out of life? At thirty-four she became a widow, and that was the end. The day before the new moon, she used to go to the cemetery and prostrate herself over my father's grave. She spoke to him as if he were alive, told him all the news about the children. Silly superstition! The world has awakened, but they don't even know they're living in the twentieth century. What's the matter?" Sonia changed her tone. "Aren't you well?"

"Yes. No."

"Why do you tremble? Are you cold?"

"I think I have a fever."

"Is that so? Well—" Sonia made a gesture that meant *You can now take away your hand*. She even moved over. She was saying, "In the restaurants in Warsaw, they give you meat left over from the Flood. You probably upset your stomach. When you get home, take castor oil. There's nothing better. Remember, what I told you is our secret."

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you ever walk in the woods?"

"What woods?"

"In a small town like ours, everything is done in the woods. In the middle of the week, the woods are empty. Saturday, the rabble arrives and it's worse than the marketplace. . . ."

OZER MECHELES did not answer. He remembered that he had found a photograph of Mendele Shmeiser in Nesha's album. He shivered. Nesha was making a fool of him. She was in love with a barber—an ignoramus, a scoundrel. She had told Ozer recently that she was pregnant. Who knew, it might be by Mendele Shmeiser. What was there to curb her? When these yokels become advanced, there is no limit.

Ozer was taking stock of his life. Yes, if one denied God and the Torah, and believes man has descended from an ape, why shouldn't one act like an ape? And if Nesha is so infatuated with Mendele Shmeiser, what value can he, Ozer, have for her?

When Ozer Mecheles became engaged to Nesha, he assumed she was a decent girl. At the engagement feast, she sat at the women's table and he hardly caught a glimpse of her. He was surrounded by Chassidim, scholars, yeshiva boys. At the wedding, after the virtue dance, he was led into a dark bedroom. He knew from the Talmud that a girl ought to be a virgin, but he didn't know how a man could be sure. At dawn, the bride's attendants came to take the sheet, and they danced a kosher dance outside the window. Later on, he noticed that Nesha was not pious. She combed her hair on the Sabbath and soaped herself. A few times he caught her drinking milk after she had eaten meat. She made jokes about the ritual bath. She told him to come to her bed on the nights when according to the law it was forbidden. She went to the lending library and borrowed novels in Polish and Russian. Ozer was pleased by this—he had an enlightened wife.

Judith Shahn

True, he had never felt spiritually close to her. Ozer aspired to knowledge, and she was concerned with money. She envied her brother-in-law, Benie, because he was established in business. Though she received a lot of jewelry for her wedding, she constantly complained that her sister had more. Nesha tried to persuade Ozer that he should ask for her dowry, start his own business, and move to a home of their own instead of boarding with her father. She was always ordering new dresses and would chat for hours with her sister Mirale about shoes, lingerie, lace, cakes and cookies, which both sisters baked, and about all kinds of creams and perfumes, which they ordered from Lublin. A box of chocolates stood on her bedside table and she nibbled them in the middle of the night. Ozer was aware that Nesha did not

DEATH BALLAD

("I DON'T CARE")

Tyson & Jo, Tyson & Jo
became convinced it was no go
& decided to end it all
at nineteen—on the psychiatric ward.

Trouble is Tyson was on the locked ward,
Jo for some reason on the open,
and they were forbidden to communicate
either their love or their hate.

Heroin & the cops were Tyson's bit.
I don't know just what Jo's was, ah, but it
was more self-destructive still.
She tried to tear a window & screen out.

United in their feel of worthlessness
& rage, they stood like sisters in their way,
blocking their path. They made a list
of the lies of Society & glared, "We don't exist."

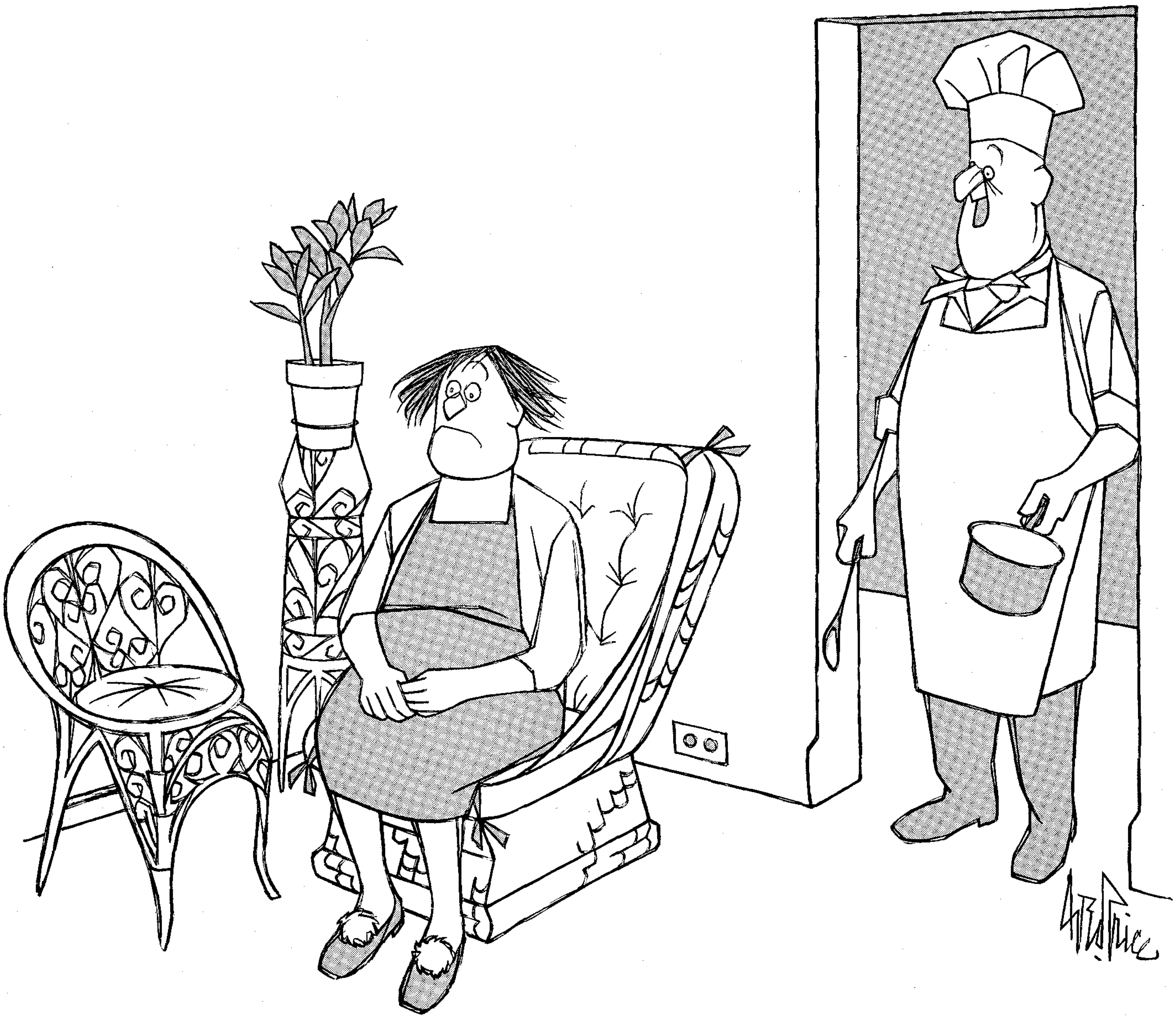
The charismatic quality of these charming & sensitive girls
smiled thro' their vices; all were fond of them
& wished them well.
They sneered, "We prefer Hell."

What will their fates be? Put their heads together—
in their present mental weather,
no power can prevent their dying. That is so.
Only, Jo & Tyson, Tyson & Jo,

take up, outside your blocked selves, some small thing
that is moving
& wants to keep on moving
& needs, therefore, Tyson, Jo, your loving.

—JOHN BERRYMAN

• •



"Anything yet from your ESP on the whereabouts of the bay leaves?"

• •

read the books she brought home. He tried many times to talk to her about science and philosophy, but she always interrupted him—a friend would call her, she had to say something to her mother, she had to do some chore in the kitchen. Ozer realized with bafflement that the doubts that had tortured him from as long as he could remember—time, space, eternity, the problem of the just who suffer—did not bother her at all. She did not even concern herself with death, about which he had begun to brood when he was still in the cheder for beginners. Ozer had decided that this was how woman is made—to indulge in petty things. In some way, a woman was like a child who needed toys.

Well, but to be dazzled by Mendele Shmeiser one had to be a Mendele Shmeiser oneself. If Mendele Shmeiser is all one can gain from the Enlightenment, then woe to the Enlightenment.

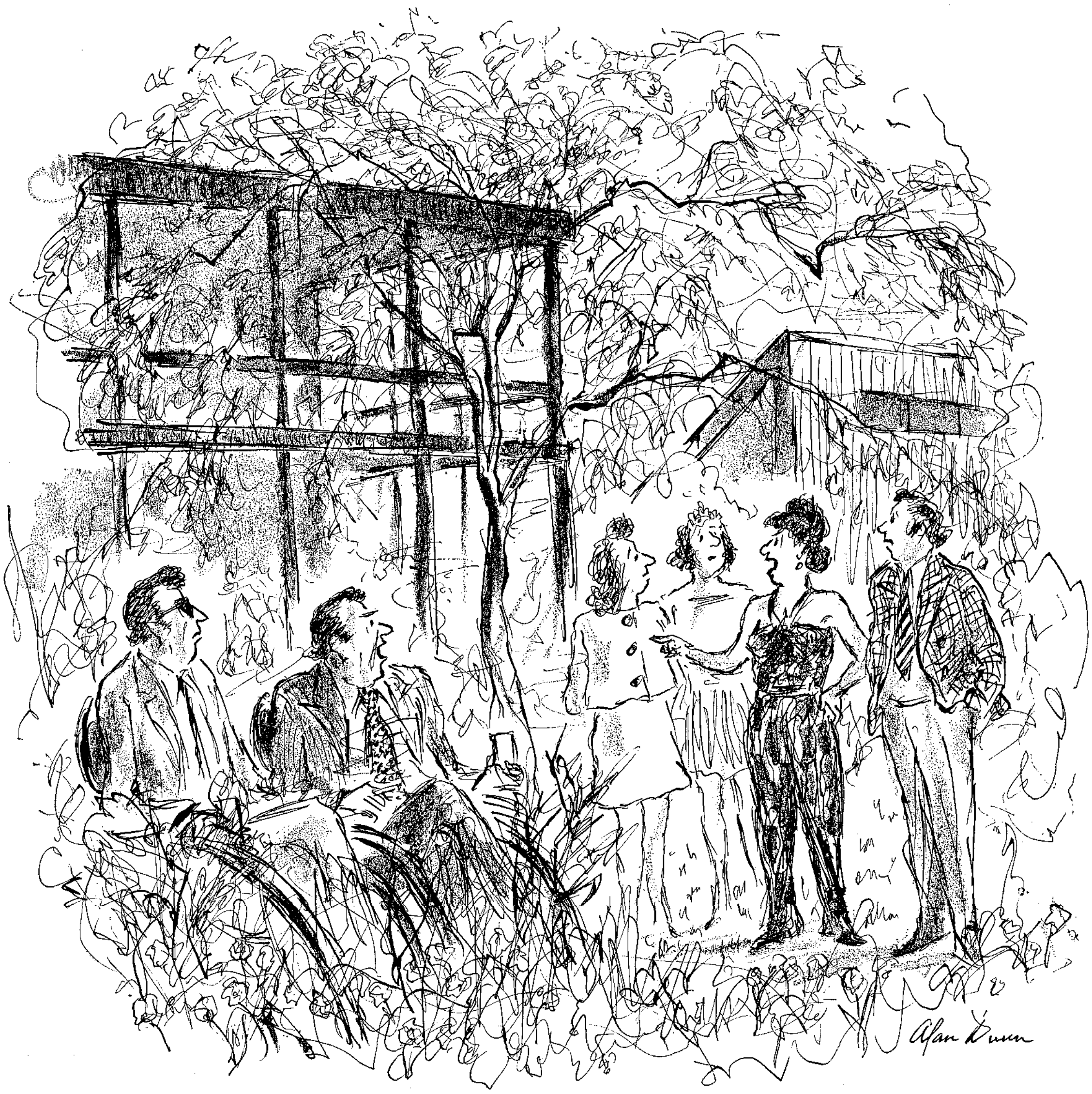
Ozer heard a snore. Sonia had fallen asleep. He raised his eyes to the sky. He had read the theory of Kant and Laplace that the universe developed from a nebula. But how can a nebula bring out man, animals, trees, grain, flowers, eyes, ears, a brain? What is the suffering and shame that Ozer felt now made of? And since all being is a combination of atoms, what basis is there for the words of Isaiah, Lessing, Mendelssohn, Reb Nachman Krochmal? Somewhere Ozer Mecheles had made a false calculation, but where was the error? Could he become pious again? Could he believe that every commentary each rabbi has written in each generation was given to Moses on Mount Sinai? In what can he believe?

Hate? Was it Mendele's fault his atoms combined in this way instead of another? And how is it Nesha's fault? How can there be talk of good and evil if there is no God, no revelation?

Ozer Mecheles closed his eyes. He did not sleep, but neither was he awake. A heaviness pressed on his heart, hanging there like a weight. He was cold, as though it were winter. He felt like a mourner: he had to sit shivah for his own illusions.

THE wagon stopped, and with a start Ozer roused. Sonia got off without a word. Her husband, Feivel, came out of the house in his night robe and slippers; he was not wearing a skullcap. It was daybreak. Ozer saw the silhouette of husband and wife embracing, shaking silently.

Soon the wagon approached Gabriel Danziger's house. Ozer took down his bags. The one with the books was especially heavy. In his father-in-law's house, everybody was asleep. A small



"*They can muzzle the press, they can muzzle Congress, but nobody can muzzle Helen.*"

• •

kerosene lamp glimmered in the kitchen. In a coop behind the stove, chickens were clucking. Ozer listened. The whole household snored—his father-in-law, his mother-in-law, Nesha. Ozer heard her sigh. Verses from the Book of Proverbs came to his mind: "There be three things which are concealed from me, yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." "Which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God."

Ozer left his luggage in the parlor and went outside. One half of the sky was still night; the other half glowed a deep red. Dew was falling as though from a sieve. Birds were twittering. Ozer moved like a sleepwalker. His legs took him to the yard of the synagogue. He passed the barrel where the worshippers washed their hands. The water reflected the gold of the sun breaking through.

Ozer entered the study house. Here the night still held sway. A single memorial candle spluttered in the menorah. The pillars of the reading table threw jumping shadows. The tables, the bookshelves, the candelabra kept a midnight silence. Ozer stopped and tried to read the Ten Commandments in the dusk, but the letters were hidden. "It's finished, finished," he murmured, not knowing what he meant. A weariness such as he had never experienced overcame him. He leaned against a stand in order not to fall. He remembered that this was the hour the corpses are supposed to pray in the holy places, before the first worshipper crosses the threshold.

Suddenly a purple light blasted through the windows and everything in the study house was illuminated as though from a Heavenly lamp: the lectern, the benches, the stands, the lions on the cornice of the Holy Arc that were supporting the tablets with their curled tongues. Their beady eyes seemed alive. Ozer stood transfixed. It became clear as the rising day to him that the books he had brought from Warsaw and the Commandments on these tablets denied one another. If creation was a blind process and man a beast, it was allowed to deceive Ozer (or Feivel), steal from him, even kill him. Why didn't I understand it before, he wondered. He shuddered and his teeth rattled. For the first time in years, he had a desire to start the morning with a prayer, but he could not until he had washed his hands.

Ozer went outdoors. In the sky, a cloud like a fiery chariot rode toward the east. The windows of the synagogue shone and flickered as though they had received tidings that they had been waiting for since ancient times. The water in the barrel had become greenish, and Ozer saw his image in it as in a mirror: a pale face, sunken cheeks, two sidelocks like hemp, a throat with a pointed Adam's apple. He barely recognized himself. The worldliness was gone. He was again what he had been before his marriage to Nesha—a poor scholar from Lublin, an orphan supported by strangers. He bent down and dipped his fingers in the water. Powers stronger than man had conspired to take everything from him this night: his wife, his dowry, his lodging. The Enlightenment had deceived him; its wisdom was nothing but Satan's trickery. Ozer knew he must again pack a bundle and make his way somewhere to a yeshiva. There was one choice left to him: Mendele Shmeiser or God. —Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.*)

•

A 10-pound box of frankfurts was found on the floor, indicating the thieves were in the market only a short time. —*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Maybe they just weren't hungry.

THREE STORIES

THE VISITOR

AND what about her, my lord, what about her? Is the kingdom of heaven only a step from her also and will the passions of the earth at a single movement of her heart fall back and bow their heads as she passes?

For seventeen years, my lord, she has come twice a week, well before the specified hours. Sundays and Wednesdays, in clean clothes, with her face rubbed like an elbow and her basket heavy. To stand with the others on the far side of the street, looking up at the high black wall of the prison and the studded grilles of the windows through which shaved heads can be dimly made out, through which a hand occasionally flutters or flicks out to seize a bar as though its body had fallen from it and it was clinging to the last proof of mortal life—a prison bar—by itself. She stands there and smiles up and from time to time she waves. When the bell rings she goes over with the others to the little door by the drawbridge, between the guards' shelters, and in her turn approaches the guard, who opens the door. From her basket she takes a bundle, carefully and attractively wrapped. If it is a month that bears flowers, there are flowers tied to the string. The guard nods to her. He knows her. They all know her. She points out the name on the bundle. He nods. She asks for news; he says everything is just the same so far as he knows, but he never sees the prisoners. He is younger than she is.

Is there any chance yet of her being able to see her husband, she asks. He looks at a board and says no. Will he not place her request before his superiors, she asks. He promises. He looks at her and says that the decision has nothing to do with him. She tells him she knows that. She goes back and stands across the street and waves again.

From the basket she takes out a man's garment she has been working on that season and holds it up to show the progress she has made. When the bell rings again all the hands at the grille wave and then the shaved heads disappear. She waves—the last time with a handkerchief—and goes with the others shuffling toward the side streets. Sometimes she returns before dusk and stands there by herself, looking up, when there is no one at the windows.

OF whose decision, made in what circumstances, is her life the consequence, my lord? Is this her first existence?

The wall by which she stands, by which she waits, is called Rumor Wall. Everyone else has heard something, whether or not it is true. Everyone else, and long ago, has heard something even about her husband, but each one, my lord, and each for his own reasons, has spared himself telling her that her husband, a political suspect never in any case allowed out of his cell, was transferred to another prison some time during his fourth year and executed the following morning.

ETHEL'S STORY

OF course it was on a Monday that she decided she must have a story. It was on a Monday because of the emptiness, in which things are known to emerge that are covered at other times. She had so little washing to do now that she was all alone, and she had got up earlier than usual to get it done, and she had got it done earlier than usual and then she had hung it out, and then she had found herself wandering down through the different back yards in which no washing was hanging yet, from which the children had just left for school. She paused at the foot of wooden stairs and listened to the sound of washing machines whirring and sloshing and the voices raised now and then to make themselves heard above the noise of the machines and she felt as though she were deaf. No one would hear her. It made no difference, she said. She must have her story.

She waited until she was back at the foot of her own silent flight of wooden steps leading up the back of the house to the upper porch where the newspapers were piled on the old sewing machine, and then she started to tell no one about her canary.

The most interesting thing about her canary had not been anything you could see in the bird at all. It had been his effect on the room he was kept in. As soon as she opened the door and looked in she could tell what state of mind the bird was in. Partly it was just the air—her first breath of it. He kept himself so clean. But partly it was something you could actually see, or at least she could, in the walls themselves. If he was feeling serene, whether or not he had been singing, the walls were bright and splashed with sunlight. If he was dreaming happily about his homeland the walls seemed to have receded; the room looked bigger and the vines and flowers on the wallpaper were clearer and seemed to stand out and look more than usually lifelike. If his confinement was weighing heavily on him the walls looked dark and the patterns in the paper were lost in the featureless shadows. She would go in there and look at the room and it was better than conversing with most people, she said, how she could under-

HARMLESS
WMiller

stand what he was feeling in himself. And so it had been until the morning when she had opened the door and the walls looked dead. Nothing on them showed any life at all. They were neither near nor far, and the light touched them as though they were only pictures of themselves. Then she had known that Dickie was dead, and had gone over to the cage and found him lying on his back, stiff, with his beak slightly open.

That was the story she told, then, and she went on telling it for a long time, when no one could hear her.

WHEN someone could hear her she told no story at all, because what had happened was that her daughter had come home to the cold house and had moved into the room where she had grown up and had said nothing to her mother by way of explanation or by way of affection or by way of passing the time of day. She had gone out a great deal and had come home late, and she never recounted a single detail of what she did or of what she had done before. Her silence was aggressive, and her mother had always been frightened of her and now continued to look after her, but from a distance, careful not to disturb her. Not even when she slept beyond noon. Not even when she was sick—except to take in, very quietly, a little tray of crackers and milk to set down near the bed, which sometimes were touched, sometimes not. Not even when the curtains remained closed all day and there was no sound of anyone going to the bathroom, and then they remained closed all day the next day. When panic had finally seized her she had had to go and fetch a neighbor to come back and go into the dark room and find that the girl had left without a word two days before.

THE JUNE COUPLE

IF we could afford it, he says, we have often said that we would have a little place beside the water. He enjoys saying *little place* even more than *beside the water. Beside the water* comes to him like an old pleasure which is becoming increasingly a matter of memory. The water is forever darkening. It always seems farther away. By now it might be dark glass. With artificial reeds growing through it, and lifelike ducks among them. But *little place* announces his firm hold on the world of men and his aspirations in it—even those he would not otherwise admit to.

Yes, she says, we've imagined from the beginning how we'd love to have a place of our own somewhere by the water. When she says *from the beginning* she can actually feel the air near the water, and the water itself, which is only slightly cooler, and moving slowly, a quiet stream passing through a meadow under old trees.

One day maybe we'll take a small house by a lake, he says. *One day maybe. Take a small house.* By the age at which he imagined such a thing might be possible, he would phrase the suggestion with a wink.

She sighs and says, It was one of the first things we realized we agreed about. We love to imagine standing watching the water flow quietly by.

Needn't be anything elaborate, he says. A simple cottage, after all. Envisaging a lakeside construction covered with tan imitation-brick shingle, with a screened porch all along each end.

It's all I ever want, she says. Her eye filling, as so often, with a picture of a low stone building, one tiny dormer in its thatch roof open toward the breathing sounds of the trees over the stream. And there they both stand, between the door and the water, on the soft grass, with a family of ducks threading past them, and her cat at her feet. Her husband is wearing a top hat and a white dress uniform with gold frogs, and she is most becomingly dressed as a shepherdess. Both of them in Sèvres.

He sees them standing outside the screened porch to be photographed.

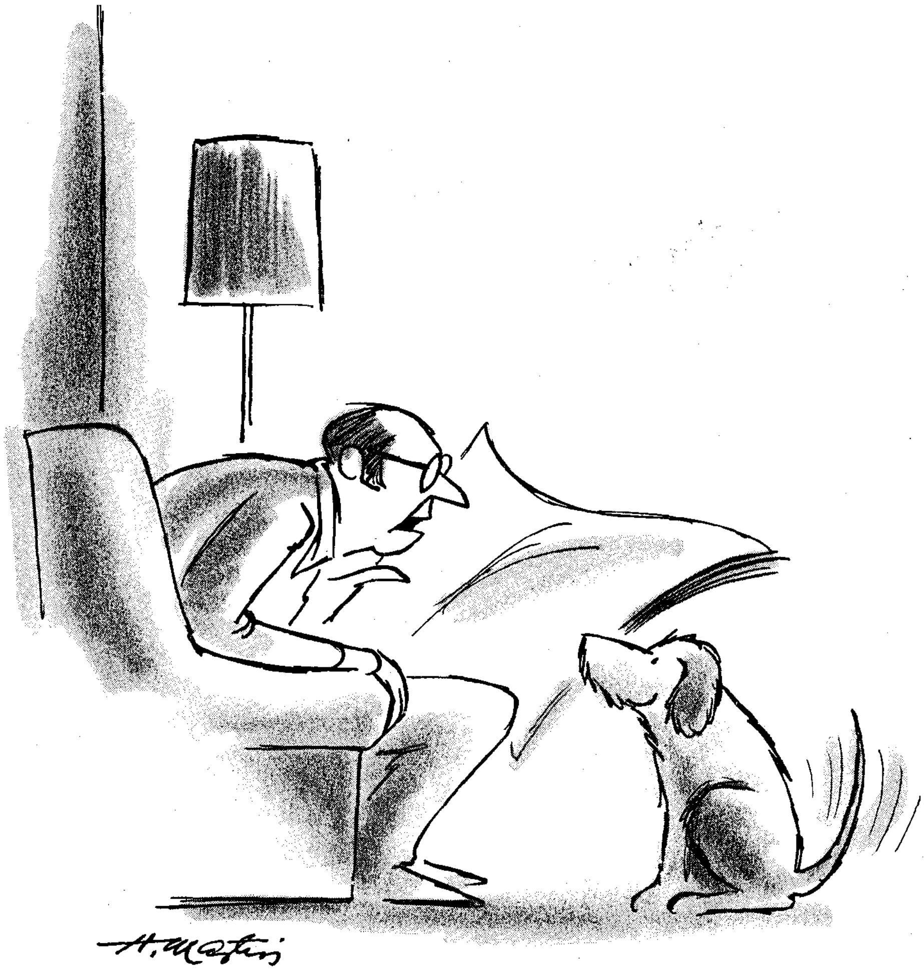
No one is watching. Her parents are out. She puts her tongue (as she has been strictly forbidden to do) to both of the figures. It is just as she had imagined. Sugar. Like all secrets. The cottage is sugar too, and the pink and white clouds. And at the edge of the sky, beyond the little crooked fence, there is a round window with little roses all around it, and an eye filling the whole window.

Yes, he says, looking out over the first few feet of still water at the black camera occupying the middle foreground, with the sun on its shoulder. He has recognized the eye filling the whole of the lens.

Yes, he says proudly. Mine.

Yes, she sighs, in utter agreement, recognizing the eye filling the window at the end of the sugar sky. Mine.

—W. S. MERWIN



"*You wouldn't be wagging your tail if you could read.*"

PROFILES

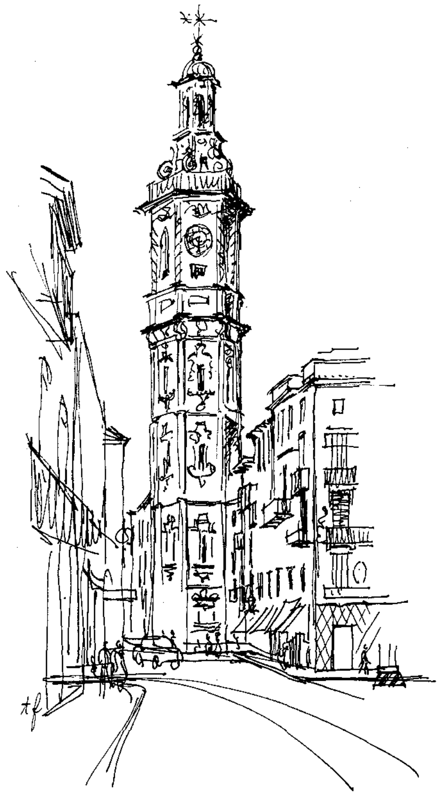
THE JUDICIOUS OBSERVER WILL BE DISGUSTED

WHILE not disdaining the personal touch, I shall try in what follows to preserve a decent objectivity. This is especially necessary because my subject is one that arouses either high passions or, more often, none at all.

Testimony of the Author's Friends and Acquaintances (c. 1953-68)

IN 1968, at the invitation of my wife and me, Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan III left their New York home to attend the July feria in Valencia, a populous industrial port on the Mediterranean coast of Spain. (With approximately six hundred thousand inhabitants, it is, in fact, Spain's third-largest city, after Madrid and Barcelona.) The experience subjected the Ryans to considerable strain at first, but they soon buckled down, entering into the fantasies and embarking on the voyages of self-discovery that this curious town provokes, and ended up by diverting themselves greatly. During a visit to the Botanical Gardens, Mr. Ryan lost his watch fob (a small silver stirrup) under or near a banyan tree that was planted a month before Columbus set sail for the New World. Mrs. Ryan, a woman whose lionhearted chic nothing can daunt, offered one or two comments on the place. "Valencia lets you make your own choices," she said. "It preserves its own pride and lets you preserve yours. Also, it doesn't matter what you wear, because, God knows, you aren't going to *meet* anyone." She can still mime what she describes as "that special, unforgettable *look* you get from Spanish friends when you tell them you're going on vacation to Valencia." It is a look of stunned, incredulous grief.

Talking to people about foreign cities you have visited is not the easiest way of enjoying yourself or of being enjoyed. If they have been to the place you want to tell them about, they may know more about it than you do, and this is infuriating for you. (E.g.: "Then we went to Modena—a lot of people skip it, but the cathedral is amazing." "Yes, and I hope you didn't skip the pigs' feet at Fini's restaurant.") On the other hand, if they have not, they are apt to feel envious, and this is infuriating for them. With Valencia, these problems scarcely arise. Hardly anyone tops you, because hardly anyone has been there, and nobody envies you, because nobody wants to go.

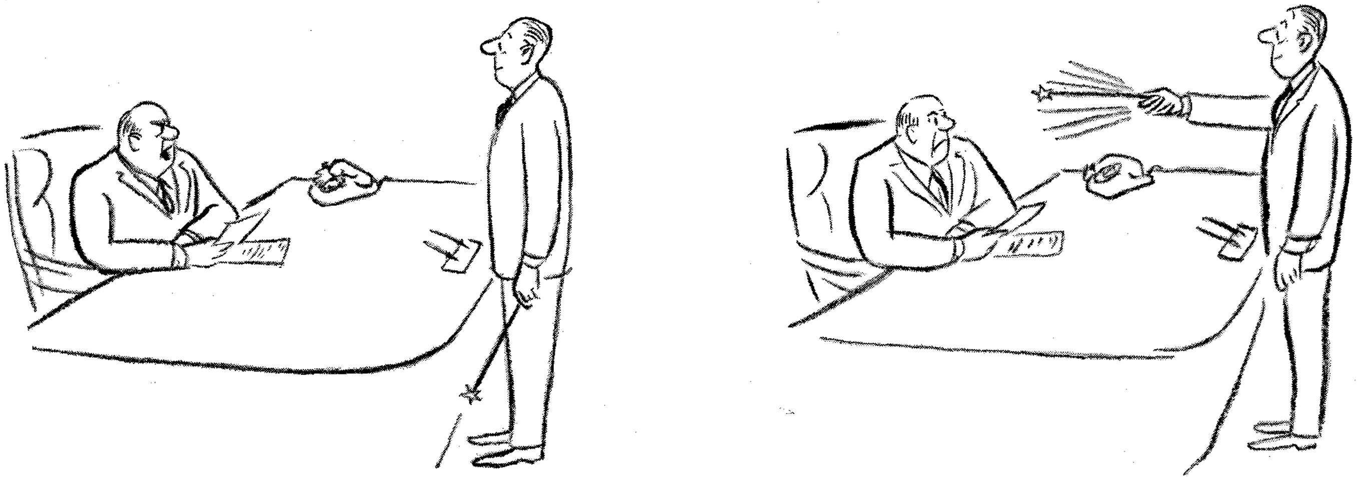


Before explaining why Valencia is my favorite city on the whole Mediterranean seaboard ("the wart on the Mediterranean lip," it is sometimes called) and why I regard it as a supreme test of individual identity, I shall list a few other foreign reactions. John P. Marquand, Jr., son of the late novelist and an author in his own right under the name of John Phillips, went there in the early nineteen-fifties and told me in a letter, "I have travelled around the world and seen many wonders, but of all the water resorts of the Atlantic and Mediterranean that lugubrious city is for me the queen." He recalled with particular relish the incontinent fireworks (very much more of these later) and the therapeutic fun-fair booths, "where you pay for the simple satisfaction of destroying clay plates—no Kewpie dolls or Mickey Mouse watches for your reward, just a dun-colored shambles of crockery." Mr. Marquand also had a warm word for the ubiquitous bats of the region, one of which appears on the city's coat of arms; like him, I do not know whether this merely reflects the fact that there *are* bats or whether it is a tribute to some brave particular bat, which flittered its way through the sleeping Moorish Army with a message for the Cid clenched between its little teeth.

Luis M. Stumer, an American archeologist and aficionado who has been going to the bullfights in Valencia for over a decade, frankly detests the steaming humidity of its summer climate—"so reminiscent of a paper factory"—but feels more affectionate toward the people: "They are about as stupid as you will find anywhere, except Murcia, but, unlike the Murcians, who are so stupid they are sullen, the Valencians are amiable." As for Tennessee Williams, the playwright, he went to the July feria at my prompting some sixteen years ago. The day he and some other friends joined me there, the water supply for the entire city was abruptly cut off—a state of affairs that lasted a week and was never referred to, let alone explained, in the local press. There was also a power cut every evening between seven o'clock and midnight. Although Mr. Williams is a man of immense physical fastidiousness, he did not complain. Like the rest of our party, he bathed by candlelight in mineral water and eau de cologne. The majority of the Valencians could not afford such luxuries, and by the third day the air in the bullring was distinctly fetid. On the fourth day, we heard rumors that a plague of some kind was quietly raging near the docks. Next morning, the playwright packed and left. He did not say what he thought of Valencia, and as we disinfected our hands and shook them, he looked more bewildered than angry. Dame Margot Fonteyn, who visited the city in 1968 with the Royal Ballet of Covent Garden, departed with what I took to be similar feelings. The company gave two open-air performances on a creaking trestle platform in the municipal park, and Dame Margot later spoke with awe of the conditions under which they had worked. It seemed that whenever anyone hit the boards after a leap, half a dozen nails would spring from their sockets, so that by the end of the evening they might have been dancing on a fakir's bed. She said she had never known anything like it anywhere, and I had no trouble believing her.

The Verdict of History

THERE is an almost spooky unanimity about published accounts of visits to Valencia in the past. In many cases, the tone goes so far beyond mere distaste as to border on the venge-



"Well, Perkins, what kind of dumb, harebrained idea have you got now?"

• •

ful. Few cities, either in the Mediterranean area or anywhere else, can have had such a consistently terrible press. The English traveller Henry Swinburne, great-grand-uncle of the poet, passed through in 1775 and wrote:

> Various and overpowering are the stinks that rise up in every corner.... The houses are filthy, ill-built and ruinous; and most of the churches are tawdry, and loaded with barbarous ornaments both without and within.... In all, the judicious observer will be disgusted with loads of garlands, pyramids, broken pediments, and monstrous cornices,—a taste too Gothic and trifling for any thing but the front of a mountebank's booth, or a puppet-show in a fair.

Understandably, he was glad to get away:

> We shall leave Valencia tomorrow, being heartily tired of our quarters.... Every thing we eat is insipid and void of substance.... Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and when he has tired his jaws, find he has been only chewing the idea of a dinner.... The vegetables, with the finest outward show imaginable, taste of nothing but water. This washy quality seems also to infect the bodies and minds of the Valencians. They are largely built and personable men, but flabby and inanimate.... Low amours often consume the best part of their fortunes.

Josiah Conder, who quotes Henry Swinburne with approval in his "Spain and Portugal" (1830), makes polite use of litotes when summing up his own impressions. Valencia, he says, is "far from being an amusing town." He disposes of the cuisine and the citizens by quoting a single traditional couplet:

La carne es yerba, la yerba agua,
Los hombres mujeres, las mujeres nada.
[The meat is grass, the grass water,
The men are women, the women nothing.]

Writing a decade later, Théophile Gautier found the city "flat, sprawling, and confused in plan," and went on to say:

> Its streets are narrow, flanked by lofty houses of surly aspect, on some of which one can still make out worn and mutilated escutcheons ... fragments of eroded sculpture, chimeras without claws, noseless women, armless knights.

He thought the cathedral a big yawn after the marvels of Burgos and Seville, and, like Swinburne, he was sickened by the ornamentation of the other churches:

> Surveying these extravagances, one can only bewail the total loss of so much squandered wit and talent.

For a touch of the authentic Swinburnian rancor, we move on to "A Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain," which appeared in 1845. Richard Ford, the author of this minor classic, describes the Valencians as "perfidious, vindictive, sullen and mistrustful, fickle and treacherous," and continues:

> Theirs is a sort of *tigre singe* character, of cruelty allied with frivolity; so blithe, so smooth, so gay, yet empty of all good: nor can their pleasantry be trusted, for, like the Devil's good humour, it depends on their being pleased; at the least rub, they pass, like the laughing hyena, into a snarl and bite: nowhere is assassination more common; they smile, and murder while they smile.

He has even less patience than Gautier with the cathedral of "this unsubstantial city":

> This edifice is one of the least remarkable of Spanish capitals, has been vilely modernized.... The principal entrance is abominable, the concave form being in defiance of all architectural propriety. It was modernized by one Conrado Rudolfo, a German, and is a confused unsightly jumble of the Corinthian order.

The year 1886 saw the arrival and rapid departure of one S. P. Scott, red in the face and wheezing ("The dust is choking, and the breeze like a whiff from a furnace"), and although Rose Macaulay admired much of the architecture when she stayed in Valencia shortly after the Second World War, her general verdict falls well short of ecstasy:

> It is, with its ill-assorted medley of old and new, its often tasteless modernization surrounding (and too often engulfing) elegant seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses, its tendency to disintegrate into dusty squares that have the air of building lots, an untidy town.

For sheer bile, impartially sprayed in all directions, you can't improve on Augustus Hare, who published his findings in "Wanderings in Spain" (1873). Hare didn't like even the fertile farmland, known as the *huerta*, that extends around the city:

> The miasma from the stagnant waters ... is unwholesome, and combined with the frequent sirocco, fresh from African deserts, renders the climate very depressing.

But literature isn't wholly devoid of pro-Valencian feeling. "Melmoth the Wanderer" (1820), Charles Robert Maturin's celebrated Gothic horror story, contains a passage in which an Englishman named Stanton turns up near Valencia on a stormy evening in 1677:

> The sublime and yet softened beauty of the scenery around had filled the soul of Stanton with delight, and he enjoyed that delight as Englishmen generally do, silently. The magnificent remains of two dynasties that had passed away, the ruins of Roman palaces, and of Moorish fortresses, were around and above him; —the dark and heavy thunder-clouds that advanced slowly, seemed like the shrouds of these spectres of departed greatness; they approached, but did not yet overwhelm or conceal them, as if nature herself was for once awed by the power of man; and far below, the lovely valley of Valencia blushed and burned in all the glory of sunset, like a bride receiving the last glowing kiss of the bridegroom before the approach of night.

Which is very impressive until one

remembers that Valencia is not in a valley and that Maturin never visited Spain. There is a parallel here with the bouncy marching song, played throughout the Latin world, by which the city is best known:

Valencia
Es la tierra de las flores, de la luz, y del amor—
Valencia,
Tus mujeres todas tienen de las rosas el color.
[Valencia
Is the country of flowers, of light, and of love—
Valencia,
Your women all have the color of roses.]

The lyric was written by José A. Prada, a man who, like most people, went to his death without ever seeing Valencia.

Ernest Hemingway's portrait of the city in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is sketchy and incomplete; nevertheless, it is the one to which, at this stage, I am happiest to draw your attention. Here at least some of the secret and eccentric flavor of the place comes through:

> "Fernandito," Maria said to him. "Tell us of the time thee went to Valencia."
>
> "I did not like Valencia."
>
> "Why?" Maria asked.... "Why did thee not like it?"
>
> "The people had no manners and I could not understand them. All they did was shout *ché* at one another...."
>
> "Oh, get out of here, you old maid," the woman of Pablo said. "Get out of here before you make me sick. In Valencia I had the best time of my life. *Vamos!* Valencia. Don't talk to me of Valencia."
>
> "What did thee there?" Maria asked....
>
> "I was there when Finito had a contract for three fights at the Feria.... We ate in pavilions on the sand.... Prawns fresh from the sea sprinkled with lime juice.... Then we ate *paella* with fresh sea food, clams in their shells, mussels, crayfish, and small eels.... All the time drinking a white wine, cold, light, and good at thirty centimos the bottle...."
>
> "And what did thee do when not eating nor drinking?"
>
> "We made love in the room with the strip wood blinds hanging over the balcony... and from the streets there was the scent of the flower market and the smell of burned powder from the firecrackers of the *traca* that ran through the streets exploding each noon during the Feria. It was a line of fireworks that ran through all the city, the firecrackers linked together and the explosions running along on poles and wires of the tramways, exploding with great noise and a jumping from pole to pole with a sharpness and a cracking of explosion you could not believe...."
>
> "We have done things together," Pablo said.
>
> "Yes," the woman said. "Why not?... But never did we go to Valencia. Never did we lie in bed together and hear a band pass in Valencia."

Tourism on the Decline; Anti-Tourism Defined. Valencia's Virtues Adumbrated: You Wander Lonely in a Crowd

By the standards of conventional tourism, the travellers of the past were right to sniff at Valencia. Artistically, it didn't belong on the Grand Tour. At the same time, it lacks many of the attributes that modern travellers expect of a holiday resort: "Pittsburgh without the air pollution" is how a visiting American recently described it. But I suspect that a new kind of Mediterranean tourism, with new standards, will have to be developed—a necessary alternative, since the old kind is becoming more of a penance every year. *Mare nostrum* is Europe's cesspool today. Much of it is an undrained tank, noxiously brimming with human waste matter, oil, and garbage. High-rise apartments and assembly-line hotels, which already infest the Spanish coast from Gibraltar to the eastern end of the Pyrenees, will soon spread until they cover the entire Mediterranean littoral. If we want solitude, translucent sea, and virgin landscape, we shall have to wait for the first jumbo-jet service to Madagascar or Mauritius. There are still a few Mediterranean outposts where these things are available, but their days are numbered, like the Swiss bank accounts of the real-estate tycoons who are buying them up.

The tourist explosion, I believe, is already creating a new breed of European tourist—the anti-tourist, with appetites quite different from those of his predecessors. The traditional holidaymaker goes abroad in search of sun, sea, famous works of art, picturesque scenery, and people of his own nationality and kind. The new tourism, of which I am a charter member, is more selective. Of course, we insist on sun, but, for the reasons mentioned above, we are chary of sea. We quickly tire of landscape that lacks evidence of continuing human habitation, but we do not want the human beings in question to be fellow-tourists; hence we avoid popular beauty spots and cultural centers. *Above all, we seek to escape the company of our compatriots, apart from any we may happen to be travelling with.* Valencia, where a noisy and majestic ugliness stands sentinel, ever ready to repel outsiders, is one of the few places that come close to fulfilling all our demands. We enjoy being idle in bright sunlight in a large Mediterranean city: here we can loaf, not so much solitary as truly alone, contemplative and detached while the rest of the world is visibly at work. Some people go on vacation in order to meet strangers. Others go to meet themselves. For this group, Valencia, world hub of anti-tourism, is the predestined haven and hiding place.

First Impressions: Hotels and Other Amenities, or the Lack of Them

APPROACHED from the sea, Valencia hits you first with dockyard squalor and clamor; a great deal of rusting and riveting is going on. Streetcars grind inland from the waterfront, past bars without character and bank-

AN E-TYPE ON THE INTERSTATE

White needles wipe around their black-faced clock
Faces in unison. Ninety. The tach
Trembles on forty. Forty, I take stock
Of the houseful of time behind my back—
The scruffy luggage on the luggage rack,
Stuffed full of tears and sweatshirts, held by locks
Both temporal and spiritual, packed
To go to ground with—and am glad, ticktock,
To have outdistanced it. The road ahead
Is straight and empty, but a curled raccoon,
Unmarked, unmasked, caught in the wheels of noon,
Recalls tonight's appointment with the dead;
And I, rejoicing in the practiced aim
Of middle age, make haste toward the same.

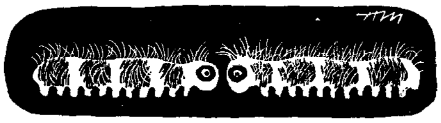
—L. E. Sissman

• •

rupt-looking small businesses, possibly derelict dust factories. Next, taking your choice of a dozen bridges, one or two of them very elegant, you cross a broad, litter-spattered bed of rubble through which a dribble of yellow water runs. Such, for most of the year, is the appearance of Valencia's river, the Turia; in the fall it has been known to rise in devastating flood. You are now in the city proper, and almost everything you can see is a bank, a neon sign, a department store, a supermarket, a movie house, a snack bar, a bristling municipal façade, or another bank. Architecturally, the twentieth century seems to be locked in mortal conflict with the late nineteenth. Spiritually, you would think that the native past had lost the battle against the Coca-Cola future without ever striking a blow, without even being paid to lie down.

Both these impressions are false, but you do not realize it at first glance, or even at second. What you immediately recognize, if you are a genuine anti-tourist, is that this is a town where you can create your own private myths and live cocooned in your own emotional climate. It is obsessively unsmart, an alien nullity peopled with busy Spaniards who will ignore your presence, a blank slate upon which you—and your companions, if any—can freely doodle. This makes it a remorseless touchstone of personal relationships. And also, of course, a potential tombstone for them, because it throws visitors back on themselves, offering no familiar landmarks to reassure them, no peace to act as a sedative, and a bare minimum of beauty as a distraction. If a relationship can survive Valencia, it can survive anything. My own record is: one marriage and one affair laid in ruins there, and one marriage cemented. It should by now be clear that if you shun risks and love beaten paths, this is not your town. Yet it has its rewards—as we shall see—for those who grit their teeth, hold their noses, and persevere: the odd baroque doorway or belfry, glimpsed between fly-blown cafés and prematurely crumbling apartment blocks; and two astonishing art forms, one of them peculiar to the city and both of them ancient precursors of the instantly obsolescent, destructible art that the Anglo-Saxons have just discovered and made fashionable.

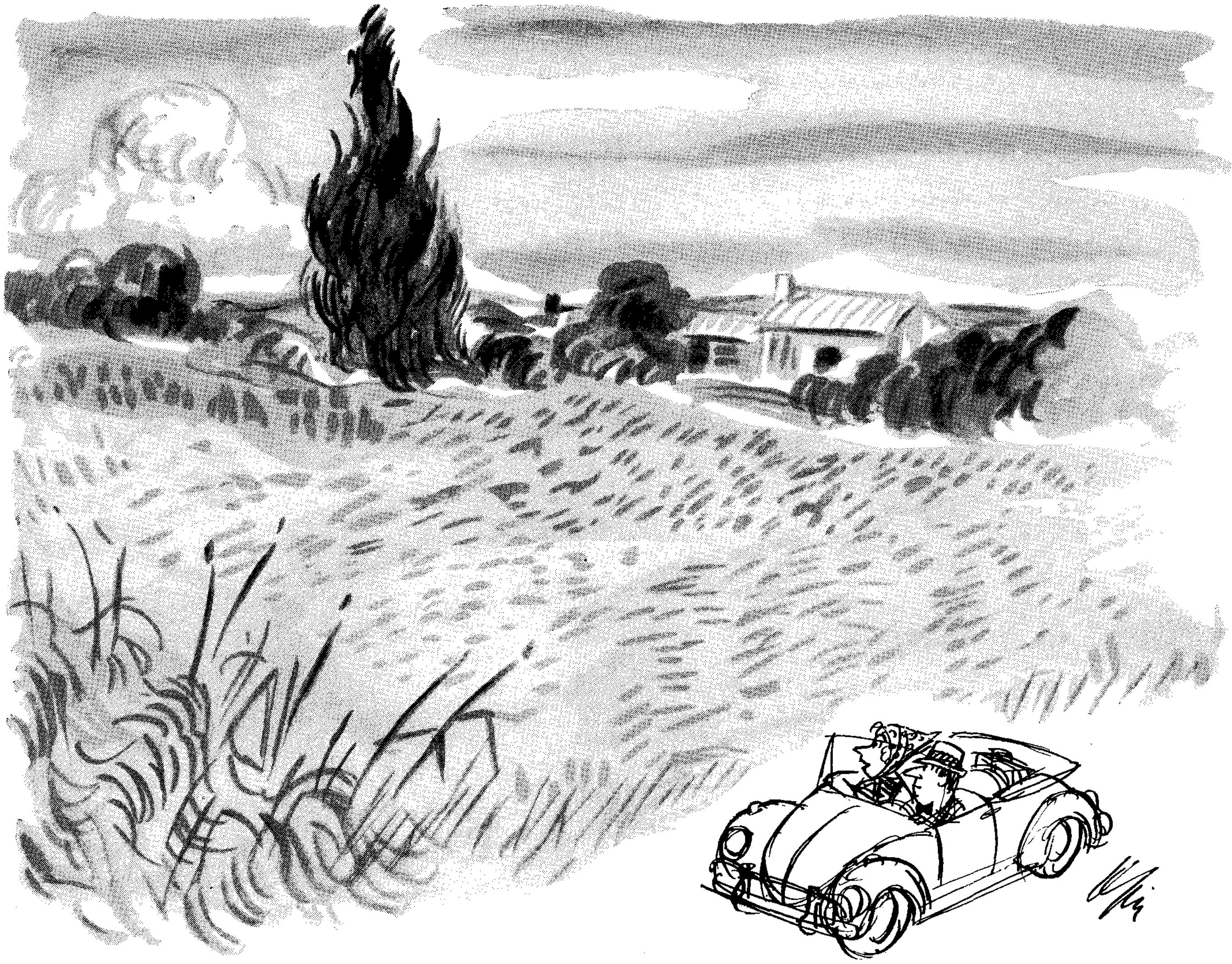
Not being a tourist haunt, Valencia has never learned the techniques of ingratiation, or self-salesmanship. The Astoria Palace, glassy and glossy, has an air-conditioned lobby, but although its prices are remarkably low (less than nine-fifty a day for a double room with bath during feria week), there are occasional lapses that may explain why the management hesitates to raise them. The last time I stayed there, for example, scalding water poured out of both bath taps, so that I had to cool my tub with the shower. And the dining room is best ostracized. The most extraordinary hotel in the Valencia area is twelve miles outside the city—the Hostal Monte Picayo, a gargantuan architectural folly that cascades down a hill overlooking the coast road to Sagunto. It opened its doors ("lowered its drawbridge" might be a better phrase) in 1966, and its decorative style is somewhere between early "Prisoner of Zenda" and late "Late, Late Show." The entrance hall looks like a multilevel medieval banqueting chamber, and some of the staircases seem to have been hewn out of the living rock. Stalactites of stucco festoon the ceilings; the bedrooms have television sets in frames of gilded wrought iron; and if anyone ever wants to remake "The Old Dark House" in costumes left over from "Ivanhoe," I would guess that this must be the place. It would also be an ideal setting for a really advanced game of Murder. The lobby, as you enter, cries out for Basil Rathbone to come strolling in from behind a tapestry with a foaming mastiff on leash. "To what," he would silkily ask, "do we owe this unexpected pleasure? I fear I must ask you not to move. Caravaggio here is a little—shall we say?—impetuous." Inexplicably, but characteristically, the Hostal has four swimming pools. Its other selling points include a miniature bullring, where guests can pit their wits against an experienced and thoroughly ignoble little calf.



Hotel situation poor; golf courses in short supply; surrounding countryside undramatic; beaches not pretty and too full of local Spanish—these, according to a former United States consul in Valencia, are the main reasons the city is unlikely ever to make it touristically. "On the Spanish coast, Barcelona and Málaga draw the foreigners," he says. "Valencia falls right between the two. Anything it can do, they can do better." With or without tourists, however, it is doing all right economically; local industries such as furniture and footwear are booming, and the province can always rely on its two staple exports—rice and oranges. (Valencia, mysteriously, sells rice to the *Japanese.*) What upsets the ex-consul is that the place could be even more prosperous if it were not for a certain lack of vision and get-up-and-go on the part of the inhabitants: "This is the smallest big city in Spain. You'll get three bakeries on the same block, two upholsterers across the street from one another—things like that. Somehow, they can't think in larger units than small family businesses." He shakes his head.

Instances of Tourist-Repellence

THERE are times when it seems as if the Valencians were going out of their way to discourage tourism. This may even be a tradition. Among the few architectural features that early-Victorian travellers praised were the fourteenth-century walls that encircled the city. "Very perfect" and "very picturesque," Richard Ford called them. In 1871, they were torn down to provide work for the poor during a spell of severe unemployment. (Project for a sociologist: Balance the social service rendered by this piece of vandalism against the historical disservice.) For a



"We haven't, of course, but I have the strangest feeling that we've been here before."

• •

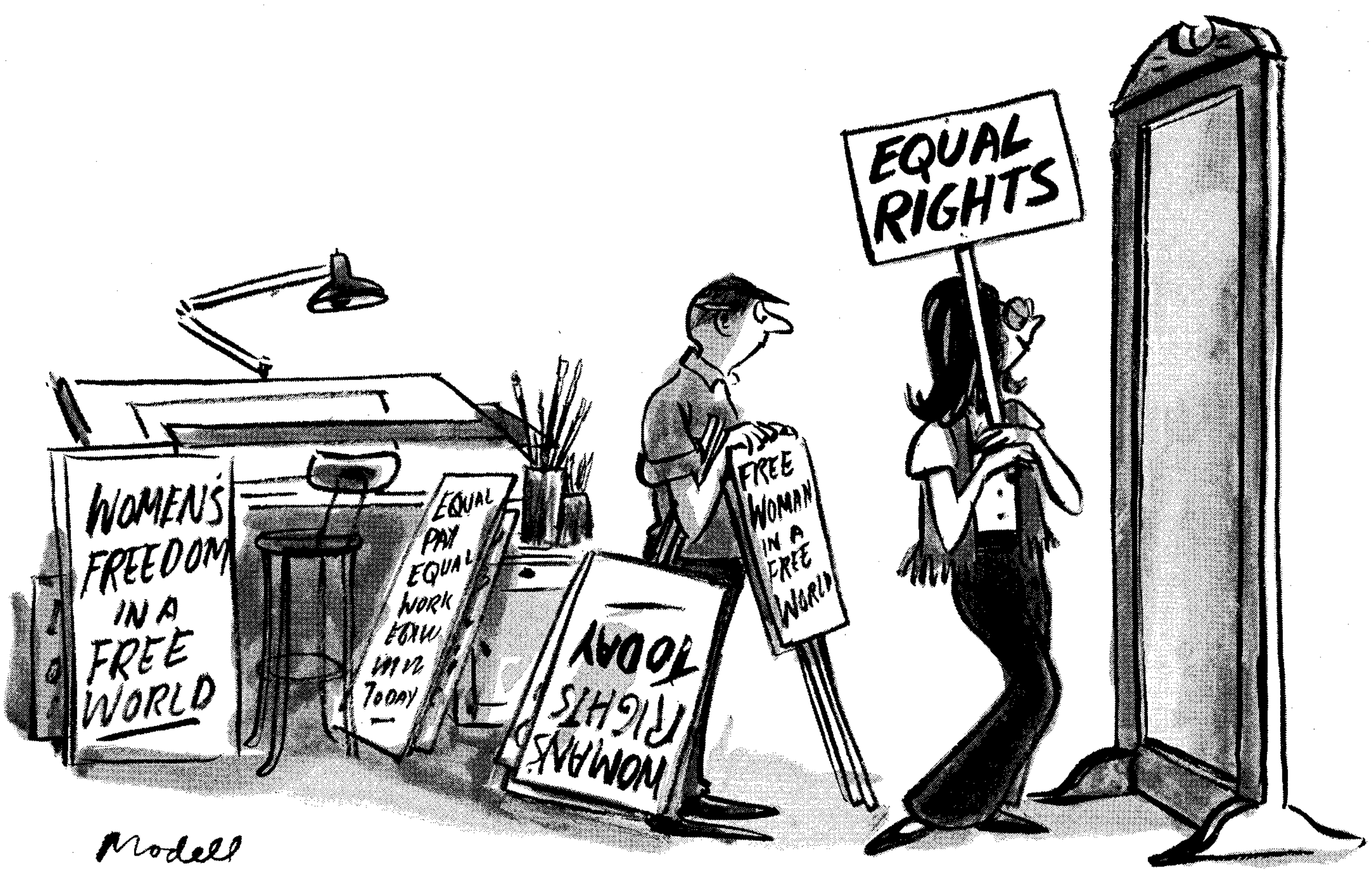
more recent example of disregard for the past, take a look at the Museo Taurino, which is one of the nastiest sights you can pay to see anywhere. Bullring photographs, buckled and discolored, hang behind broken glass in splintering frames. Costumes worn by the illustrious dead rot on their hooks, and fungus sprouts from the stuffed bulls' heads on the walls. There is talk of moving the collection to a new home; a smarter move would be to start assembling a new collection.

A classic case of tourist-repellence is the monastery of Porta Coeli, twenty miles out of town and probably the best-known architectural landmark in the neighborhood of Valencia. Founded in 1272, it sits on a little hill amid pine forests that have been the setting for many poems of frustrated love. Inside the walls, which at present enclose a community of only thirteen monks, there are two cloisters (one Gothic, one Renaissance), a baroque church, and spacious terraces on which white peacocks walk. Rose Macaulay wrote passionately of Porta Coeli, and for Sacheverell Sitwell it was "one of the most beautiful of all the old Spanish abbeys." But they both went there a long time ago. Today, as it has been for the past twenty years, Porta Coeli is completely closed to visitors.

Culture and Life After Dark: The Valencian Underworld Explored in a True Story

Artistically, Valencia cannot be said to have shaken the world, or even Spain, in modern times, although volumes have been written by local zealots about the "Valencian Renaissance" that is alleged to have burgeoned in the early part of this century, producing such peripheral figures as Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, the author of "Blood and Sand," and the pianist José Iturbi. Nor is the city terribly efficient when it comes to more frivolous forms of urban diversion, such as night life. I don't mean that there are no night clubs. On the contrary, there are literally dozens. In this field, at least, Valencia is going to be handily placed if the tourist invasion should ever materialize. The trouble is that most of the *boîtes* are empty most of the time, and this occasionally drives the proprietors to adopt some fairly greedy practices. By way of illustration, here is an extract from a Valencian journal I kept in the spring of 1969:

March 22: Leaving tomorrow, so determine to make last attempt to enjoy night life of city. Select club named "El Peep-Hole": Kathleen [my wife] is tired after week of feria, so go alone. Arrive at midnight, doorman having assured me that floor show begins at that hour. Descend stairs into flashily upholstered vault, deserted but for self, barman, and 28 hostesses. No band, just tapes of ten-year-old hits. I order *anís*, cheapest Spanish liqueur, at bar. Fat little hostess with thick Catalan accent and hair like steel wool tells me story of her life; seems she used to be top model until photographer molested her. Buy her Scotch and ask what became of floor show, since it's almost 1 A.M. Barman says not long now. Order second drink for self and hostess, who continues memoirs, revealing that bitter experience has taught her to de-



• •

spise vulgarity in men. 1:45: Still no other customers, no sign of floor show, so call for check. Get it in spades: little matter of 1,700 pesetas [just under $25]. For 4 minidrinks and no cabaret, this seems outlandish. Send for boss and, filled with crusading fervor on behalf of clipped tourists everywhere, announce refusal to pay unless police officer assures me bill is correct. Boss mimes fury and disgust but finally goes in search of cop. Alone (hostess having fled at hint of trouble), calmly await vindication.

Boss returns with three uniformed cops, who drag me from bar stool into alley outside, make me lean forward with hands on wall, and frisk me. Even shoes are removed and searched, presumably for drugs. I ask what the hell is going on, I'm not the accused, it's me who's accusing the club, and— Cop cuts in: Boss has reported me not only for declining to pay tab but for vilifying General Franco, abusing the Spanish people, and calling the Valencian police force corrupt pigs. Am therefore under arrest. Blood leaves head.

Am driven in squad car to concrete blockhouse on outskirts of town, ideal for work involving glowing cigar ends and electrodes. Hear boss dictating account of my alleged diatribes. As subversion piles on obscenity, reflect that if he is opponent of system, this must be highly therapeutic exercise. Ask permission to phone wife and lawyer. Head guard (played by late Pedro Armendariz, chewing cigar, neck bulging over collar) snarls no. Shrug and smile wryly. Bad move: Pedro swaggers over, bends till head within inches of mine, then bellows, "Why do you smile? You are not in England now." He can say that again, and does. (Can see London newspapers: "Writer seized in Spanish night club. Charged with insulting behavior." Had always assumed people in such stories were drunk. *Am not drunk, goddammit.* Steady now.) Plain-clothes detective darts out of office and demands passport. Explain that I haven't got it on me. "Uneducated as well as a slanderer!" he sneers, and we drive to hotel to get it, sirens wailing. Am marched through lobby between cops, one of them swinging handcuffs. Then back to hq., followed by horrified Kathleen in taxi.

Detective reads charge to me. On sudden inspiration, feign ignorance of Spanish even greater than is actually the case, and claim that I thought check was *7,000* pesetas, not 1,700. Would be overjoyed, naturally, to pay 1,700—most reasonable, practically a steal.... Am reaching for cash when detective interrupts: the other charges, of course, must stand until answered in court. Am vaguely aware that crime of knocking regime carries with it prison term of several years. It will be my word against boss's, and boss is Spanish. Am also, not at all vaguely, aware that accused can spend months or years in jail awaiting trial. Mouth extraordinarily dry, ask if detective has any idea when case might come to court. In (he consults watch) about ten minutes, says this man of men, this model of non-piggish probity.

Kathleen and I are driven to courthouse with boss, latter looking rather sulky. It is now 5 A.M. Iron door of echoing fortresslike building is opened by janitor with absurdly outsize key ring. Court consists of thin-lipped young judge who has dressed in great hurry, unless he normally wears pajama jacket under suit. He accepts my plea that whole thing big mistake and orders grumbling boss (who by now believes his own story) to grab my 1,700 pesetas and go. Thus I walk out into new dawn and liberty, having been taught enormous unwisdom of hollering copper in a dictatorship. But: Suppose I had been staying in fleabag instead of Astoria Palace, and suppose I had been bearded and bejeaned instead of shaven and suited, would the court have been convened? And would I have been believed? Answer: Would I hell.

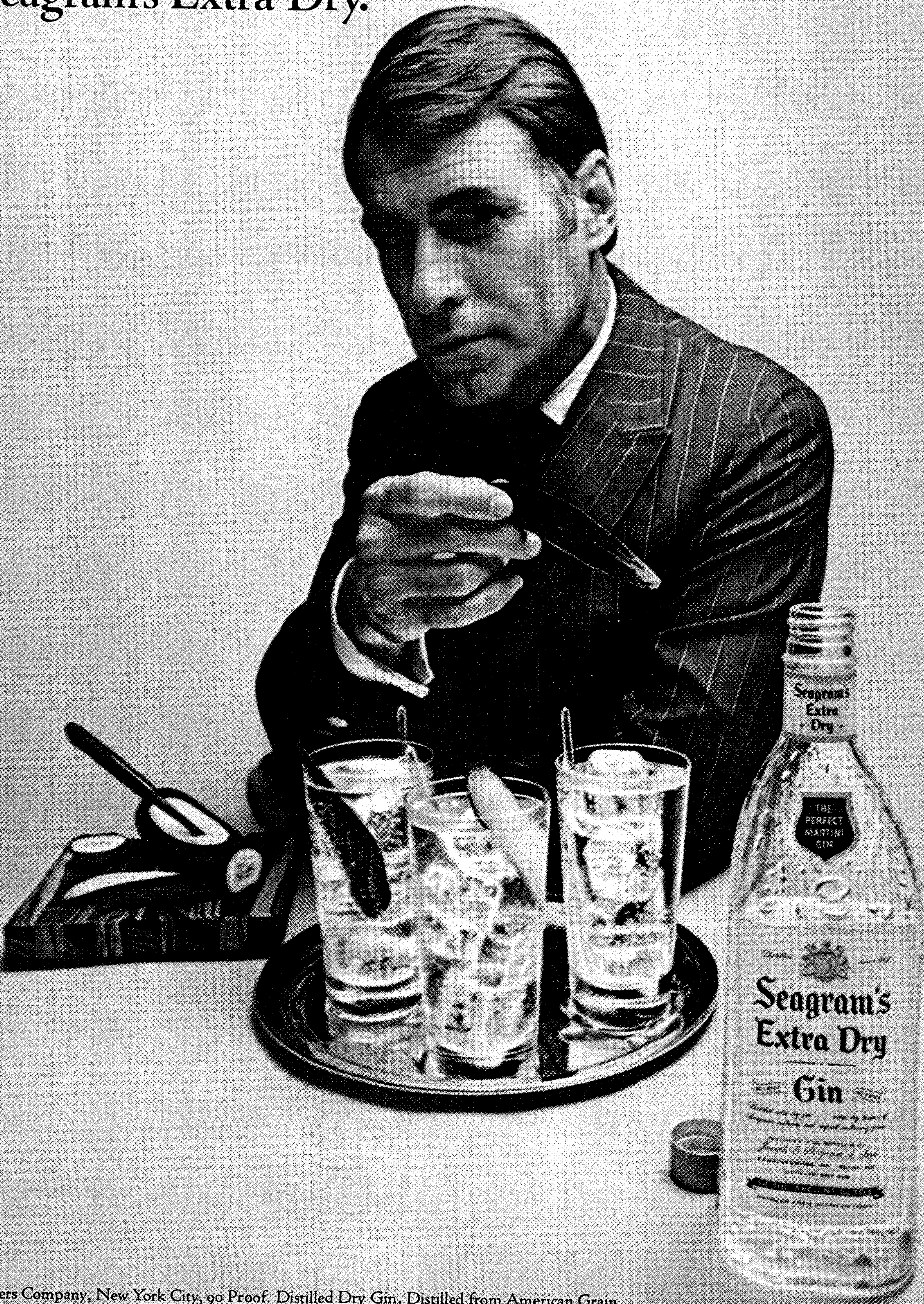
Un Peu d'Histoire: Valencia Dreams of Being a Movie Star

THE known history of Valencia begins in 138 B.C., when it was settled by the Romans. What followed in the annals of the city of the brave—*la valiente ciudad*, whence its name—has been deftly compressed by Rose Macaulay:

> Under the Romans Valencia prospered greatly, was sacked by Pompey, revived again, prospered more, was occupied by Visigoths for three centuries, by Moors for five, except for a short interval of five years at the end of the eleventh century when it was seized by that enterprising, ferocious, and perfidious mercenary, the Cid. Then the conquering James of Aragon annexed it from the Moors, and presently the Catholic Kings annexed it for Castile.

In 1960, Samuel Bronston annexed it for the movies. "El Cid," a Bronston production directed by Anthony Mann, showed the great warrior hero raising the Moorish yoke from Valencia, whose citizens were seen brandishing triumphal cabbages to hail his passage

"My perfect gin and tonic?
Add a slice of cucumber.
And the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram's
Extra
Dry
THE PERFECT MARTINI GIN
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City, 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

Business and Business Week have come a long way together.

Our first issue was Sept. 7, 1929. You should see it.

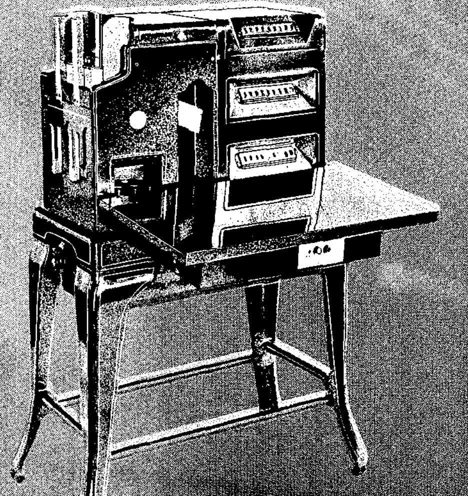
The very first ad in the book was for International Business Machines. Compared to what they make today, those machines now look like museum pieces. Interesting, how business has changed.

Interesting too is how perceptive our editors were in that first issue. In the initial Business Outlook feature they said about the market: "Security speculation has eaten nearly all of its credit cake. Stock prices are generally out of line with safe earnings expectations, and the market is now almost wholly psychological—irregular, unsteady and properly apprehensive of the inevitable readjustment that draws near."

A month later—Crash!

The point is, since the very beginning we've given businessmen the big picture. Fast. In finance, marketing, manufacturing, government—the works.

And right from the beginning, important advertisers recognized us as an important way to reach important people.



Like it was: IBM's 1929 electric tabulating machine as seen in our first issue.

In fact, we reach top people so effectively, for 33 consecutive years we've carried more advertising pages than any other business magazine.

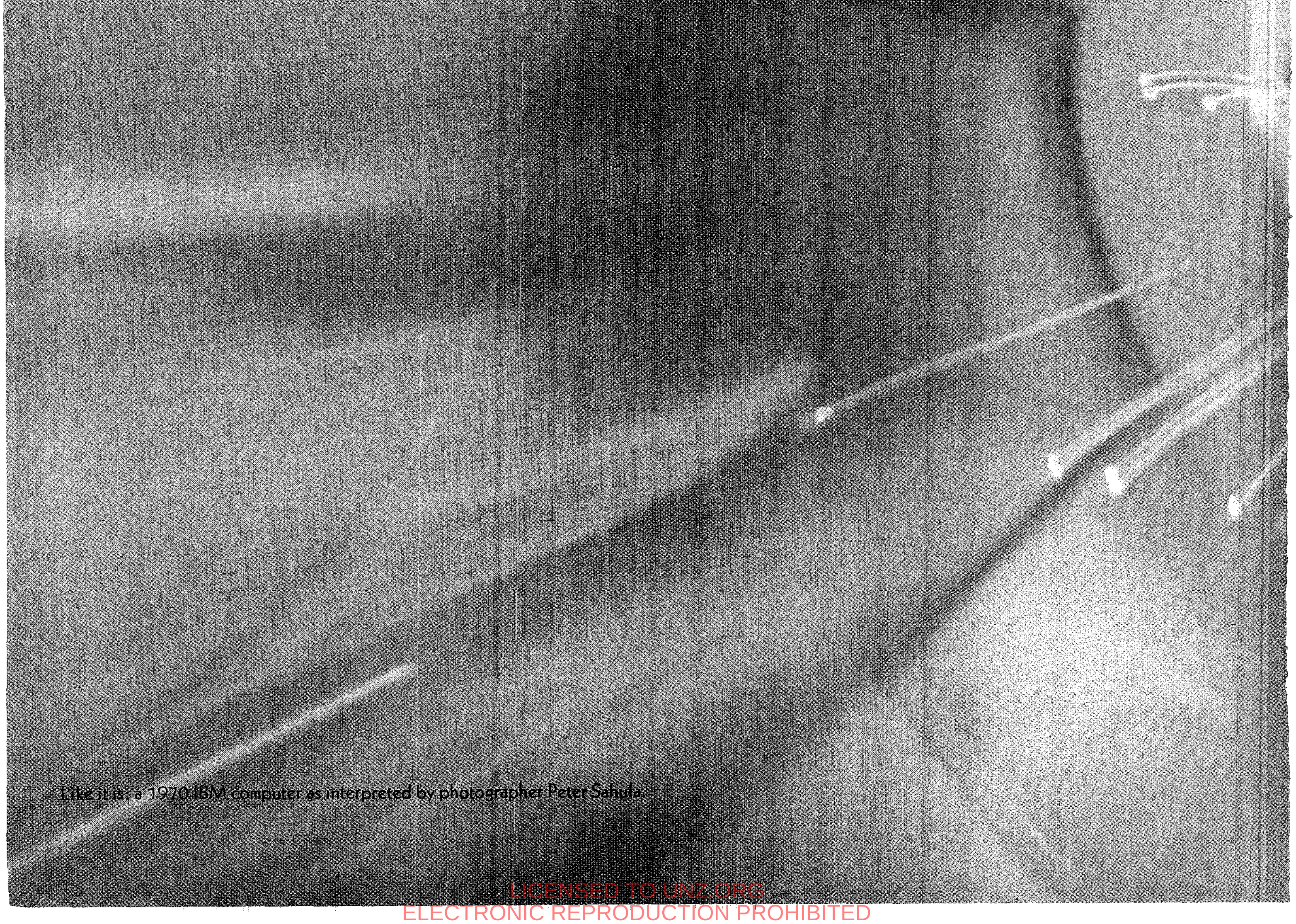
If you want to talk to management, we provide the greatest decision-level readership per dollar of any business magazine.

Take IBM, for instance. After 40 years of advertising in Business Week, they've come a little way themselves.

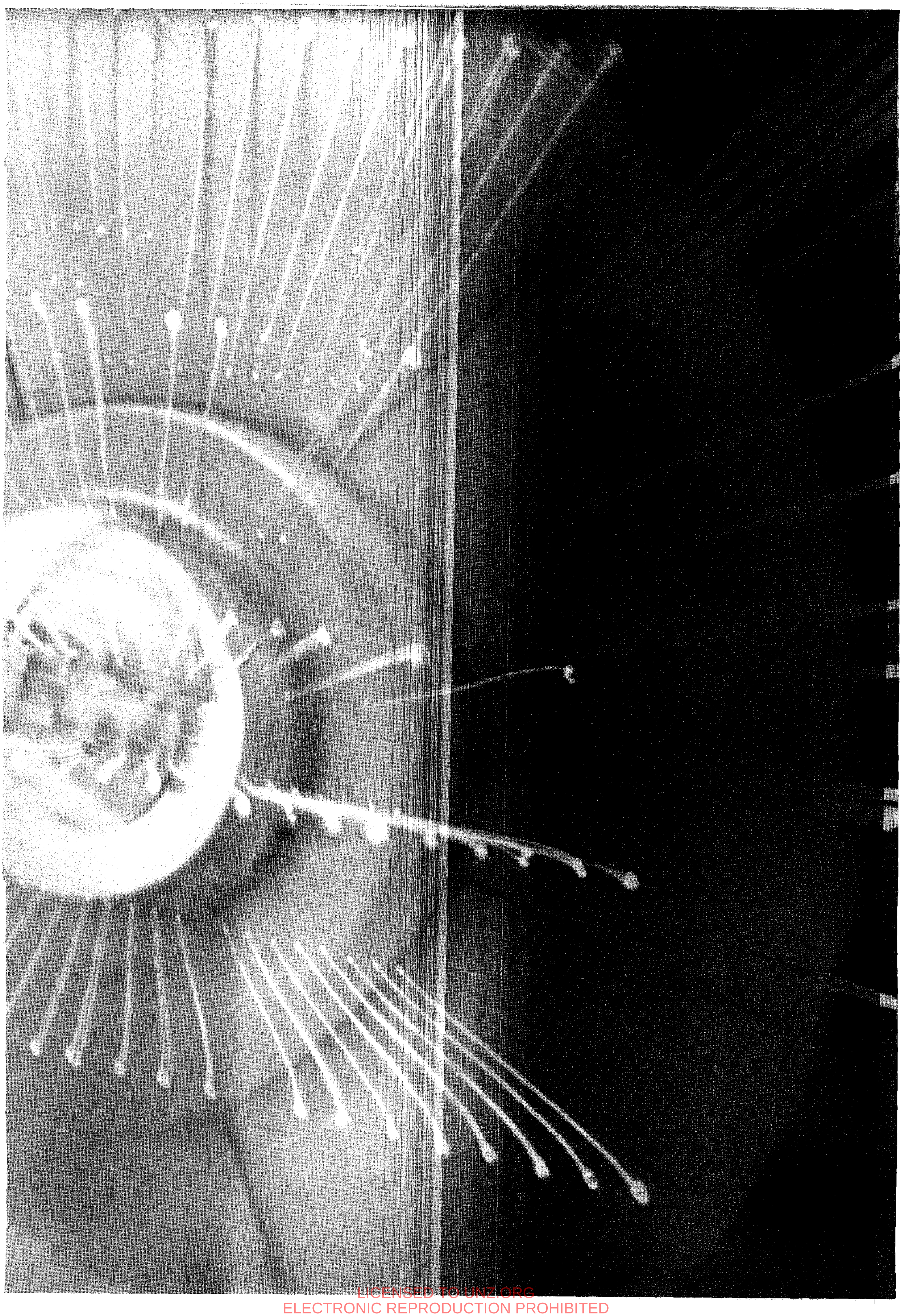
Maybe they've grown because they know how to reach the men who want to know what's growing.

Business Week

We mean business



Like it is: a 1970 IBM computer as interpreted by photographer Peter Sahula.



GIMLET
COCKTAIL
LIME JUICE. 4 or 5 parts Gin
Stir and Serve
ICE COLD
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
ROSE'S
WEST INDIA
SWEETENED
LIME JUICE
RECONSTITUTED
L. Rose & Co. Ltd

The Rose's Gimlet: It's somewhere between the martini and champagne.

It's the best of all possible worlds. All the spirit of a martini with the elegant smoothness of champagne. Just mix one part Rose's Lime Juice and four or five parts Gin or Vodka. That's the Gimlet. Once you taste it, you'll find it really stands alone.

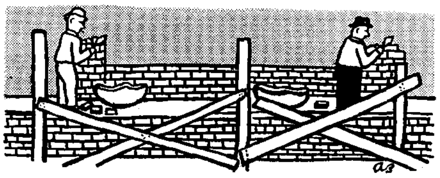
through their gates. Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, nicknamed the Cid (from the Arabic word for "lord"), was born in Castile around 1043. He won a high reputation for his skill in generalship and his valor in single combat, and died at Valencia in 1099; this is probably the most famous thing that has ever happened there. As played by Charlton Heston, he was a muscular paradigm of magnanimity in victory and stoicism in defeat. The result was an honorable and often quite beautiful film, which might have ranked among Valencia's happiest souvenirs. It turned out to be a source of profound embarrassment. For the director, after seeing a few tests, decided that the city was not presentable enough to be allowed to play itself. In consequence, the part was given to Peñiscola, a more photogenic spot, some eighty miles up the coast.

Vestiges of Conventional Tourism in Valencia

DESPITE Valencia's overwhelming attractiveness to the anti-tourist (and I haven't yet mentioned the smell in the streets, which on warm days conjures up an image of several thousand veteran turbot trapped in an avalanche of guano), I cannot deny that it has one or two features that orthodox tourism would not scorn. For the most part, it keeps them well hidden and carefully underpublicized. It would be difficult, though, for even the most cursory visitor to miss the massive architectural grouping that clusters around the Plaza de la Virgen, made up of the heteromorphic cathedral, the basilica of Our Lady of the Helpless, and the sombre, four-square Palacio de la Generalidad. Juxtaposed by chance, these three diverse structures chime together in a formal congruence seldom achieved by design. But you could easily tour the cathedral without noticing among its treasures a small goblet of green agate, mounted on a gold stand in a simple glass case. This would be a pity, because this chalice is supposed to be the Holy Grail itself, used by Christ at the Last Supper. I cannot judge whether its credentials are in order, or how they match up against those of its challenger at the Cloisters in New York, but I have heard Valencians claim that on it you can still see traces of Judas's lipstick.

Similarly, the fifteenth-century Silk Exchange ("Perhaps the most beautiful building in the city"—Rose Macaulay) is obvious picture-postcard material, but it was not until my sixth trip to Valencia that I turned a corner behind it, crossed the Plaza Lope de Vega (a model of unplanned intimacy, with the slender bell tower of Santa Catalina dominating one exit), and walked through an archway into the Plaza Redonda, a unique ensemble of eighteenth-century houses whose façades form an unbroken circle, like a domesticated bullring, with a covered street market thriving in the middle. This is a place of wonderful convenience and civility—one of the city's best-kept secrets.

The Fine Arts Museum has the usual obligatory contributions from Murillo, Ribera, and Ribalta, and lays heavy stress on works by regional artists; some minor Goyas and a Velázquez self-portrait briefly threaten to relieve the monotony. A note more stridently Valencian is struck by the Paleontological Museum, which, unpredictably, houses Europe's most extensive collection of extinct South American fauna, and by the National Ceramics Museum, which contains—in addition to tiles and pots of many periods, from the Middle Ages to Picasso—a baffling chaos of bric-a-brac, including dolls, sedan chairs, playing cards, fourposter beds, and theatre placards of the nineteen-twenties. This bizarre assembly of *objets trouvés* (many look still *perdus*) is laid out in the opulent salons of the Palacio del Marqués de Dos Aguas, and you approach it through what, for me, is Valencia's greatest monument. Most people come upon it for the first time by accident. Passing the Hotel Inglés, they glance down a side street, and what they see often stops them in their tracks. There, reeling and writhing in marble coils, prefiguring Art Nouveau in its convoluted whorls of ornamentation, is the doorway of the Dos Aguas palace, carved in the seventeen-forties by Ignacio Vergara from designs by the Valencian painter Hipólito Rovira, who died mad. This is baroque at its most ecstatic, which is how Valencia likes it and how the last century loathed it—a disparity of taste that may account for some of the revulsion that Victorian writers felt toward the place. Richard Ford found the portal "grotesque . . . a fricassee of palm trees, Indians, serpents and absurd forms." Sacheverell Sitwell spoke for an era less aesthetically constricted when he said, "It is in the style to which we must become accustomed if any pleasure is to be had from the highest expression of gay exuberance there has ever been in architecture." He admitted that it had "a distinct likeness in texture to almond paste," but this did not worry him. In a good light, he pointed out, many fine marble buildings look "nicely edible."



Who Is This Man?

HE declared that a league of nations was the only means whereby wars of aggression could be prevented. He said that the causes of poverty were war, a continuously expanding population, inadequate educational opportunities, and an economic system based on false priorities. He insisted that public welfare was the primary duty of all government. He attacked inquisitions that employed fear to investigate men's private beliefs, and recommended introspection and self-assessment as the best guides to spiritual health. He is described in a modern history of medical psychology as "the first true forerunner of Freud," and by a recent biographer as an undoubted Socialist. Who is he? An eighteenth-century Encyclopedist? A nineteenth-century liberal? Neither. He is Juan Luis Vives, born in Valencia in 1492 and educated at its university. He died in Bruges at the age of forty-eight, having spent the last thirty years of his life outside Spain. Here are some snippings from the voluminous work of this admirable man, friend and equal of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. On insanity:

> Treatment suited to each individual case should be tried; for some, gentle care; for some, teaching; others may require coercion or bonds, but everything should be done in a way likely to pacify and lead to recovery.

On education for the poor:

> It were better to strive to turn these beggars into good citizens than to punish them when it is too late.

On economic inequality:

> Indeed, it is not to be tolerated in a city, I will not say in a Christian community alone but in any other as well, so long as it is a community of human beings, that some should be so wealthy that they can lavish thousands of pounds on their tombs, or on a tower, or pretentious buildings, or on a banquet, or public gifts, while for the matter of fifty or a hundred florins others are forced to endanger a girl's chastity, or an honest man's life and health, or to desert their wife and young children.

On freedom (remember, we are speaking of the early sixteenth century):

> Among all nations men are springing up, of clear, excellent and free intellects, impatient of servitude, determined to

throw off the yoke of tyranny from their necks. They are calling their fellow-citizens to liberty.

You cannot accuse Valencia of overselling its most prophetic son. A bad Victorian statue in the university courtyard is the only external evidence that he ever lived there.

But What's in It for My Palate?

GOOD food exists in the city, but great pains are taken to conceal it. On view beneath the vast tiled dome of the central market, there is so much vegetable wealth, such an amplitude of meat and fish, that you wonder at the ingenuity with which the cooks of Valencia contrive to ruin them. Most of the hotels offer an anemic, anonymous diet that passes for international cuisine (I recall, for example, a meal that consisted of green paint soup followed by a generous slice of braised eraser served with turquoise-blue *haricots verts*); and the expensive restaurants tend to specialize in botched versions of renowned regional dishes. As Luis M. Stumer points out, "probably the worst *paella Valenciana* in the world is served in Valencia, where all the ingredients are fried after being boiled, until their texture is that of roasted peanuts and their flavor less." The best food in the center of town is sold at Casa Olano, a plain Basque restaurant and bar just behind the bullring. It seats only thirty, has no décor to speak of, and is always packed with Valencianos; the *patron*, a stolid patriarch in a beret, looks after the bar while perspiring middle-aged women bustle in the kitchen. Last spring, I had a meal there that I would not have exchanged for anything in the Michelin galaxy. First, *almejas marinera*, my wife's notes on which I append:

> Baby clams baked in an earthenware dish with oil, bread, pepper, garlic, and parsley. The ingredients give nothing away. I expect the secret is the temperature at which they're cooked: low to start off with so that nothing burns or fries: removed from the fire when the oil begins to bubble. The sweet baby clams remain sweet and tender. So far from frying, the crumbled bread has the pulverized consistency of semolina. The oil is pale as if just poured from the cask. Even the chopped parsley retains its color. You won't find this dish anywhere in the great eating capitals, and certainly not outside the Mediterranean. You won't find those clams; olive oil doesn't travel; *and, above all, what self-respecting tourist restaurant would dare such simplicity?*

My italics. Next, stuffed pimentos, sharply flavored with basil. Next, a rack of lamb, grilled over charcoal, with a salad of sweet, tart, baseball-size Valencian tomatoes. Finally, a perfect crème caramel, sleek yet not too bland. Casa Olano does not serve coffee and presents no bill; you are simply told the price, on the assumption that you will not doubt the proprietor's honesty. In this case, it was his sanity, not his honesty, that seemed open to question. Four courses for two people, together with two jugs of wine, had run up a grand total of five dollars and eighty-seven cents.

Down by the dingy, overcrowded beach, alongside the docks, there is a row of low-priced hotels and restaurants. One of the latter—the biggest, cleanest, and noisiest, its walls and ceiling of cool periwinkle blue—is La Pepica, which may be the best place in the world to eat before or after a bullfight. This, I imagine, is where the woman of Pablo had her prawns and eels; certainly Hemingway himself went there often, and during feria weeks it becomes the social center of the taurine world, the tables and van Gogh chairs spilling out onto the sand, the sound level rising to that assertive, classless uproar you hear in so many of the finest Spanish restaurants: not the murmur-and-giggle of jet-settery—just dukes, truck drivers, matadors, cobblers, and scholars eating side by side. In England or France, so much more democratic in other respects, this would be inconceivable, and if Valencia ever ceases to be an anti-tourist town, no doubt La Pepica will learn how class distinctions operate in the catering game.

You enter by way of the kitchen; beyond the heaps of lobsters, clams, crayfish, shrimps, prawns, and octopus the clients sit in silhouette against the tonic blaze of sky and sea. The food is aggressively fresh and spicy, from the mussels in tomato-and-garlic sauce to the homemade *turrón*, a marvellous dessert compounded of honey, brown sugar, crushed almonds, and coffee ice cream. The family that started La Pepica, in 1890, still runs it, and Pepe Rubio, the dapper headwaiter, has worked there since 1935. On bullfight days, lunch having ended at the traditional hour of five in the afternoon, Señor Rubio used to leave for the *plaza de toros*, where for more than three decades, a dedicated moonlighter, he was employed as a *monosabio*, or bullring attendant, under the nickname of Pepet. It was his job to follow the picadors round the ring, keeping their horses in position with a discreetly prodding stick, and to use his own body, whenever necessary, to distract the bull's attention from an endangered colleague. After the corrida, he would dash back and get his black tie on just in time to greet the first diners, and it could be a strange experience to have your fish soup immaculately ladled out by a man you had seen less than an hour before being chased by a Miura bull. In 1969, still under fifty, he retired from the ring, and the national press paid homage. "With the departure of Pepet, Valencia loses one of its supreme attractions," a bullfight critic wrote, going on to praise his serenity in the plaza, his skill at soothing nervous horses, his valor in drawing the bull's charge away from fallen toreros. Pepet, who has photographs of himself being embraced by the likes of Hemingway, Antonio Ordoñez, El Cordobés, and Orson Welles (the last-named in his capacity as aficionado, not as movie celebrity), sees no pressing reason for any more people to visit Valencia. "This is a rich province," he says. "We work hard, and we do not need tourists. There are other ways of making money. A tourist is someone who thinks Spain is the first big city he sees when he crosses the border—San Sebastian or Barcelona if he comes from France, Málaga or Seville if he comes from Gibraltar. But Valencia has no frontier, so tourists do not think it is Spain. We are a city of artisans. The Moors who occupied us were magnificent artisans, and from them I think we get our love of explosives, too. These things are in our blood. We breed artisans, and we also breed artists." Like most Valencians, Pepet sees no great difference between the two.

Summer Feria: (1) The Bulls and Their Followers

THIS is not only a place where you can eat well, survey a few droll monuments, and wander lonely in a crowd. Even if it were no more than that, I would have gone back, but perhaps not quite so often. It is also (and this is a clue to my recidivism) a place where you can be alone in a feria. Unlike Pamplona, which sucks you into its annual allowance of riot, Valencia retains its identity and respects yours. Pamplona *en fête* resembles a city under foreign occupation (except that it is the invaders who are being looted), but when Valencia rejoices, you will seldom see anyone non-Spanish, apart from a handful of Anglo-Saxon bullfight fans.

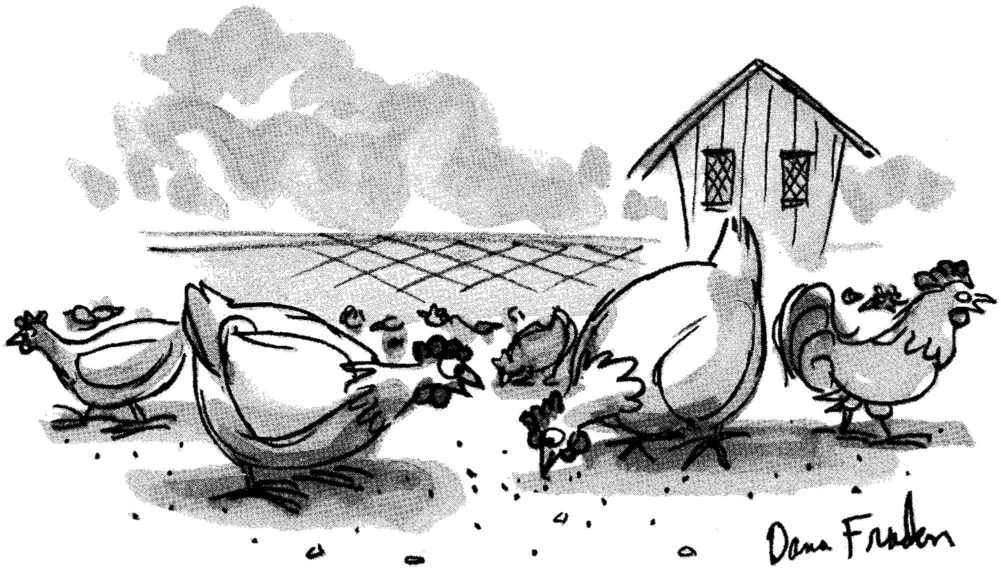
Moreover, the Valencians, not content with one feria each year, demand and get two. A French observer, Alexandre Laborde, said of them in 1809:

> They are swayed by the love of pleasure. . . . They are fond of singing, dancing, banqueting, and all kinds of feasting. . . . These are perpetually running in their head, at work or at prayer, abroad or at home, in the streets or in company.

The summer feria, held in honor of San Jaime, happens in the last week of July and features at least seven corridas, on consecutive days. Outside of the spring fair in Seville, this is generally the best and most representative program of serious bullfights in the Spanish season. Experts complain that the public in Valencia is *torerista* rather than *torista*—meaning that it venerates the matador more than the bull, who should be the protagonist. The criticism is just, and it's also true that the Valencians tend to discard their idols as swiftly and rabidly as they enthrone them. In "Death in the Afternoon," Hemingway cites the case of a local hero called Chaves, who gave a few bad performances in the ring and then had a public urinal named after him. However, the rule is not invariable. Antonio Ordoñez, the reigning maestro of Spanish tauromachy, was born in 1932, and his art, now in late-autumnal bloom, must soon resign itself to fading. Yet Valencia has always cherished him, even through times of eclipse, and after a recent Feria of San Jaime he was moved to give one of his most authoritative interviews. In it he coolly demolished the sacred theory that bullfighting represents the triumph of mind over matter:

> Q.: How does your intelligence compare with the bull's?
>
> A.: The bull is much more intelligent than I am.
>
> Q.: But it is always said that the torero dominates the brute strength of the bull by virtue of his intelligence.
>
> A.: No. Bullfighting consists of doing with the bull what he wants you to do.
>
> Q.: In that case, how can the bull's intelligence ever be controlled by the matador's?
>
> A.: *Hombre*, by collaboration.
>
> Q.: But you are famous for being a dominating torero, who can cope with all kinds of bulls.
>
> A.: It is a question not of dominating the bull but of *coinciding* with him.

The hard-core American aficionados, who turn up year after year, are better informed about the bullfight than most Valencians. Their queen mother is Alice Hall, a retired schoolteacher from Georgia who conducts herself with the elaborate gentility, though not the insobriety, of Birdie in "The Little Foxes." One afternoon in 1968, to her surprise and joy, the matador Diego Puerta dedicated a bull to her and was awarded an ear, which he threw to her seat in the stands. I saw her that night at La Pepica, wearing a white picture hat, beaming and blushing as she clutched her blood-stained trophy to her preparatory to having it stuffed. Not all Americans who follow the bulls are as beguiling as Miss Hall. There used to be an American library in Valencia, and I recall a plump Midwesterner who marched into it during the McCarthy era, pulled from the shelves copies of "Death in the Afternoon" and the works of Tom Paine, and jumped up and down on them, shouting to the unnerved borrowers and librarians, "*Me gusta mucho la corrida de toros, pero estas son obras Comunistas!*" He was killed several years later in Torremolinos by a gust of wind that blew him into a swimming pool beside which he was practicing a difficult pass with the cape.



"Which came first—the wage hike or the price hike?"

• •

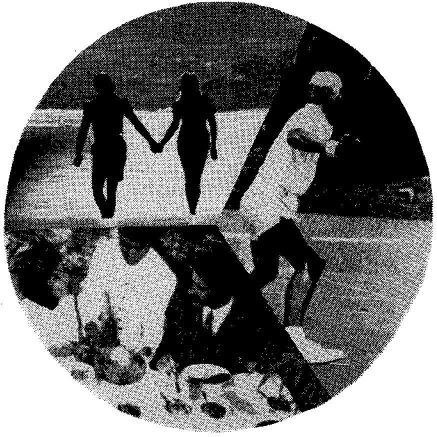
Summer Feria: (2) The Artificial Fires

AFTER the bullfight, you shower, eat, and amble off to the feria grounds, a crowded avenue of open-air dance halls, fun-fair rides, and ornate Victorian pleasure domes spread out for a mile or more alongside the river. Dozens of dance bands competitively blare, and even the sound of flamenco, rare in Valencia, may be heard. It is apt to be brutally unauthentic: I doubt if many more Valencians can play the castanets than can play the sousaphone. The whole city seems to be out-of-doors, strolling *en famille*, absorbed in a purely local festival and utterly incurious about the activities of outsiders like oneself. The sense of mutually uninvaded privacies is very strong. To test the reality of this, I used to make a habit of walking expressionlessly through the feria mob with a helium-filled balloon on a twenty-foot string tied to my left ear. Apart from a few impressionable infants, nobody ever paid the slightest attention.

Around 1 A.M., the lights dim and the people settle down, wives rocking sleeping babies, everyone patiently gazing upward, waiting for the spectacle to begin: this thing that the Valencians do better than anyone else, which is to paint the sky. It was at a summer feria that I first saw the more lyrically short-lived of the two great transient arts of Valencia: *fuegos artificiales*, or artificial fires—fireworks, the art that dies in the act of being born, "like the lightning, which doth cease to be/ Ere one can say: It lightens." These displays, nightly events during the feria, are carefully, even symphonically planned—statement of theme, development, militant movement, pastoral digression, and apocalyptic conclusion is a common sequence—and considerations of form, just as much as sheer awe, dictate the amount of applause at the end.

Three giant bangs, like the *trois coups* that precede the rise of the curtain in French theatres, announce that the volcano is about to erupt, and the movements are punctuated by single detonations. But these are niceties you do not notice until familiarity sets in, four or five displays later. What you notice the first time is quite simply one of the greatest free entertainments on

Famous hotels you should know (if you don't already)



BAHAMA ISLANDS
☐ ROMORA BAY CLUB, HARBOUR ISLAND
Roy and Moyra Schmidt, Owner-managers
Situated on a secluded cove. Complete water sports program including SCUBA diving.

ILLINOIS
☐ ASTOR TOWER HOTEL, CHICAGO
William C. Wolf, Manager
30 floors of dramatic suites and intimate luxury. Maxim's de Paris Restaurant.

MISSOURI
☐ BEL AIR'S EAST AND WEST
T. James Robinson, Managing Director
Casual luxury in downtown and midtown St. Louis with Trader Vic's and Henrici's.

NEW YORK
☐ SHERRY NETHERLAND, NEW YORK
Philip Landau, Manager
Overlooking Central Park. For those who demand gracious living.

VIRGIN ISLANDS
☐ KING CHRISTIAN, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX
Egon Jensen, Manager
A tropical resort on Christiansted Harbor. Air conditioned. Pool.

☐ LIMETREE BEACH HOTEL, FRENCHMAN'S BAY, ST. THOMAS
Norman Willock and
Arnold Dresden, Owners
The now place to go! 1000 foot beach. Island-spirited rooms.

☐ MANDAL ESTATES, CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS
Rita Korst, Owner
Private villas in the hills overlooking the island's loveliest beaches.

DANIEL D. MILLER, INCORPORATED
420 Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ Enclosed is a half dollar. Please send me Brochures as indicated above.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

earth: a prolonged spasm of organized fire, animating the night sky in streaks and splashes, so that it looks like a choppy indigo sea reflecting sunlight at noon. There are the solo heavyweight missiles, blown into the air from mortars and descending in quintuple tiers of expanding color, prodigally scattering bracelets of emerald fire, ruby pendants, and vast, drooping sapphire chandeliers; the salvos of elemental noise, rising to a percussive crescendo of violence like Philly Joe Jones run amok in your ear; the flaring swarms of marshlights that whistle, or fizz in circles, or dart laterally like mayflies, or even float down by parachute, illuminating the whole townscape; and always the rockets in their regiments, thrown into battle regardless of casualties, rushing upward to reënact in multiple form the big-bang theory of cosmogony—initial flash, bright centrifugal spray, and final decline into darkness. They are images, on the way up, of individual birth, so many spermatazoa squirming for survival; on the way down, of cosmic death, so many cooling stars. You realize that an art superficially childish can be emotionally overwhelming, touching some very resonant chords indeed. Thanksgiving by fire, the element that warms us and cooks our food, must be one of the oldest and most appropriate means of human celebration. Three more explosions signal the end of the show, and the spectators clap their approval (or, more rarely, hiss their disdain) of the pyrotechnics manufacturer who provided it. If it has been a good night, you will observe as they disperse that their eyes are shining. So are your own, and strangers look at you in recognition. You have shared with them a glittering, shimmering, shattering, zooming-every-which-way experience, and when the celestial gang-bang is over, and you walk home through night air that is dense with cordite, along avenues strewn with the sticks of rockets, it is not uncommon to feel a momentary glow of communal bliss.

There are daytime fireworks, too, beginning at 1:30 P.M. in the main square, and watched with the same critical intentness. Since even a Valencian might balk at attempting to outshine the sun, the emphasis by day is on unaccompanied sound: if they cannot dazzle you, by God, they will deafen you. Puff-flash-boom, multiplied several thousand times, is the outcome; conversation ceases, windows shake, and late-sleeping strangers shoot bolt upright in their hotel beds wondering why anyone would choose Valencia for a pre-emptive strike. When the barrage is over, applause breaks out, the audience having taken rhythm as well as volume into account. Until a few years ago, the streets radiating from the plaza were hung on feria days with cables of firecrackers, as Hemingway described them, and only when they had all exploded, like fuses leading to a keg of gunpowder, did the big bombardment begin. But so much damage was done en route (John Marquand, Jr., writes nostalgically of "waiters dousing smoldering awnings with pitchers of water"), and so much inconvenience caused by squibs plopping into drinks at sidewalk cafés, that this extra refinement has been abolished. The latest development is the use of colored powders mixed with the explosives, so that puffs of violet, primrose, royal-blue, and vermilion smoke fleck the sky, producing a pointillist effect, in contrast to the bold, dripping brushstrokes of the evening performances. Drifting on the wind, these specks intermingle to make fugitive patterns—a thin carpet of abstraction floating over the city, advertising nothing but its own dissolving prettiness.

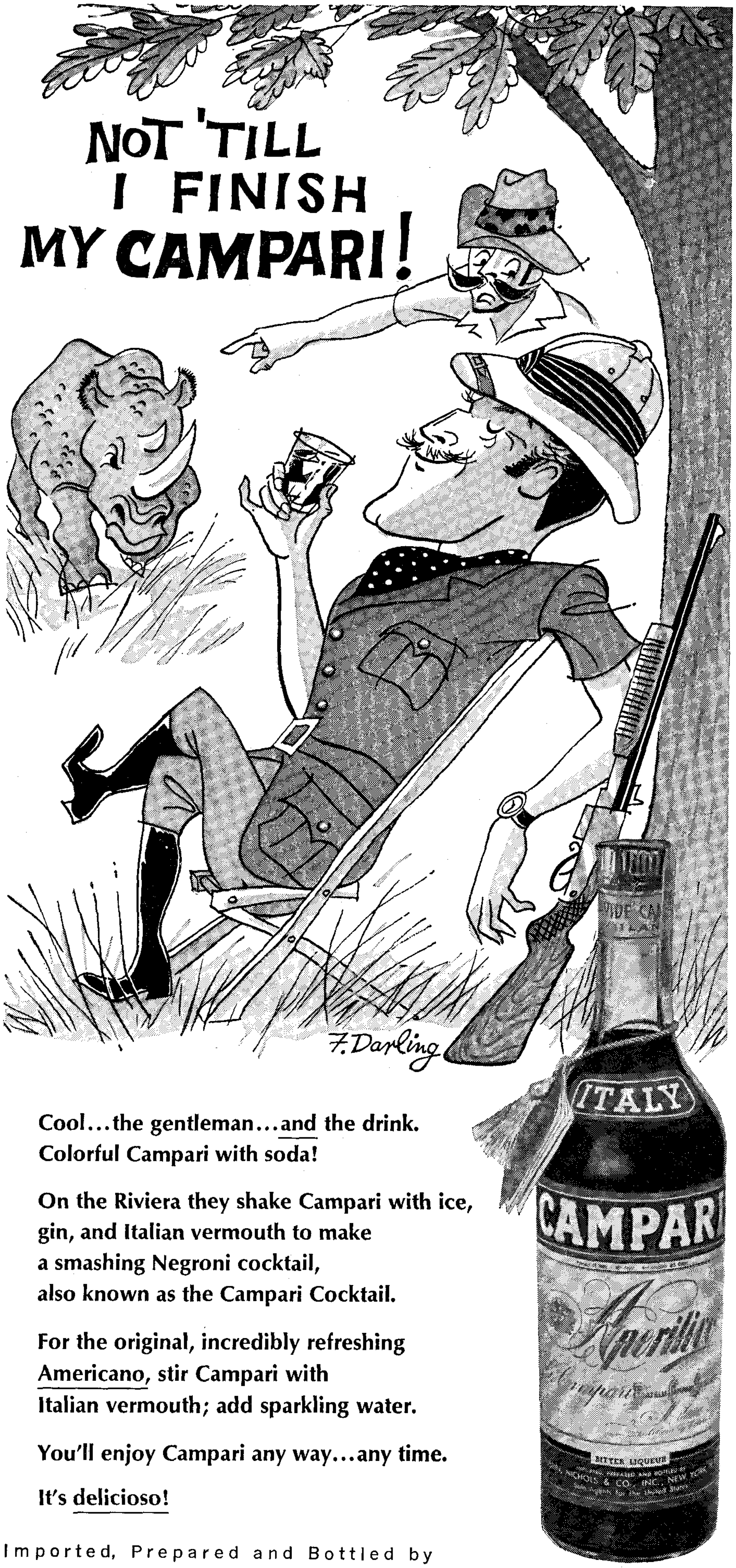
Spring Feria: (1) Fireworks at Closer Range

THE other Valencian feria, and the first big one of the Spanish year, is Las Fallas, which honors San José, and which takes place in the douce weather of mid-March, in contrast to the blasting heat of July. Las Fallas is even more intensely provincial than the summer fair: the city fills with peasants from the *huerta*, little brass bands from neighboring townships strut through the streets, and there are endless processions of tiny children in traditional costume, looking like mobile nosegays. Valencia becomes an extended family unit, an inflated village. It is as if you had wandered into somebody else's dream—a private world, with its own calendar, ceremonies, and obsessions, discordantly coexisting with the public world of streetcars, lottery tickets, and the Banco de España. The bullfights of Las Fallas are less numerous (there are rarely more than four or five) and, as a rule, less exciting than the summer ones, mainly because the season has hardly begun and the matadors are still out of touch, but the fireworks are even more glorious. There is an international competition, carrying with it immense prestige and a first prize of fifty thousand pesetas (about seven hundred dollars) for the best *castillo*, or display.

Last year, entries came from France, Portugal, Italy, and Japan, and from the top three Spanish pyrotechnical factories, all of which, by a coincidence that hardened long ago into a tradition, are situated in the province of Valencia.

To watch at close quarters a really large *castillo* being prepared for detonation calls up several confused emotions, including not only mild apprehension but a fair amount of contempt for gentlemen in England now abed who will live to kick themselves for not having been with you and the rest of the happy few upon St. Crispin's *Da-a-a-a-ay!* In the middle of the central plaza, what looks like a battlefield is laid out behind a high wire fence, enclosing an area roughly a hundred yards long and seventy wide. There they stand, an army awaiting the order to charge: the formations of rockets, lined up like infantry; then the small mortars, or light artillery; and then the big guns, the heavy stuff, nearly twelve inches in diameter and over three feet high, each ready to launch a missile that can spawn as many as thirty separate explosions. These last are solidly sandbagged to hold them in position; like all the other devices, they are chain-fused. The whole complex arsenal, worth about twenty-five hundred dollars, and weeks in the planning, has been expressly designed to be blown to cinders inside twenty minutes. Silent figures in goggles and orange helmets now begin to pass among the fireworks with flares, lighting the fuses. Soon the figures are barely visible through the holocaust, like attendant demons in a benign inferno, or torchbearers at a funeral pyre raised up in honor of disposable art.

The Pirotecnia Brunchu, one of the ruling triumvirate of Spanish fireworks, is a family concern that has operated in the same ratty suburb of Valencia since it was founded, in 1809. The present owner is Luis Brunchu, a burly, calmly domineering man in his mid-forties. Fireworks are not big business; there are only thirty workers in Don Luis's factory, and he dresses more like a farmer than like a member of the managerial class. He is a craftsman, taciturn and pragmatic, with a quasi-mystical faith in his product. "Fireworks are an art on their own," he says. "They speak to the soul through the eyes. They do more than a painting, because they are alive—*they move.*" Don Luis's office is full of diplomas—silver cups and other trophies—and he carries on a brisk export trade; the King of Morocco, for example, never lets a major state occasion go by without ordering a big *castillo* from



Cool...the gentleman...and the drink. Colorful Campari with soda!

On the Riviera they shake Campari with ice, gin, and Italian vermouth to make a smashing Negroni cocktail, also known as the Campari Cocktail.

For the original, incredibly refreshing Americano, stir Campari with Italian vermouth; add sparkling water.

You'll enjoy Campari any way...any time.

It's delicioso!

Imported, Prepared and Bottled by
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York—New York—48 Proof

Grenada
A cobalt blue lake looking up at you from the bottom of a dead volcano. The little city of St. George looking down at you from its cliff-side perch. Grenada is called the isle of spice because it's covered with cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and 1/3 of the world's nutmeg. Try hot rolls with nutmeg jelly. And cold gin with coconut water. Ride in a bus with a name like God Is Love. Then visit neighboring islands like St. Vincent and Barbados.

The 8th Continent of the World®
The Caribbean

Caribbean Travel Association S
20 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017

Please send me your sensational free guidebook that really covers Grenada and all the French, Dutch, Spanish and English islands in the Eighth Continent.

Name__________

Address__________

City______ State______ Zip______

TRIC-TRAC

Louis XVI
Games Table
From Our
Collection
of Unusual
Furniture
For Your
Leisure
Hours

Elegant Tric-Trac table that warmly accents any room in your home . . . whether it's English, French or any decor. Meticulously crafted in mellow, antiqued brown mahogany (acajou), with the look of an inherited antique. Made with 2 candle slides and 4 drawers. Reversible top . . . inlaid with rosewood and satinwood for chess on one side . . . and green felt for cards or writing on the other. Table well contains inlaid backgammon surface. A perfect table for bridge. Measures 27" x 37". $450

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $25 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

A visit to Lloyds is an exciting adventure in shopping. Here, in the best "first stop" in town, you'll find an extensive and unusual collection of antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and fine estate pieces. Browse to your heart's content with your own good taste to guide you. You'll be delighted.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

Brunchu. (Definition of a big *castillo:* one consisting of not less than ten thousand explosions.) "Fireworks came to Spain from China, by way of Italy," Don Luis says. "Today, we Valencians, with perhaps some Italians and Portuguese, are the best designers of fireworks in the world. This is a very ancient art. We build on classical traditions, but we are always experimenting with new forms, always trying to improve." How many matadors have I heard describe their work in exactly the same terms! "Look at midday fireworks," he adds. "I was the first to add color to sound." And, as for nighttime shows, not long ago Brunchu's technicians perfected a device that rises, then comes down, then shoots up again, flaming all the time, until it vanishes into the sky. Called *una corona de subir y bajar*—a rising and falling crown—it is a firework with a built-in helicopter.

Fire has its own vocabulary, venerable and pleasantly fanciful. Don Luis helped me to compile this glossary:

tracas—strings of firecrackers
estrellas fugaces—shooting stars
lagrimas de colores—tears of color
cabelleras—comets' tails
palmeras—palm trees (with explosions shaped like palm leaves)
paracaídas—parachute flares
fuentes luminosas—luminous fountains
bombas japonesas—Japanese bombs (which explode to look like dandelion clocks)
ramilletes—bouquets of flowers
serpentinas de colores—colored twirlers (with spiral trajectory)
mariposas oscilantes—flickering butterflies

SPRING FERIA: (2) THE ART OF CREMATION AND THE CREMATION OF ART

VALENCIA's second impermanent art is considerably weirder. *Falla* means bonfire in Valencian dialect, and the festival to which it gives its name is certainly an ordeal by fire, but the word has come by extension to mean the object that is burned. There may be over two hundred such objects in any given year, and it is not easy even to describe them, far less to account for them. *Fallas* are exuberant, satirical, semi-symbolic, semi-realistic, garishly painted groups of statuary, made of papier-mâché, wood, and wax, and executed in a visual style of gross and stupendous flamboyance, combining elements borrowed from Surrealism, comic strip, decadent baroque, and mature Walt Disney. Some are relatively small, not more than a dozen feet high, but many are gigantic, towering above four-story, and even five-story, buildings to heights that sometimes top eighty feet. They are transported in sections to street corners, crossroads, and plazas all over the city; during the night of March 16th they are laboriously erected, under arc lights set up for the benefit of Spanish television. Each *falla* may cost as much as a million pesetas, or something over fourteen thousand. Not one survives longer than three days. Shortly after midnight on March 19th, the feast day of San José, all the *fallas* are simultaneously incinerated, in a conflagration beyond anything seen elsewhere in Europe since the last firestorms of the Second World War.

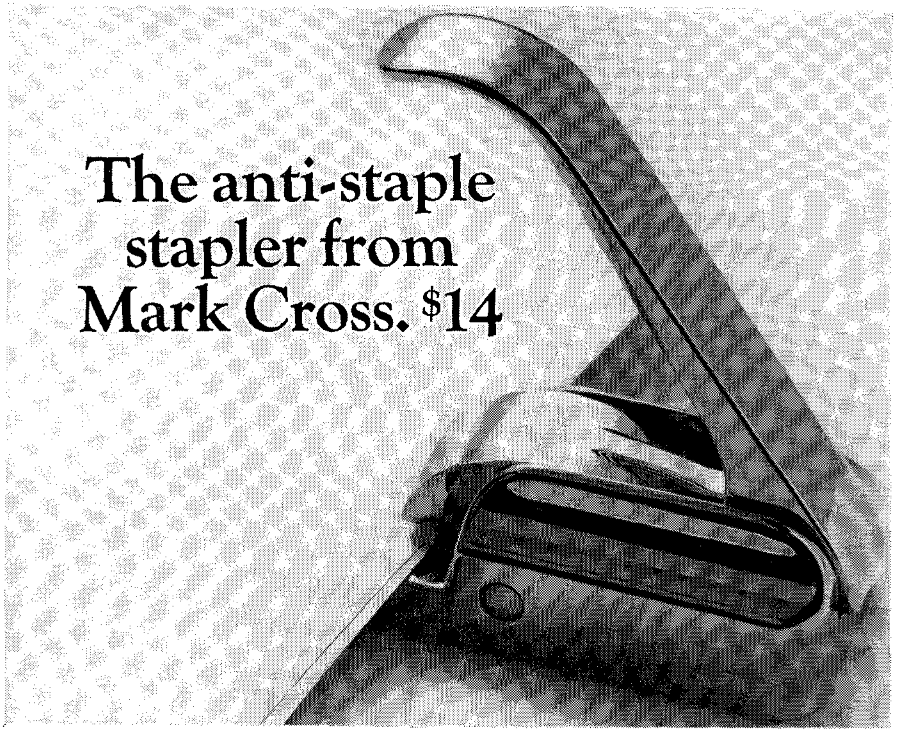
Looking back on that paragraph, I see how miserably it fails to convey what a *falla* is like. Let me be more circumstantial. Walk along any Valencian street where strings of colored lights are hung. (In feria time, this grimy old hag of a city puts on all her tiaras.) At the next corner, you will find that a crowd has gathered. Some of its members are carrying one or another of many little booklets you can buy that contain maps, sketches, and descriptive interpretations of the current crop of *fallas*. What stands before them may be a model of the crescent moon, with the face and hair of Brigitte Bardot, peering through an outsize microscope at a group of pigs who are rolling about in an orgiastic frenzy. That is by no means all that is happening in the *falla*, but you will begin to understand why the explanatory booklets have such a wide sale. From one of them you learn that this *falla*, entitled "Malevolent Germs," shows the moon surveying with dismay the ill-behaved human beings who are about to explore and contaminate her. (My examples are drawn from the 1969 feria.) A block farther on, three predatory fish, each about thirty feet long, pursue a terrified minnow through a marine forest of pink coral. Solution: The United States, Russia, and China are competing to gobble up the world. Most *fallas*, you are dimly aware by now, follow a general pattern: a dominant theme is expressed in a large central object (e.g., the helmeted head of a scowling Viking, symbolizing "Invasions") and illustrated in life-size vignettes laid out around the base. Quite often, the symbolism goes mad, and the *falla* becomes a fantastic welter of visual puns, local references, and grandiose philosophical meditations. In 1969, the Plaza de la Merced came up with one of this kind—a cautionary mishmash whose targets ranged from the theory of natural selection to the unreasonable number of holes in the streets of Valencia. It was called, with simple finality, "Life," and a handbook described it thus:

> On top, the hunted deer, with the wormy apple of the world impaled on its antlers, represents the weaker members of the human race, always persecuted by the ravenous hounds of the powerful. Nearby, the four horsemen of the Apocalypse ride out of the caldron of the future in a thick cloud of smoke. A witch manufactures synthetic foods that are poisonous. Life inverted: the blacks lament because they are not white, the whites go to the beaches to become black. Those who work and cannot earn enough to live are contrasted with those who speculate and live richly without working. A poor old man is besieged by vultures, relatives waiting to make off with his savings. The tablets of God's law are erased by the law of the survival of the fittest. A small businessman in a little boat is drowned by the rival waves of big business. Some young hippies in a paper dinghy run aground on a reef of guitars and amplifiers. Satan welcomes the wedding of the year: Jacqueline and Onassis. Excess of bureaucracy: the public service companies spend too much time and money digging up the roads. To pay for the studies of his children, a father tightens his belt. A man who has had a heart transplant suffers a heart attack on seeing the bill. A rabbit joins the queue of stupid women who are waiting to buy the Pill.

Only a Latin could conceive and create an object like that. It reminds me of an exalted passage in Peter Fleming's book "Brazilian Adventure." He is writing about a monumental piece of civic sculpture he saw in Rio de Janeiro:

> Victory has got a half-nelson on Liberty from behind. Liberty is giving away about half a ton, and also carrying weight in the shape of a dying President and a brace of cherubs. (One of the cherubs is doing a cartwheel on the dying President's head, while the other, scarcely less considerate, attempts to pull his trousers off.) Meanwhile, an unclothed male figure, probably symbolical, unquestionably winged, and carrying in one hand a model railway, is in the very act of delivering a running kick at the two struggling ladies, from whose drapery on the opposite side an eagle is escaping, apparently unnoticed. Around the feet of these gigantic principals all is bustle and confusion. Cavalry are charging, aborigines are being emancipated, and liners launched. Farmers, liberators, nuns, firemen, and a poet pick their way with benign insouciance over a subsoil thickly carpeted with corpses, cannon-balls, and scrolls. So vehement a confusion of thought, so arbitrary an alliance of ideas, takes the reason captive and paralyses criticism.

So it is with the *fallas*. Whether or not they are art is a topic much debated in Valencia. The men who invent them are called *artistas falleros*, and some become famous enough to have books written about them. A successful



The anti-staple stapler from Mark Cross. $14

Devilishly clever contraption. Joins papers together with a crimped seam, rather than clips or staples. (Papers can be separated without tearing.) Never needs refills. In bright chrome, 4½" long. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 90¢ postage beyond delivery area.)

MARK CROSS

ESTABLISHED 1845 MARK CROSS TRADE MARK ENGLAND

New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Detroit/Bal Harbour, Fla.

FREE MELINDA WAINWHISLE.

There's always some part of ourselves locked up inside. Fighting to get out. For Daisy Gamble, it's her prior life, Melinda Wainwhisle, fighting to get out. And the nicest part of the fight is that Barbra Streisand plays both sides.

Daisy and Melinda are her most recent incarnations in "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." Which has had a few reincarnations itself. It was a play. A movie. And now it's A Columbia Records Original Soundtrack.

Which is to say, you can free Melinda. And if you do, she may do something of the same for you.

THE ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK RECORDING
Paramount Pictures Presents
A Howard W. Koch-Alan Jay Lerner Production Starring
Barbra Streisand Yves Montand
On A Clear Day You Can See Forever
including:
Melinda/Come Back To Me
What Did I Have That I Don't Have

On Columbia Records and Tapes

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Come now to
Sea Island's summer.

All our world-renowned facilities bid you welcome. Our marvelous beach. Our incomparable Cloister Hotel, dining and service. Our beach club and pool. Golf and tennis clubs. Stables and gun club. Fishing docks and bicycles. Junior hosts augment our large staff.
Sea Island's summer is for you. Come!

Call 912-638-3611 or write
The Cloister Hotel, Sea Island
Ga. 31561.

Christmas Cards and Gifts

The Museum's 100th anniversary catalogue of Christmas cards and presents – rare American blown glass, sculpture, ancient jewelry in gold and silver, and for the first time a selection of rings; books and prints, and the magnificent 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Flowers for All Seasons". ☆ New designs for the famous Museum cards include works by Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, El Greco, Bruegel, and Degas, medieval enamels, frescoes, della Robbias, and early American crewel embroidery. All cards and presents, except the books, are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue will be mailed about September 1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N9
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________ ZIP __________

artista fallero has a squad of assistants and may spend a third of his year designing and executing three or four commissions. In addition to his fee, he may receive one of an assortment of prizes for imaginative achievement that are awarded to *fallas* in various categories of expensiveness; the winner in the top group picks up almost fifteen hundred dollars. On the outskirts of Valencia is a district known as the Falla Artists' City and occupied mainly by workshops in which some twenty thousand people are employed all the year round on the building of these mighty absurdities. Critics anxiously study the annual output for trends: Is there a movement toward neo-classicism? Are modernist tendencies growing or waning? Is it still correct to speak of the *fallas* as a late and low offshoot of baroque? But these are scholarly quibbles. The main point is that we have here that rarity in contemporary Europe, a thriving popular, primitive art, able to assimilate ancient myths and yesterday's headlines without the least hint of self-consciousness.

The late Mariano Benlliure, a notable Valencian sculptor, used to insist that any connection between *fallas* and true art (such as proper sculpture) was coincidental. "There are *fallas* that look like monuments," he said, "and monuments that look like *fallas*." Spain still makes a rigid distinction between High Art and Pop Culture. In 1949, Francisco Almela y Vives, of the Royal Spanish Academy, published a history of the Valencian spring feria, in which he declared that although every *falla* needed a modicum of art, too much could lead to pretentiousness. "One must avoid confusionism," he wrote, "which is hybridism and, in consequence, sterility." Señor Vives would be amazed to learn how many non-Spanish critics nowadays regard "hybridism" as a source of strength rather than weakness. It is precisely the cross-bred *fallas*—amalgams of many styles and expressive on several levels—that seem to us the most fertile.

In some respects, the *falla* artist lacks the freedom we associate with modern art in the Western world. He works to order, inasmuch as the theme of each structure is decided by a district *falla* committee, which also raises from the local inhabitants the money to pay for it. But this limitation is inherent in all commissioned art. What is sadder is that under Franco's regime the feria has lost much of the polemical zest that once made it, by all accounts, the most trustworthy political barometer in Spain. It began, in the thirteenth century, as a jamboree in praise of San José, patron saint of carpenters. With the coming of spring and more hours of sunlight, the members of the guild would burn the cheap wooden fixtures that had held the candles by which they worked during the winter evenings. Soon the bonfire was fed with quaintly carved wooden figures bearing recognizable faces, and the feria became (to quote from Nina Epton's "Spanish Fiestas") "a displaced end-of-the-year festival, with its typical burning of the old year's vestiges and a public display of satire." In its present form, involving large-scale symbolic constructions, it dates from the middle of the eighteenth century—the height of the baroque epoch, from which so much that is profoundly Valencian derives. In 1789, somebody set up a *falla* with three moving dolls; one wonders why the idea of animation was allowed to die. Now and then, censorship was imposed, but always obliquely. If the authorities wanted to suppress a particular *falla*, they would do so on the ground that the flames from its burning might endanger nearby buildings. Occasionally, there would be an outbreak of female nudity in the statues, and the artists would be instructed to clothe the offending organs. It is noticeable that contemporary *fallas* sneak in explicit erotic detail wherever possible, this being one of the few Spanish art forms in which they can get away with it.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, there were rarely more than twenty *fallas* on show. In 1927, there were fifty, and two years later the number had risen to a hundred. Today, as we have seen, there are twice that, but with this proliferation has come a dilution of intensity, a faltering of purpose. A century ago, the *fallas* were to Valencia what Aristophanic comedy was to Athens. It was said that by looking at them you could tell what had been happening in the world and in Spain during the preceding twelvemonth. This is still broadly true; in the work of certain *falla* artists—in their handling of arrogant or avaricious faces—you discern a harsh, splenetic power that would not have disgraced Daumier. What has vanished is radical dissent in the realm of ideas. Anticlericalism has disappeared completely. The behavior of authority in national (as opposed to municipal) affairs is no longer criticized, and political (as opposed to moral) comment is virtually nonexistent.

Worse still, the social and ethical attitudes embodied in the *fallas* are ferociously conservative—a ghastly fate to befall a popular art. They are, in general, xenophobic, anti-youth, anti-sexuality, and anti-revolution. Among the images offered for general disapproval in the 1969 feria were workers who get above themselves (represented as pigs in finery), student rebels, young people who like rock (jiving donkeys), girls in miniskirts (pigs again), women who want emancipation, women who overspend at the hairdresser's, women who try to dominate their husbands, and women who take the Pill. A handbook says of one *falla*, "On the left, a robust marriage fruitfully grows, bearing more and more children; while on the other side we see a pair of hairy, incontinent undesirables who have done nothing to increase the population of the world." What other targets? Traffic congestion, Abstract art, underdressed foreigners, hotelkeepers who batten on the feria, and (repeatedly) Gibraltar, which is to right-thinking Spaniards what Cuba is to American hawks. This is a festival in which sour, admonitory themes are decked out in bright, unbridled colors and shapes. The most ribald feature is the voluptuous molding, in *fallas* ostensibly meant to attack hippie immorality and the dreaded bikini, of female breasts and bottoms. Subversion is confined to graffiti. Painted slogans on the walls of tenements advocate worker power and "España Socialista." How seriously should they be taken? Probably not very. But we must not too quickly forget that Valencia was one of the last strongholds of anti-Franco resistance in the Spanish Civil War.

THE FIRE THIS TIME

ON March 19th, a red-letter day in the pyromaniac's calendar, the feria culminates by consuming itself. This is the Nit de Foc—Valencian dialect for "night of fire"—and throughout the preceding twenty-four hours a rattle of what sounds like gunfire is heard in the streets, as if nests of snipers were being mopped up. People are letting off private explosions in readiness for the big show. Quite mature men in lounge suits stroll up to you holding fizzing firecrackers and genially toss them at your feet. This is a form of salutation, not intended to frighten; no Valencian can ever understand why anyone should be intimidated by noise. After dinner, you should drop in for a moment at the Parador de Foc, which

"The Baker Book"— a new, handsomely bound permanent reference.
Over 500 choice designs, room settings and color plates. $5.00.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
327 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Companionates three. Going away together for a weekend in wrinkle-free, fuss-less Celanese® Fortrel® polyester knit. The itinerary: Belted tunic and side-scissored skirt in wine-and-white patterning; solid wine pants to match; all washable. For 8 to 16 sizes, the set, $85. Sport Separates Collections. Mail, phone orders filled.

Buck Hill Golf Holiday $58

3 days • 2 nights
UNLIMITED GOLF

Come play 27 championship holes on our lush green fairways high in the Poconos. Swimming, tennis, lawn bowling, riding. Golf shop, golf carts, clubhouse with snack-bar, cocktail lounge. Plan includes all golf, 2 breakfasts, 2 dinners, per person, double occupancy. (Triple $54 per person, single $62, extra nights similar savings.) In New York call: (212) 245-5620, or your travel agent.

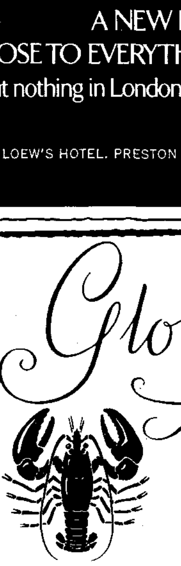
BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
Tel: (717) 595-7441
Buck Hill Falls, Pa. 18323

Just 100 miles from New York or Philadelphia.

THE
CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE CENTRAL LONDON

A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON
But nothing in London can come close to it!

A LOEW'S HOTEL. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.



Gloucester House

SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST

37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y.755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

is a night club specially set up for the feria in the municipal park. *Le Tout-Valence* is there, jammed into a billowing tent made of canvas painted inside to simulate tapestry and lit by chandeliers. About four thousand people have come to hear an imported French pop group, and the startling thing is that *all the men are wearing dinner jackets.* Where else in Europe would you find two thousand men wearing dinner jackets in the same *building,* never mind the same tent? Having pondered this, you move on toward the main plaza. The climax is approaching, and the streets are filling up.

The next hour is a series of pictures inscribed by fire on the retina. Across the square, the Tower of Pisa is burning. (That was the official civic *falla* in 1969—an eighty-foot simulacrum with a sculptured group of brawny Valencian workers in the act of effortlessly restoring it to a vertical position.) At the ends of narrow alleys, at large intersections, and in little squares only a few yards across, walls of white flame are going up. Two hundred and ten temporary art works are being put to the torch as thousands cheer. They are burned, the Valencians tell you, in order to demonstrate that malice is mortal and that beauty, too, does not last forever—rather a laborious way, one would have thought, of driving home two fairly uncontroversial points. It might be truer to say that they are spectacularly destroyed because spectacular destruction is the one sight on earth that fascinates everyone.

Jean Tinguely's self-destroying machines are petty sophistications, unserious toys, beside this basic, primordial sacrifice by fire. Inevitably, fireworks supplement the spectacle. The whores in the Barrio Chino sit through it all with extreme unconcern, looking like the models on the *fallas* themselves as their faces impassively take on the tints of the flashing rockets. The miraculous Valencian fire brigade meanwhile contrives, as discreetly as possible, to prevent private property and historic monuments from being damaged beyond repair; the crowd jeers the firemen as spoilsports. From some street corners you can watch three or four cremations at the same time. Flying embers eat into your clothes, and every minute or so a crash of falling timber, greeted by a roar of applause, marks the collapse of yet another skyscraping caprice. "*Precioso!*" I heard an old woman murmur, beaming through a haze of ash at a hundred-foot sheet of flame. High over her head she was holding a baby in a christening dress. I thought

How to place your portfolio under investment management starting with as little as $5,000

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. M15.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
chateau madrid

JOSE MOLINA
BAILES ESPANOLES
●
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080

NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

LIKE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?

Spend a golden winter in Provence in American's modernized centrally heated Provençal farmhouse with tiled swimming pool and 4 double bedrooms on 12 idyllic acres of olives, figs, peaches, lavender, grapes, oleander. 7 minutes walk from enchanting village, 25 miles inland from Cannes and the Mediterranean.
Dishwasher, washing-machine, complete furnishings, maid service and utilities included at $308 per month from September to April, $495 per month April and May.
M. CUNLIFFE, Le Vieux Moulin, Route de Mons,
83 SEILLANS (VAR) FRANCE.

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocca
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BEN MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street. KANSAS CITY

for a moment that she was going to throw it in.

The Spirit of Fiesta: Valencia Unmasked as Either an Integral Part of Civilization or a Well-Baited Booby Trap

THE feria has a modern urban setting, but it has not been uprooted from its past. This is not a freak-out, an acid high, a Happening; a fireworks display in Central Park accompanied by the ritual burning of a mountain of dummies from Macy's windows would not produce the same exhilaration, because it would be out of context. Like all good fiestas, this is a celebration of something specific, channelled through an appropriate form. Its original content—the death of winter—is vividly present, but formalized, given a shape, and this is one of the secrets of deep enjoyment.

What is civilization? According to one judgment, it is a convenient and agreeable method of enjoying the resources of this planet which was perfected between the early fifteenth and late eighteenth centuries and has been practiced by the occupants of a quadrilateral area whose corners are Athens, Vienna, London, and Seville. Valencia just scrapes in under the ropes of that definition. It is, I hope, too perverse and unsightly a city ever to figure on the regular tourist route. I tell myself that people aren't ready for it. (It is definitely not ready for them.) But I could be wrong. It may even be that by the very act of claiming Valencia for anti-tourism I am spoiling it for anti-tourists.

To guard against that possibility, let me stress that it really is something ultimate in pestholes, and that anyone seduced by this love letter into making reservations for it will be the victim of an epic put-on. I should also like to place on record a remark made by the present Lady Harlech—then Miss Pamela Colin, the bright young London editor of *Vogue*—who joined Mr. and Mrs. Ryan in Valencia during the July feria of 1968. She seemed chipper enough at the time but afterward broke down and said, "To be alone in Valencia is to be permanently twenty minutes this side of suicide." Since she had never been alone in Valencia, I felt tempted to ask how she could be so sure, but her voice was trembling with conviction, and there would have been no point in arguing with her. I pass her reaction on, for what it is worth, as a warning to potential trespassers.

—Kenneth Tynan

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $17.00
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Summer Judy Holliday

"WHAT'S new in the city?" they said.

"The sprinklers are on in the playgrounds," I said. Memory of the famous scene in "The Seven Year Itch" when Marilyn Monroe stands over the draft from the subway—skirt blowing (summer sight), like the skirt of the bicycling girl in Truffaut's "Les Mistons."

"No," they said. "A film."

" 'The Passion of Anna,' then," I said. "The new Bergman."

"Yes," they said. "But we've seen that. What else? Isn't there anything funny?"

"Judy Holliday," I said.

"Oh, good," they said. "Is she on again?"

The new releases of the week are nothing, but the late, great Judy Holliday is alive just now at the New Yorker Theatre in "Born Yesterday." Like most of the funniest performers in the world, she has an attitude in her films of alert skepticism. There is something fishy about this planet, she implies. She is ready to be grateful for its small mercies and she is infinitely educable to our ways, but we may all, she hints, be nuts. She makes her entrance in "Born Yesterday" with a corsage hanging behind her right ear like a displaced bunch of grapes. Apart from Beatrice Lillie, no one can ever have expressed a more ungodly disbelief in fashion. Judy Holliday is perfectly polite to her clothes, but they seem visited on her, like mannered guests whom she can't wait to be rid of, although native absorption keeps her interested in their arcane reasons for being around. She is not one of us. She behaves toward the corsage, though courteously, as if she were an uncomfortably intelligent horse decked out with bells and flowers for some festival held by another species.

Miss Holliday was one of the most touching American comic actresses. To any luck dealt out to her in the parts she played—diamonds, nice men, high living—she extends a powerful disbelief. Orchids and sequins obviously arouse in her a very strong suspicion that the orchidless and sequinless times must be just around the corner. Her assumption that her grand clothes are a disguise to fool no one and that she is obviously a down-and-out to anyone with eyesight is specifically her country's, and wonderfully funny. She shared it with Marilyn Monroe. Both of them were breakable-looking waifs struggling to stay hidden inside their confidently rubbery bodies. They plainly felt themselves to be pretenders, and they had a very American inkling that they weren't going to get away with it for long. It made them beautiful clowns.

In the "Born Yesterday" story, from Garson Kanin's famous Broadway comedy, Judy Holliday plays the girl of a big-shot junk dealer and swindler called Harry Brock, whose hotel booking in Washington is for a whole wing. Broderick Crawford plays the swindler. Miss Holliday's character is called Billie Dawn. Her given name was Emma; she could never face the test of living up to that one, though. Her man behaves to her like a pig, but she gets through things by pretending not to notice, just as she uses her shortsightedness as a glamour puss's excuse not to have read anything. When Harry is being most boorish to her, she bawls cheerfully to him from a window of their posh hotel wing, opting for comradeliness in this millionaire's hangout that they are trying to browbeat into a slum. The hotel manager, clinging to fake politesse in the chaos like a drowning man clutching at a stone, refers to her cattily as Mrs. Brock. Harry stops that. "Not Mrs. Brock," he says. "There's only one Mrs. Brock, and she's my *mother*, and she's *dead*." He nods toward Billie and briefly classifies her. "She's a *fiancée*." There are Mrs. Brocks and there are fiancées, and fiancées are trash. But this trash is blessed with good lungs and a roaring spirit. She was once in the chorus. And not just the chorus, she protests later, in that ripe, high, expostulatory voice; she spoke lines, actually. Five, she says. Ask anybody. But Harry didn't want to share her with the general public.

Billie Dawn is a fine character for Judy Holliday. It is the character of the girl who carefully copies what the dolts do but who obviously knows more than any of them. When William Holden starts feeding books into her and persuades her to wear spectacles so that she can read, it is clear that her brain is better than anyone else's in the picture, including that of Mr. Holden in the part of this more upright than engaging pedagogue, who has been hired to teach her about Paine and Jefferson and the opus number of Beethoven's Second Symphony. Miss Holliday, you feel, could have *been* Paine, and nothing on earth would incline her to think her life well spent if she put it to numbering symphonies. Her whole comic character is a natural forerunner of Women's Lib, in a way, but managed without weight. When she caricatures the dopey, pampered woman her men think they want, she is throwing a bone to admen's creatures, and she does it partly because she finds the disguise a useful decoy that gives her space to think. Whenever there's a row in her films, the blade of her mind whips out. Harry Brock, the capitalist who supposes he has bought Billie wholesale, finds that her loyalty to him is not such a plangent harpstring to play on as he thought. When she questions a reekingly dishonest contract that he wants her to sign, and he accuses her of double-crossing him, she says back, "If there's a fire and I call the engine, so whom am I double-crossing? The fire?" Harry had thought, in his invertedly romantic way, that his juicy girl was a buyable voter; she ends by summing him up objectively as a social calamity.

Some of the script seems politically cautious and dated now, with its veiling of McCarthyism as "Fascism," in the guise of Harry's cartel-making versus Billie's conscience, and with its care not to make the heroine more than a being of instinct. But the love of Garson Kanin and the director, George Cukor, for a certain kind of American survivalist is true and sweet. Billie is one of the best parts that Judy Holliday ever played, and is typical of her style. Her comic task as a smashing-looking girl was always to cover up great boredom at having to shimmer around in lamé pajamas and pretend to be a dumb broad. There are ravishingly funny scenes in her films when she will furtively interest herself in other and cleverer things in the middle of man-made, typecast seductive circumstances—dancing expertly by herself to a radio turned on in a corner, or beating a chap on his own ground with a startling hand of gin rummy, or managing the chewing of gum as well as the technicalities of a long cigarette holder, or dealing a death blow to pedantry with a magnificently simple mutter of sense after some sciolist thinks he has made a crushing point. Judy Holliday was of her time in the way she had to hide her brains from men. A girl character probably couldn't do that now without seeming coy. But maybe concealment of one kind or another characterizes a lot of American humor—W. C. Fields concealing his booze and his bank accounts, and Groucho Marx his terror of Margaret Dumont, and Laurel and Hardy their fear of being only two, and Lenny Bruce his panic at the way things in the world were going.

"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," which is laid in Dublin and should be laid to rest there, is about a cute turner-back of the tide who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart to sell to dear little old Irish ladies as garden fertilizer. His family dote on him—they call him Quackser because he used to imitate ducks when he was a child—and they rush to his defense when the city passes a law forbidding horse-drawn wagons on the streets. Doggedly winsome, Quackser has been pulling his manure cart himself, but the new ordinance will cut off his source of supply. An American girl student at Trinity falls in love with him. Her passion can have no cause except a producer's wish to get a camera into the Trinity quad. Like most sentimental fictions, the film manages to make its hero unbearable. He becomes the archetypal little man whose characterizing habit is to muff things, and he is much patronized by his creators. The comic high point of the picture, for instance, is the moment when he turns up at a Trinity Boat Club ball wearing tails when everybody else is in black tie. The pathetic high point is the moment when he becomes a tourist guide and tells a coachload of people that Dublin is where Messiah's "Handel" had its world première. Gene Wilder, one of the best American actors, plays the dreadful Quackser as well as man could.

"Something for Everyone" boggles the mind. The knowledgeable Angela Lansbury battles away in it, loyally practicing high-comedy technique in unlikely circumstances. The film is a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale, mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*, about a bisexual footman with designs on a countess who has a castle in Bavaria. If one happens to be stuck with seeing it, the thing might as well be endured cheerfully, like the blitz. But there is no law against evacuation.

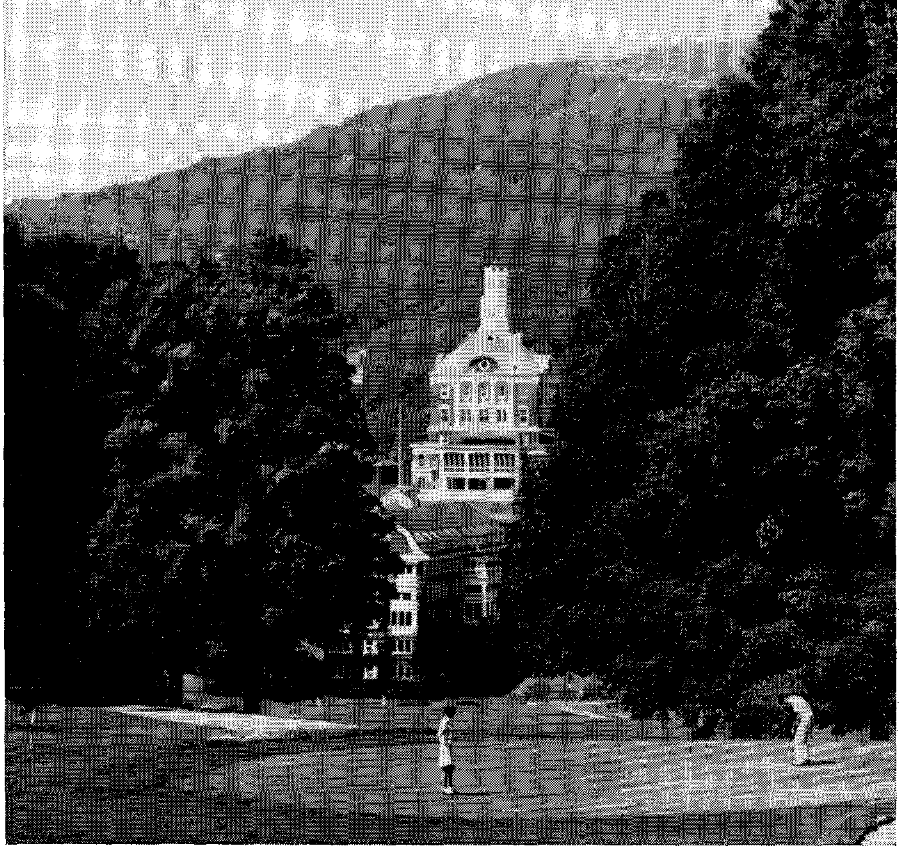
—Penelope Gilliatt

Vacation
The Homestead Way

Come to the high, cool mountains, far from the hurly-burly. Live the exhilarating life with an almost infinite variety of sports.* Savor the relaxing life with our easygoing way of unpretentious sociability. Find the satisfaction of watching your children develop with the joys of sportsmanship.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort

* Three 18-hole championship golf courses, swimming pools and mineral spa, miles and miles of wooded horseback and walking trails, surrey and buckboard driving, tennis, children's playground, trout fishing, skeet and trap shooting, pleasantly un-hectic night life and entertainment, excellent dining, seventeen thousand acres of elbowroom. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500. The Homestead is easy to reach via U.S. Route 220, Piedmont Airlines, and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.



LETTER FROM DUBLIN

JULY 10

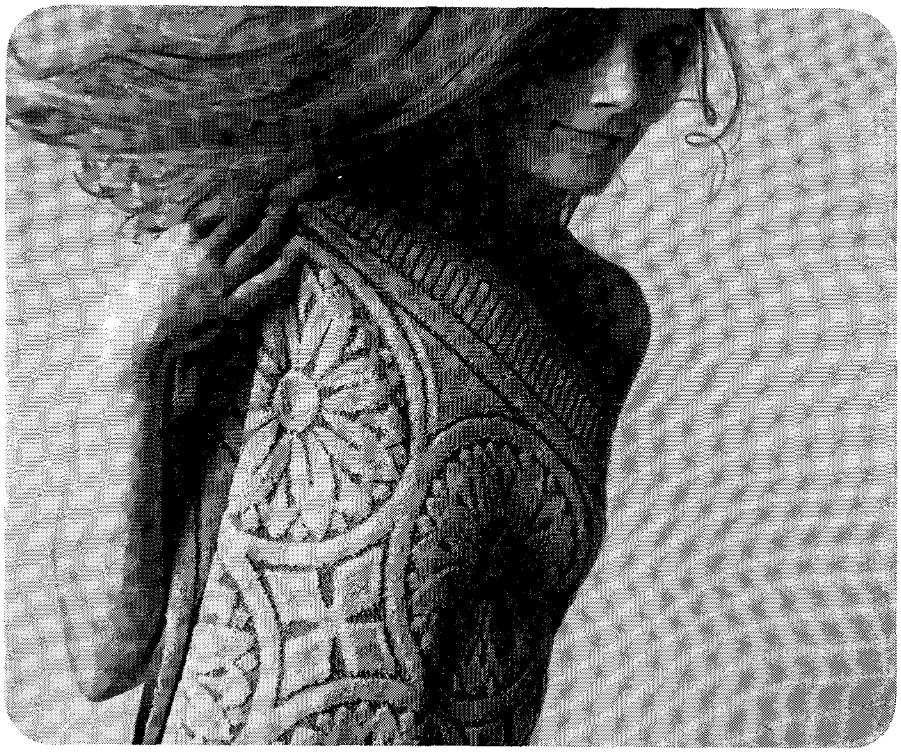
WHAT makes Dublin an especially odd place to be during a crisis is that it manages to come up with all the drama worthy of a grand capital and still keep the boozy intimacy of an Irish village. Everyone here knows everyone else, and is probably related to everyone else, too. The city is a little like a large and eccentric family in which father is a politician, mother a saint, grandmother a terrorist, the two favorite uncles a bishop and an alcoholic, and the loving, bickering offspring include a poet, a policeman, a mad bomber, a union organizer, a Sister of Mercy, a Maoist, a socialist, a fascist, a beggar, a businessman, and a moderately successful crook. It is a place where the local Bakunin is a daily communicant, and the maid at Parliament usually picks up the telephone.

All Dubliners, of course, are family chauvinists, and just as they agree on the virtues of Irish stout, Irish salmon, and Irish girls, they agree on the eventual reunification of the six Ulster counties to the north with the twenty-six counties of the Irish Republic. "Reunification" has been the respectable word for "republicanism" here since the twenties, when the Irish government itself decided to shoot whatever old republicans the British had missed in 1916. In fact, until this spring it was considered altogether proper in Dublin to take a strong stand for reunification, and considered either extremely radical or extremely reactionary, depending on one's politics, to be a republican. Then, in May, as if in anticipation of the riots across the border to the north, old-time fighting republicanism officially reëntered Irish politics and nearly brought down the government. The government's troubles started early that month, when two members of the Cabinet were sacked by the Prime Minister, John Lynch (the Irish call their Prime Minister the Taoiseach, which means Head of the Clan), on suspicion of running guns to Catholic militants in the North; another turned in his portfolio on the pretext of "failing health;" and a fourth resigned in sympathy with his colleagues. For a week, there was a good deal of angry debating in the Parliament, and even more in the pubs, and then there were a couple of weeks of grace, after the first mayflies of the season shed their larval coats and rose to the surface of Ireland's lakes, with the finest trout in the world in splashing pursuit, and half the politicians from the capital went fishing. By the time the fishermen came home, Lynch's Attorney General had announced the arrest of the two suspected ministers, along with the arrest of an Army captain and an old businessman, who were said to have been their contacts with an arms dealer in West Germany and with the Northern republicans. The Taoiseach's party, Fianna Fáil, whose name means Soldiers of Destiny but which in fact is pledged to a policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the North, was relatively calm in its response to the arrests, but later eleven of the seventy-five Fianna Fáil deputies voted against Lynch in a Party council when he removed the Party whip from Kevin Boland, the minister who had resigned his job in protest. The issues were no longer who was running guns and whether gunrunning was a proper avocation for a minister. They were the old republican issues—the Catholic cause and whether the "liberation" of Ulster's five hundred thousand Catholics was the immediate patriotic concern of the Irish Republic. People stopped talking much about the honor of the ex-ministers—the Irish never really expect their politicians to be entirely honorable and are usually disappointed when one of them turns out to be—and let the fact that both sides in the North were arming for a summer of trouble evoke what they started calling "the conscience of 1916." Children came to school with stories of their grandfathers, who had fought in the revolution, staying up all night in the basement making petrol bombs. A rumor spread that the ex-ministers and their friends were planning to exploit the militant Catholic feeling they had revived in rural Ireland to seize power once fighting in the North began this summer. There was talk of a coalition of the two opposition parties—the Labour Party and Fine Gael, a party of landowners and businessmen, neither of which can ordinarily tolerate the mention of the other—that would accomplish much the same thing if Fianna Fáil should stay divided in a vote of confidence. And, after years of looking to its own section of the island, the government in Dublin found itself waiting on events in the North—the British parliamentary elections there, Bernadette Devlin's trial, the parades of the Protestant brotherhoods in Belfast in July and in Derry in August—for a clue to its own survival. The more moderate people here now talk nervously about "waiting out the summer," the way people in Manhattan, looking north to Harlem, pray for September. But most Dubliners are a little bored with their politics after a decade of what the government calls "guiding the nation into modern Europe," and this makes it difficult to say whether their enthusiasm for the crisis, which is mild enough in the morning but progressively more pronounced toward the eleven-thirty closing hour, minimizes or exaggerates the country's problems. "We're back fifty years now," a student here complained after a pub brawl over whose ancestors had suffered most at the hands of Protestants. "People are dragging out their family patriots. You state where your people stood in 1916, and you proceed from there."

To say that the sides were drawn in Ireland in 1916 is an ingenuous estimate. It would probably be more accurate to set the date back to 1690, when James II and William of Orange fought at the Boyne for possession of the island. The fact that Rome, which was having its own problems with James's cousin and supporter Louis XIV, backed the Protestant William in the expedition is generally ignored by partisans of both sides of the partition line, but it does add to the evidence that the real issue in Ireland has never been religion so much as religious politics—whether it would be Catholics or Protestants who controlled the land, the government, the Army, and the country's wealth. The Protestant cause here was always a cover for Protestant privilege, just as the Catholic cause became a cover for Catholic supremacy. (The Irish are a stubborn, churchy, conservative people, and even the most optimistic radical here would have to agree with Seán O'Faoláin that while they may be born with "an ineradicable love of individual liberty . . . equality, as far as I can see, they never bothered about.") The partition of the island in 1921—which Irish Catholics and Protestants, both for their own reasons, consider a British blunder equivalent in its implications to the partition of Palestine—was in many ways an attempt to surrender independence to the Catholics and at the same time protect the Protestants in the North from the effects of Catholic privilege. But in granting a territorial enclave to one minority, partition created another—the Northern Catholics. And whereas the early republicanism, at its best, had been a pluralistic movement (Anglo-Irish stock provided the country with some of its finest rebels, from Wolfe Tone to Charles Stewart Parnell), partition managed to create a strictly Catholic sort of nationalism that persisted, unchallenged, until the sixties, when some Southern scholars resurrected the peculiar syndicalist theories of James Connolly, a turn-of-the-century Irish patriot, and a non-sectarian civil-rights group in the North began to talk about a united, socialist republic.

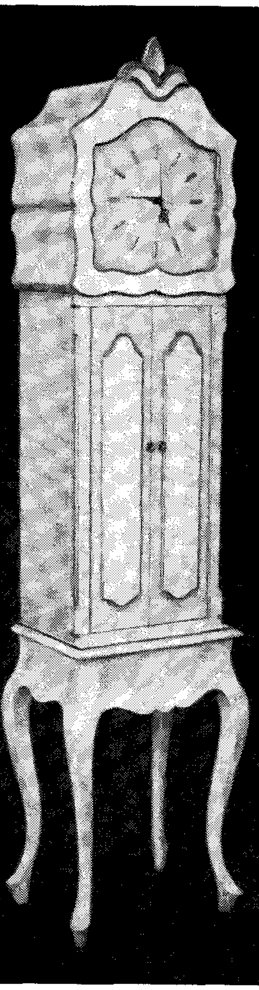
NORTHERN IRELAND is an odd political construct—one of those awkward early British experiments in home rule. People here in Dublin like to say that the British left the North with no power but the power of a mean police force and the power to do damage to Catholics. It falls within the political pale of the United Kingdom, but it neither has independent commonwealth status nor is it technically part of Great Britain, like Wales or Scotland. And while it has a Prime Minister of its own and a Parliament in Belfast, it is actually under the jurisdiction of Westminster. Its Protestants consider themselves English (they are nearly all, in fact, Scots-Irish), but most Englishmen to the left of Enoch Powell find their noisy, if nominal, presence in the House of Commons

Callaway Towels by MILLIKEN



Couturier fashions for your bath

Shown: Monaco, an aristocratic design in luxurious terry with the look of exquisite carving. Sheared to a velvety touch. In dual color combinations. Bath towel, about $3.50. Milliken, LaGrange, Ga. At **HARRIS CO.**, San Bernardino, and other fine stores.



The clock for music lovers.

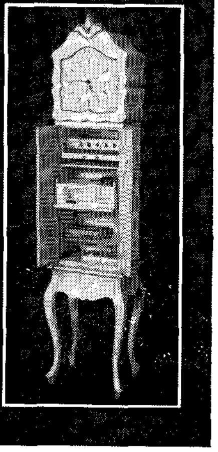
The Lady Chanson Series is a limited edition of 250 individually registered, superbly hand-crafted clocks with built-in stereophonic sound.

Each model contains a perfectly balanced 8-track tape deck. AM-FM stereo radio. And 2 out-of-sight dual stereophonic speakers. (Not to mention a magnificent electric time piece.)

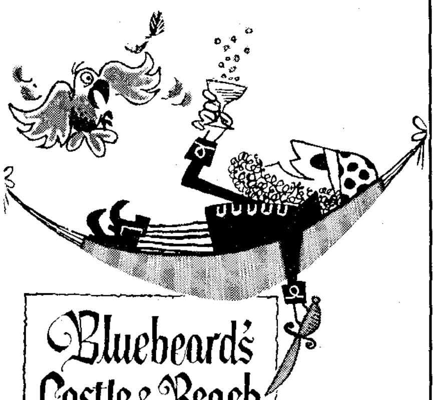
The Lady Chanson comes in decorator colors. And costs $795.00.

For information, ask your decorator. For appointment, call our showroom at 720 Fifth Avenue, Suite 602, New York City (212-245-2385).

Jarvis
Research
Corporation



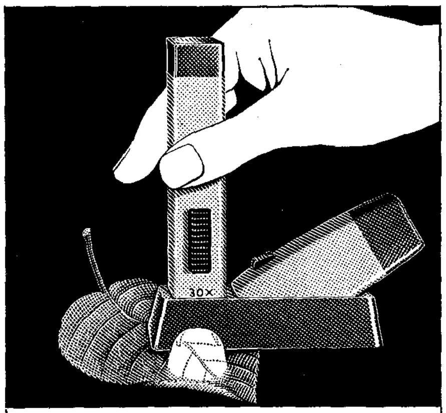
where all the pampered pirates stay and play...



Bluebeard's Castle & Beach HOTELS
ST. THOMAS, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.
Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

For folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by
THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
1345 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, New York 10019 • (212) 765-5800



LUMISCOPE
ILLUMINATED 30x MICROSCOPE SYSTEM

Your first look through LUMISCOPE will evoke a gasp of surprise and disbelief! Here, in a brilliantly illuminated field you will discover the mini-structure of inanimate and living things. You needn't restrict yourself to static observations. Have you ever watched life within a drop of water? Or the subtle color changes as electricity courses through a resistance wire? These and other fascinating sights can be visible to you with LUMISCOPE. The System consists of the Microscope, light attachment (may be used separately as a flashlight), stand and batteries– in fitted case.

Send me: ☐ Standard LUMISCOPE $12.95.
☐ Measuring L'SCOPE (3mm reticle) $19.95.
I enclose this amount (plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. residents add 5%. Refund in ONE YEAR if not delighted.
NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
Dept. NY0725
584 Washington St. San Francisco, 94111 haverhill's

rather embarrassing and would prefer them to be somewhere a little more remote—Rhodesia, say, or South Africa. Northern Ireland's Catholics, of course, tend to regard the Ulster Protestants as a kind of temporary army of occupation.

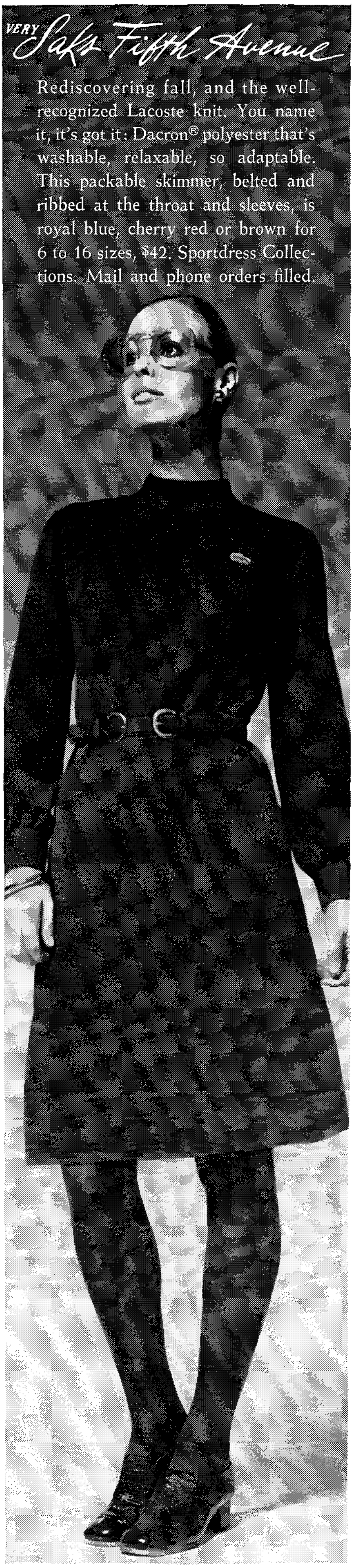
In the North, there are two Protestants to every Catholic, and the Protestants have most of the jobs and the houses and all the political power. This is true in the Protestant towns and counties and also in towns like Derry—Londonderry, if the map happens to have been printed in Northern Ireland—where there is a large Catholic majority. Derry, in fact, has become the *cause célèbre* of the civil-rights people in the six counties. Until the British stepped in last year and placed Derry under the control of a nominally nonpartisan city commission, careful gerrymandering on the part of the local government had always insured that two of the town's three wards were Protestant. The Protestants there got work, while some twenty per cent of the Catholic male population stayed chronically unemployed. And as much as ninety per cent of Derry's public housing went to Protestants, often simply because any Catholic relocation in public housing was certain to ruin the careful system of political districting. Eventually, by confining the Catholic poor to a ghetto called Bogside, and by concentrating whatever new Catholic housing there was in the Bogside ward (building up, house on house, Pueblo-style, rather than out onto vacant property), Derry's Protestants managed to turn Bogside into a self-policing fortress of sorts, from which the Catholics could mobilize if there was rioting. Bogside proved itself as a fortress last August, when fighting began there after the annual Apprentice Boys Procession. The Apprentice Boys are an old Protestant order. They take their name from the boys who closed the city gates against James in 1689, and they like to end their parade with a symbolic humiliation of the papists by tossing pennies down into the ghetto from the walls of the town and burning an effigy of James's governor. Last year, with their ghetto sandbagged and barricaded, the Bogside Catholics took on the Apprentice Boys, as well as some ten thousand armed auxiliary Protestant policemen. The fighting, which spread to Belfast and Armagh, turned out to be the worst in Northern Ireland since partition. By the time the British sent their own troops in to restore order, several people were dead, hundreds were wounded, and there was thirty million pounds' worth of damage in Derry alone. One result of the riot, and of a much milder Belfast riot last July at the time of the Orange Order commemorative march, was the disarming of Northern Ireland's police by the British and a gesture toward reform on the part of the Northern government. The others were the slow, secret arming of a militant Northern Irish Republican Army; the not so secret arming of its Protestant equivalent, the Ulster Volunteers; and the eventual backlash transformation of a reactionary evangelist preacher by the name of Ian Paisley from a lunatic-fringe phenomenon into a national power, with a seat in both the Northern Irish and the British Parliaments. Britain's military presence in the North, which had amounted to about two thousand troops in June of '69, was up to eight thousand at the end of that long summer. By now, there are more than twelve thousand British soldiers on active duty in the country. Militants in the South might prefer, politically, that the sides stay neatly drawn between English and Irish, but for the moment, anyway, the protection of Northern Catholics seems to be in the hands of the British Army.

People in Dublin have a certain problem understanding the quality of the civil-rights movement that exists in Northern Ireland. Dublin's libertarian issues are still the old ones—birth control, divorce, and whether a Catholic youngster puts his immortal soul on the line by taking his degree at Trinity. Dublin's student left is as energetic as anyone would wish when it happens to be demonstrating against the war in Indo-China, and its Maoist rallies, as Maoist rallies go, are unsurpassed throughout Europe for their innocence and ardor. But the young radicals in the South tend to stay out of Irish politics, which they regard as the mess their parents made, and their parents, who count on this, find the commitment of Northern students-turned-politicians, like Bernadette Devlin and her friends, difficult to comprehend. The young leadership of the civil-rights movement in the North came out of Queens University, in Belfast, after Queens, as part of the British university system, began to absorb children from both the Protestant and the Catholic working class. The party called People's Democracy, which preaches a kind of workers' republicanism and which for a time was Miss Devlin's political base, began as a non-sectarian movement within the university, and so did a number of other radical student groups. The backlash against these students in Northern Ireland was originally non-sectarian, too. It represented a kind of Irish silent majority, and it confirmed what everyone in both countries knew already—that, given a fast choice, most Irish Catholics would sooner shoot at Communists than Englishmen. But the Protestant right in the North was better organized and far more determined than the Catholic conservatives. Paisley, who has a degree from an obscure American Bible college, was already preaching Protestant supremacy from his pulpit in the Belfast suburbs, and by the time the People's Democracy and the two-year-old Civil Rights Association of Northern Ireland held their first major demonstration—a march from Belfast to Derry that began on January 1, 1969—his followers were strong enough to stage a brutal mass ambush on the marchers, just outside Derry at Burntollet Bridge. By spring, in fact, Protestant militants had thoroughly undermined the Northern government. The Prime Minister resigned, and was replaced by Major James Chichester-Clark, who styles himself a "moderate," and who holds the country together with a policy of cautious lip service to the Catholics and cautious laissez-faire to the Paisley people in his own Unionist Party.

VIEWED from Dublin, the political situation in the North is almost refreshing in its clarity. The government here, which is by any working definition conservative, was privately backing Labour in the British elections last month, because Labour reform pressure on the North was sure to weaken the position of the new Southern militants. On the other hand, Irish Labour people in the Dáil, Dublin's Parliament, found it extremely tempting to back the British conservatives, in the hope that a new crisis in the South would give them some of the power that they lack now. And the third parliamentary party, Fine Gael—whose name means United Ireland but which, in fact, is the direct descendant of the party that accepted the Partition Treaty of 1921—was in the anomalous position of suddenly sounding more republican than anybody else. No good Dublin politician would have considered the reasoning of the parties inconsistent. Parties here have always had more to do with family than they have with policy. Fianna Fáil was the party of the poor republican farmers when Éamon de Valéra founded it, in 1926, after his break with Sinn Féin, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army. De Valéra took over the government in 1932, and, except for a total of six years of coalition rule in the forties and fifties, Fianna Fáil has run the country ever since then. The Party prospered, and the sons of the farmers prospered along with it, and today most of the ministers and deputies of Fianna Fáil are bankers and businessmen and entrepreneurs of every variety. Politically speaking, these middle-aged conservatives are still "Paddy's boy" and "Jack's boy" and "Tim's boy." What keeps them together, and in the Party, is usually just the fact that their fathers held their seats before them. This is also why Fine Gael, which is the stronger of the opposition parties, can hold on to a liberal like Garret FitzGerald, the best economist in the country, and at the same time incorporate the remnants of an Irish fascist movement from the nineteen-thirties. It is probably also why Labour can elect both a socialist intellectual of the stature of Conor Cruise O'Brien, who came home from New York to Dublin for reasons only an Irishman would understand and stood successfully for Parliament, and the pub-keeper mayor of Limerick—Stephen (I Am Limerick) Coughlan—a gentleman whose last public gesture consisted of applauding his constituents for an attack on a student Maoist bookstore.

The fact that every party in Ireland is expected to take some sort of stand against partition gives the politicians here a marvellous latitude. They are all, technically, on the right side, and, however they choose to behave, they always have the advantage of acting for the Irish cause. A Frenchman here, determined to track down the elusive logic of Dublin politics, took to the pubs one night last month after several befuddling hours in the Dáil gallery, and eventually came up with a kind of layman's guide to Irish nationalism. Labour and Fine Gael people, he said, recognize partition but do not approve of it. Fianna Fáil people who are in power do not even recognize partition, but they have decided to accept it nevertheless. Fianna Fáil people who are out of power, like the ex-ministers, will neither recognize nor accept partition until they get back their jobs—or better ones. And Sinn Féin (Ourselves Alone) people, who have never recognized, accepted, or even acknowledged the existence of partition, have voted to stop thinking about it for a while and get on with business.

Traditionally, Sinn Féinners have


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Rediscovering fall, and the well-recognized Lacoste knit. You name it, it's got it: Dacron® polyester that's washable, relaxable, so adaptable. This packable skimmer, belted and ribbed at the throat and sleeves, is royal blue, cherry red or brown for 6 to 16 sizes, $42. Sportdress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

Our alligator shoes are also collector's items.

Two things make these shoes true collector's items.

First, genuine alligator leather will soon no longer be available.

And second, these ladies' hand-sewn alligator shoes, among the finest in the world, are only $95.

However, since we cannot accept charges, mail or phone orders, and since all sizes or colors are not available, it is advisable that you purchase these shoes at your earliest convenience.

MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

For over 500 years, Danish kings have been named either Frederik or Christian. For over 100 years, fine Danish furs have been named Birger Christensen. When you've got a good thing going, stick with it.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

abstained from parliamentary politics, on the ground that a republic that does not include the six Ulster counties is an invalid—that is, a British—arrangement. (The Party did put up candidates in a general election here in 1957; they won four seats in Parliament and then, on principle, refused to take them.) But over the past ten years or so the Party leadership—and, by extension, the leadership of the Southern I.R.A.—has fallen to a peculiarly Irish breed of Marxists who call themselves "socialist republicans." These republicans admire the Communist politicians in France and Italy, and they take the European Party position that the only way to be at all effective at the moment is from within the government. This January, at Sinn Féin's annual *ard fheis* (which is Gaelic for "grand gathering of the clan"), their followers voted to abandon the abstention policy. About a third of the delegates at the *ard fheis*—the old-time Sinn Féinners, who are basically rural, flag-waving, ultra-conservative types—thereupon walked out of the meeting and out of the Party. Or, rather, they claimed that the Party had walked out on them: they declared themselves the true voice of the republican movement and immediately ran off the first issue of their own newspaper. (Newspapers in Ireland amount to a national obsession. Dublin alone supports five dailies, and a new weekly or a monthly invariably appears on the stands whenever someone in politics or poetry has a falling out with someone else.) Their defection left Ireland with two Sinn Féins—the new, "true" Sinn Féin, which everybody else calls the provisional Sinn Féin, and the old, "official" one—and, in effect, with two secret Irish Republican Armies. (The Army was legal and aboveground for only one year in its entire history, back in 1920.) Outside the country, a mention of the I.R.A. still evokes the image of a vast people's army, filled with fierce young men from the birn and O'Casey-style provocateurs. In Ireland, everybody knows that there are no more than a thousand men in the I.R.A., that five hundred is actually the reasonable estimate, and that, whoever they are, they are scattered, untrained, and armed poorly, if at all. (In the North, where the I.R.A. is stronger, there are at least a thousand provisionals, most of them young and all of them armed since the rioting last summer.) The official Sinn Féin line since the "socialist republicans" took over has, in fact, been "Put down your guns and organize the Irish worker." Terrorism has been left to a breakaway group of Dublin militants who call themselves Saor Eire—the name means Free Ireland—and who raid banks for practice and recreation. Sinn Féin radicals these days are more apt to be sitting in outside the British Embassy in Merrion Square, singing anti-imperialist songs and waving placards, or organizing fishermen's coöperatives out on the west coast. They say that they are winning the Protestant workers in the industrial North away from the Unionist ascendancy, and that soon they are going to mastermind the great socialist *rapprochement* between those workers and the vast Southern rural proletariat, which partition has managed to subvert for fifty years. But the Catholic country poor are a little like their construction-worker relatives in New York who march for God and Country, beating up students as they go along. Fianna Fáil wooed them, and won, in the last elections with evocations of a Red spectre hovering over God's green Ireland. And Dublin's radical Sinn Féinners, in the tradition of the old syndicalists, are really trying to woo them back with the sort of communalist talk that is so mild and so pious that with some very minor adjustments it could double as a sermon for the most conservative parish priest in the twenty-six counties.

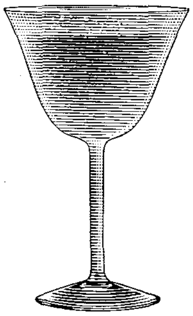
Actually, no Irish politicians with a normal instinct for survival are going to tangle with what the liberals here like to refer to wryly as "our Catholic conscience," although the latest political convention is to pretend that the Church in Ireland has no political authority. The Church is quite content to present itself that way. The last time the hierarchy here officially entered politics was during the revolution, when it backed the British cause. (The Church, in fact, went as far as to excommunicate de Valéra, who was defying the ban on revolutionary activity.) The Church has scrupulously avoided politics and politicians ever since then. Its power, however, is enormous. It effectively controls Irish education: in spite of a new "free-school" system, every primary and secondary school in the country except a few private Protestant ones is administered by a Catholic clergyman and staffed, at least in part, by priests and nuns, and in every vocational school there is a cleric who gives mandatory religious instruction. And the Church is behind whatever legislation might be said to involve or affect the public morality. ("Enticement" is still a criminal offense in Ireland. There is a Donegal ganger here who has just taken a senator to court for allegedly enticing his wife away from his house and society and depriving him of the lady's "services.") The Irish Church has always been one of the most conservative and anti-ecumenical in Europe—John Charles McQuaid, the Archbishop of Dublin, came home from Vatican II reassuring his flock that no change would disturb the tranquillity of their Christian lives—and it stays that way by recruiting its priests from among the sons of poor farmers in its conservative country parishes. Radicals, reformers, and troublesome intellectuals in the Church—and there are a fair number of them in Dublin—are encouraged to enter orders where they have no parish authority and little popular influence. The Irish countryman, under the Church's jealous tutelage, grows up ignorant of the world, fearful of change, intolerant of differences, and extremely impressionable about politics. (Just this month, one pious Mayo farmer, coming upon his Dutch summer tenants skinny-dipping in his pond, threw them off the property, because his parish priest had warned him that people who did not wear clothes were "Communist Protestants who never say their prayers.") The Irish countryman accounts for most of the twenty thousand reservists in the Irish Army, and for more than half the electorate. He is a joy to the extremists and a headache to almost everybody else in government. How he will react to the fighting in the North depends in part on who gets to him first with the best story.

THE crisis, as everyone here refers to the trouble in Fianna Fáil, reads like a joint fantasy of Eric Ambler and P. G. Wodehouse. It involves anonymous documents, international arms dealers, secret agents, double informers, revolutionary plots and subplots, and, in fact, all the necessary ingredients for the piece of Irish theatre that it will undoubtedly become. Officially, the crisis began on Tuesday, May 5th, when the Fine Gael Party chairman, Liam Cosgrave, followed the Taoiseach out of the Dáil and presented him with "a document" implicating the Minister for Finance and the Minister for Agriculture in a scheme to smuggle arms through the republic to I.R.A. provisionals in the six counties. (The document, Cosgrave said, was also in the hands of the editor of the *Irish Independent*, who had received it under very mysterious circumstances.) The following day, Lynch announced that he had the resignations of the two ministers, and

Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!

GORDON'S
REG U S PAT. OFFICE
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED LINDEN, N. J. • PLAINFIELD, ILL.
FOR GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

...and you stir a meticulous martini.



Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you still stir a drier, more precise martini today. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then that's why your martini is made with the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world. Cheers!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Julie Andrews
Henry Mancini
Johnny Mercer

When these three are together, there's only one thing to do. Get the album.

RCA VICTOR
Julie Andrews Henry Mancini
perform music from the film score
DARLING LILI

Music from the original film score of Paramount's new spy-comedy "Darling Lili."
Opening July 23rd at Radio City Music Hall

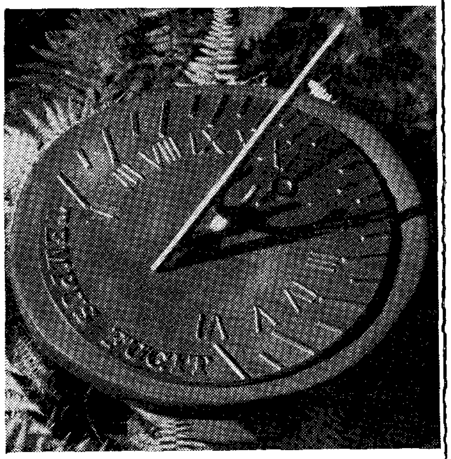
RCA Records and Tapes

YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE
with
LIME TREE
BEACH HOTEL • ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

You'll fall for the *new* and the *now* of this latest in Caribbean capers. It's our premiere season, so we're out to make your vacation the greatest.

- All rooms poolside or overlooking the ocean.
- Nearly 1000 feet of beach.
- All water sports.
- Dancing and entertainment.

See your travel agent or contact our representative:
Daniel D. Miller, Inc., Room 1710A
420 Lexington Ave., New York 10017
(212) 532-7700
— or: Miss Sims, LIMETREE, Box 4986
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801
(809) 774-4770 — Cable: LIMETREE



Sundials
New Ipswich, N.H.
03071 Box 7

solid bronze
$30 post paid
other designs
free catalog

Laughter bridges the generation gap.
Rockaways' Playland
AMUSEMENT PARK
ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, 98 ST.
ROCKAWAY BEACH, QUEENS
N.Y.C.
©

after his announcement the Dáil sat round the clock so that all the deputies would have a chance to make appropriate speeches. By the end of the week, Kevin Boland, the Minister for Local Government and Social Welfare, had turned in his portfolio; James Kelly, the Army captain who was supposedly implicated in the plot by Cosgrave's document, had accused the Minister for Defense of complicity, claiming that the arms were to have entered Ireland on the Minister's orders as an official Army consignment; and the Minister for Defense had been promoted to Agriculture, the most important department in the government. People in Fine Gael called for the Irish to join in prayer "for the restoration of democracy"—a gesture that amused Cosgrave's enemies, who say that Generalissimo Franco is the opposition leader's own personal hero. Labour called the scandal another example of incipient Green Fascism. And everyone in Fianna Fáil, including the former ministers, pledged his support to the Taoiseach, since in Ireland to be out of power in a powerful party is considered preferable to being out of power with no party at all.

As it happened, the arms had never reached Ireland, because the Taoiseach and a good many people in his government seem to have known for quite a while that they were coming, and, in fact, had intercepted the shipment nearly a month before the scandal broke. (There were only thirty or forty thousand pounds' worth of guns on order, but that means a lot of guns in Ireland, where the entire Army arsenal consists of three vintage American jets, one of which died of extreme old age this spring while practicing for its annual appearance at the Dublin Easter Parade; a few helicopters; and a collection of weapons that most people in Dublin insist are agricultural equipment.) No one knows for sure who the original informer was, although everybody claims to have proof of one sort or another. The Taoiseach said first that it was a man from Aer Lingus at the Dublin airport, and now he says that his own intelligence service had been following the arrangements all along. Other people say that a secretary in the Ministry of Justice passed the information on to Lynch and Cosgrave at the same time. (It was the Minister for Justice who had asked to resign because of his health, on the day before Lynch and Cosgrave got together.) The British would like to suggest that British Intelligence, on the job, had told the Taoiseach. And some claim that a retired police officer who was a family friend had been keeping track of the consignment for him. A few cynics here say that no one had to tell the Taoiseach, because Lynch himself had instructed his ex-ministers to "see to the Northern I.R.A." Not many believe this, although it is probably true that the Taoiseach would have handled the affair a little more discreetly if no one outside the government had discovered what was going on.

Around Dublin, Lynch is usually referred to as Honest Jack, which is a stunning compliment to anyone in Irish politics. He is a lawyer who stood for the Dáil and then, when Seán Lemass gave up the job in 1966, found himself Prime Minister in a compromise deal between two strong and equally regressive factions of his party, neither of which could muster support for its own candidate. He is a mild, moderate man, and the powers in Fianna Fáil expected a grateful and convenient docility that they rarely got from him. Lynch turned out to have a stubborn, schoolmaster's streak once he took over; his staying power over four years clearly upset the Party politicos. ("He's one of those deadly conciliators," one of his aides said, chuckling, when the Taoiseach survived the first round of the crisis. "They always last much longer than the lively ones.") It was the crisis, finally, that gave back some of their old leverage to the Party bosses. Lynch's four ex-ministers happened to control one of the Party cliques that had put him in office, and now that the moderating balance between those cliques was broken, Lynch had to turn to the other for support in keeping his government intact. The Minister for Defense, James Gibbons, was part of this second faction. He had not been implicated in the plot by Cosgrave's document, but the opposition claims that once the Army captain made his accusations, Lynch had no option but to defend him. Not only was Gibbons presented with the nicest ministry but his most powerful backer, a ward boss by the name of George Colley, who was the Minister for Industry and Commerce, took over the job that *he* had always wanted. Colley, who is probably the most ambitious and the least popular man in Irish politics, became the new Minister for Finance. The man he replaced, Charles Haughey, had been his most formidable rival for the control of Fianna Fáil. (Lest anyone doubt Colley's own credentials as a patriot now that Haughey, as a potential gunrunner, stood to become a republican hero, Colley had his office release a little profile to the *Irish Times* that identified him securely as "a son of Harry Colley, former deputy and senator, who took part in the Easter Rising and was seriously wounded.") Haughey, meanwhile, is free on bail, waiting for his trial. The charges against his friend Neil Blaney, the former Minister for Agriculture, were dropped this month, "on the grounds of insufficient evidence," but the case was already *sub judice* by then, and presumably only Lynch, the judge, the Attorney General, and the gunrunners themselves know to what extent Blaney's innocence is a matter of fact and to what extent it is a matter of legal technicality. Lately, whenever the Dáil breaks, the ex-ministers hold court at a corner table in the members' cafeteria. The spot is now called Gunrunners' Corner.

Blaney and Haughey are in many ways stock characters out of Irish political iconography. Blaney is a kind of updated version of the Irish folk figure called the Gombeen Man. The word "Gombeen" comes from the Gaelic for "interest," or "usury," and the Gombeen Man is a shrewd countryman who battens on his neighbors' troubles and makes his fortune out of them. He was the man who bought up all the potatoes just before the famine and sold them back at a profit to the farmers who had grown them. The farmer who needed groceries every week and could pay for them only when he sold a bullock was the making of the first Gombeen Man. Today, the poor farmer who wants a job for his son or needs a signature on the little blue card that will get him free medicine or public housing is the making of the Gombeen Man-turned-politician. He is gruff, lovable, and wildly patriotic, and the Irish, who like a success story, think of him, not unkindly, as the home-town boy who has made good. He comes back to his district in style—usually in a long Mercedes and a British trenchcoat—and when he does his old neighbors throw a banquet, where there is bound to be plenty of speeches, songs, and Guinness Stout. He always leaves the banquet full of teary camaraderie, because he has a frank and entirely earnest loyalty to all the good people he manipulates so successfully.

Blaney comes from County Donegal, on the northwest border of the Ulster counties, where he runs a political machine that is known and admired throughout the country as the Donegal Mafia. Republicanism in Donegal is as fierce and as primitive as anywhere in Ireland, and, whatever

Your $10 gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

These kids subsist on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more or different. And not even enough of that.

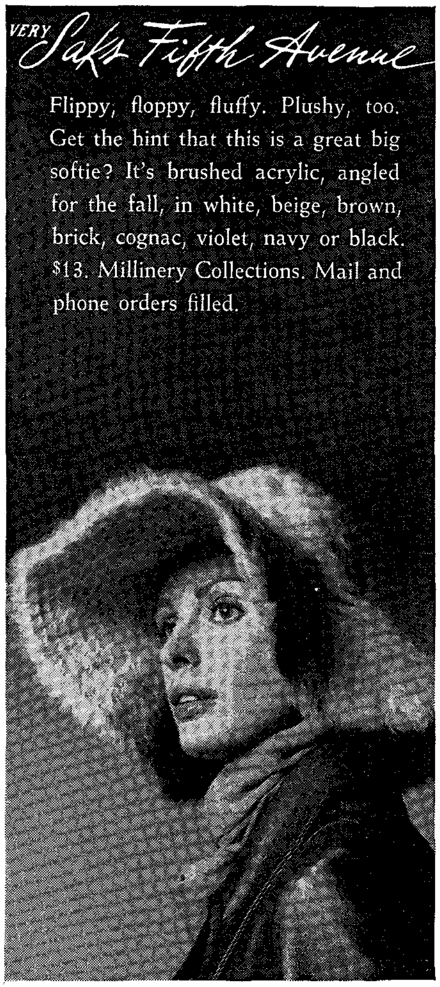
It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now . . . in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see children with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan makes it possible for needy families to convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has organized a nationwide drive to supply the food stamps. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

To contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. *Thank you.*

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund, Dept. N43, Box 121, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Flippy, floppy, fluffy. Plushy, too. Get the hint that this is a great big softie? It's brushed acrylic, angled for the fall, in white, beige, brown, brick, cognac, violet, navy or black. $13. Millinery Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

TRAVEL IRON

Weighs 1½ lbs. Only 5" long. Dial adjusts to fabric content. Light signals correct temperature. Heats instantly on AC current. Continental plug for use with 110V or 220V. Heat-resistant handle. Zippered case. **$13.50.** At Hoffritz. By mail add $1 pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N-27, N.Y.C. 10003

else may go into Blaney's political manipulations in the capital, no one doubts that there is an element of genuine Donegal feeling in his republican appeals. Last year, after the Derry riots, he spoke on his home ground for armed intervention on behalf of "our people" in the six counties. Lynch, meanwhile, speaking for the government, was saying that under no circumstances would the Irish Army cross the border. There had already been trouble between Lynch and Blaney's faction of Fianna Fáil. Blaney's group had always considered Lynch a temporary Taoiseach, to be eased out of office—into the Presidency if President de Valéra, who is now in his late eighties, could be persuaded to retire—and replaced as soon as they had enough support to take over. (This was precisely the plan of Colley's faction, too.) Blaney, along with Haughey and the two other ministers who resigned during the crisis, were on the far right of Lynch's Cabinet, and it was clear all year that Blaney and Boland, at least, were not averse to the idea of exploiting the situation in the North so as to encourage the kind of grass-roots republican reaction in the South that could give them the government. After the split in Sinn Féin in January, the extremists in Fianna Fáil saw their chance to "merge bankruptcies," as Dublin liberals like to put it, with the provisionals in Northern Ireland. Specifically, they wanted to insure the separation of the Northern I.R.A. from the "official" I.R.A. executive in Dublin, which meant from the republican left and, for that matter, from the left in general, since the left, however republican, could obviously not be counted on to exploit a crisis in the North to the political benefit of a group of right-wing politicians. As it turned out, the charges against Blaney were dropped immediately after this summer's first round of Belfast rioting. People in Belfast assume that the acquittal has weakened the Taoiseach's position in the Party, but people in Dublin, who have tended to be rather skeptical about the whole investigation, are saying that Lynch needed the acquittal to save his government. The fighting in the North has revived a good deal of the old Easter Rising passion. Over the past few weeks, twelve people have been killed in Belfast and hundreds injured, and from Lynch's point of view this can hardly be the moment to turn the most powerful republican in the country into a martyr to the Catholic cause.

The fact that Charles Haughey is going to stand trial for running guns to Northern Ireland is not, on the other hand, likely to ruffle the sensibilities of any Donegal farmers. Haughey is not their boy; by Irish standards he is not even a republican. He is a smooth and successful entrepreneur with backers in London and a British marketing consultant. Until the crisis, the only accusation people made against Haughey was that he was selling out Dublin to British businessmen. Haughey is that other stock character out of Irish politics—the city slicker who can parlay political power into big business and big business into political power. Haughey was an accountant who began to speculate in land for urban development. Dublin, where so many of the fine old Georgian buildings are going down to clear the land for developer's schemes, is full of Haughey's projects. So are Dublin's suburbs, where those developments the Irish like to call "housing estates" have all but done away with the surrounding countryside. Haughey supposedly sold his own house, which sat on two acres of land outside the city, at a profit of a quarter of a million pounds, and until the crisis there was a running joke in Dublin that whenever his ministry financed a building plan Haughey was certain to end up owning the property. All in all, Haughey is a businessman's businessman, and, perhaps not surprisingly, he was considered the most competent minister in Lynch's government. He was very nearly the Taoiseach himself. Lemass is his father-in-law, and when Lemass retired, Haughey was the old Prime Minister's choice as a successor. (For a while, the contest that ended in Lynch's compromise candidacy was between Haughey and Colley, who now has Haughey's job.)

Even his enemies agree that Haughey is a man of talent. One of them, a lady poet who has fought him for years over the preservation of Dublin landmarks, broke down and wept when she heard the news of his arrest. "I have a soft spot for that mohair-suited bastard," she said. "He's a real operator, and you've got to admire that." What the poet, and almost everybody else here, finds hard to believe is that a man of Haughey's perspicacity could have got involved in anything as clumsy as a failed gunrunning scheme. Friends say that Haughey, who is rather sensitive about his business reputation, may have been soothing his conscience with a republican gesture. Politicians, though, say that if he was smuggling guns to Northern Ireland, it was simply because, in government, his enormous energies were underemployed.

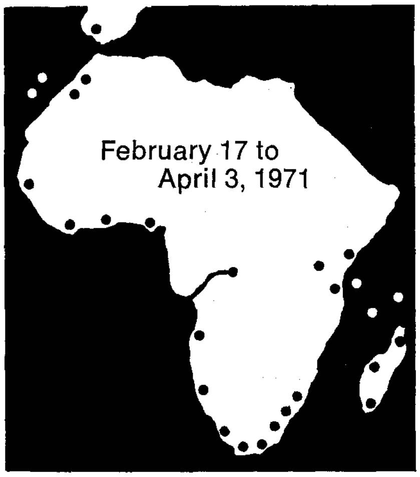
There is no longer any one story of the crisis. For a day or two at the beginning, it looked relatively clear-cut, as political crises go, but by now no one in Dublin expects ever to know what actually happened and how many people were involved. (It is probably true, though, that by early spring at least two illegal arms consignments had already reached the North through Irish government and Army channels.) People here have stopped talking so much about the trial and are waiting to see how much violence the summer's Protestant parades are going to provoke in Northern Ireland. On the day of his acquittal, Blaney was already on television shouting about his "gravest fears for the people of the North," but as for "the rescue of the North," as the republicans put it, it is hard to imagine that a Regular Army of some ten thousand men—actually, about six thousand effective—is going to rush across the border to take on thousands of well-armed, well-trained British troops. There is some talk, though, that in the event of another crisis the Irish Army could defect to the Blaney-Haughey-Boland faction of Fianna Fáil and, supported by rural reservists and I.R.A. provisionals, seize the Southern government by the end of the summer. No one has yet heard, or is likely to hear, from the Church hierarchy, but some of the Sunday-morning sermons in the countryside are beginning to sound like calls to a religious war. And no one has heard from the students, who are scattered now on their summer vacations. There are sixteen thousand students in the two Dublin universities alone, and while they may like keeping a disgusted distance from the politics of the republic, they are beginning to be seriously involved in Northern civil rights. Only four Dublin students went North for the original Belfast-to-Derry rights march in January of '69, but last summer, after the Apprentice Boys fought the Bogside Catholics, several hundred students crossed the border on a kind of children's crusade. Still, Dublin's young radicals complain that most of the students here are as conservative as their parents ever were. A year and a half ago, when some sixty University College students occupied their administration building, breaking down three doors in the process, they were censured by their classmates for "an act of extreme violence." And as for the student leaders, the past president and present mentor of the University College student council is a young conservative who has just been named Minister for Posts and Telegraphs in Lynch's government. The single political event in any of the Irish universities during the entire gunrunning crisis was a ballad concert sponsored by the Trinity Republican Club for the benefit of the country's cement workers, who happened to be striking at the time. (The concert was interrupted by the Trinity Maoists, who tried to take over the auditorium and turn the evening into "a more profitable discussion of the problems of the working class," but after a certain amount of scuffling the republicans threw the Maoists out and the singing went on.)

Most of the opposition, meanwhile, wants to keep the Dáil on call throughout the summer, in the expectation that more violence in the North might divide the Fianna Fáil deputies in a vote of confidence and Lynch would be forced to call a general election. And only a few of the opposition members seem willing to admit that going to the people in the middle of a republican crisis could be dangerous, if not disastrous, to the country's already fragile stability. Men like Conor Cruise O'Brien and Garret FitzGerald will say that for the sake of peace in the country it is probably better that Lynch hang on to his job until the end of the summer, but they are rare among Dublin politicians. "Partisanship here is almost neurotic," one Dubliner complained on the day the Taoiseach took the Party whip away from Kevin Boland. "Quite decent people in Fine Gael and Labour are going to support their party before their country. Even at a time when it should be clear to any reasonable man that an election can be of no advantage to the country—if for no other reason than that you just might end up with a couple of million republican sympathy votes from the farmers and with Neil Blaney as your Prime Minister."

Fifty years after independence, republican feeling in the countryside can still amount to the most reactionary politics. The Irish peasant remains a man who thinks of England—and that means Protestants—as a brutal and vindictive power, waiting for a chance to pounce on him and steal his land again. He is probably bog poor, despite the relative prosperity of the past ten years in Ireland, but he will never vote to the left of his county boss and press his own claim for social justice as long as he can pin his troubles on the Partition of 1921. Even the liberals in Dublin are going through a sort of republican *crise de conscience* as they watch the Catholics in the North suffering.

—JANE KRAMER

THE AFRICAN QUEST



A leisurely and informative voyage, in the Raymond & Whitcomb manner, limited to 200 interested and interesting travellers, to:

Kenya
Tanzania/Zanzibar
Grand Comoro Island
Aldabra (Seychelles)
Malagasy (Madagascar)
Mozambique
South Africa/Transkei
South West Africa
Angola
Congo (Kinshasa)
Fernando Po
Ghana
Ivory Coast
Liberia
Senegal
Canary Islands
Morocco
Portugal
Cruise up the Congo River

Rates are from $3,200 to $5,200 for each of two persons sharing an outside suite (separate bedroom and sitting room, each with private facilities), including New York-Nairobi-Mombasa, Lisbon-New York flights, all meals, and an extensive selection of activities ashore.

Raymond & Whitcomb will contribute $500 for each passenger, tax deductible by the passenger, to the American Association of Museums.

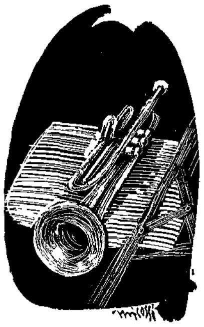
For reservations and information, call, visit, or write:

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
212 PLaza 9-3960

"First in Travel Since 1879"

MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport Notes

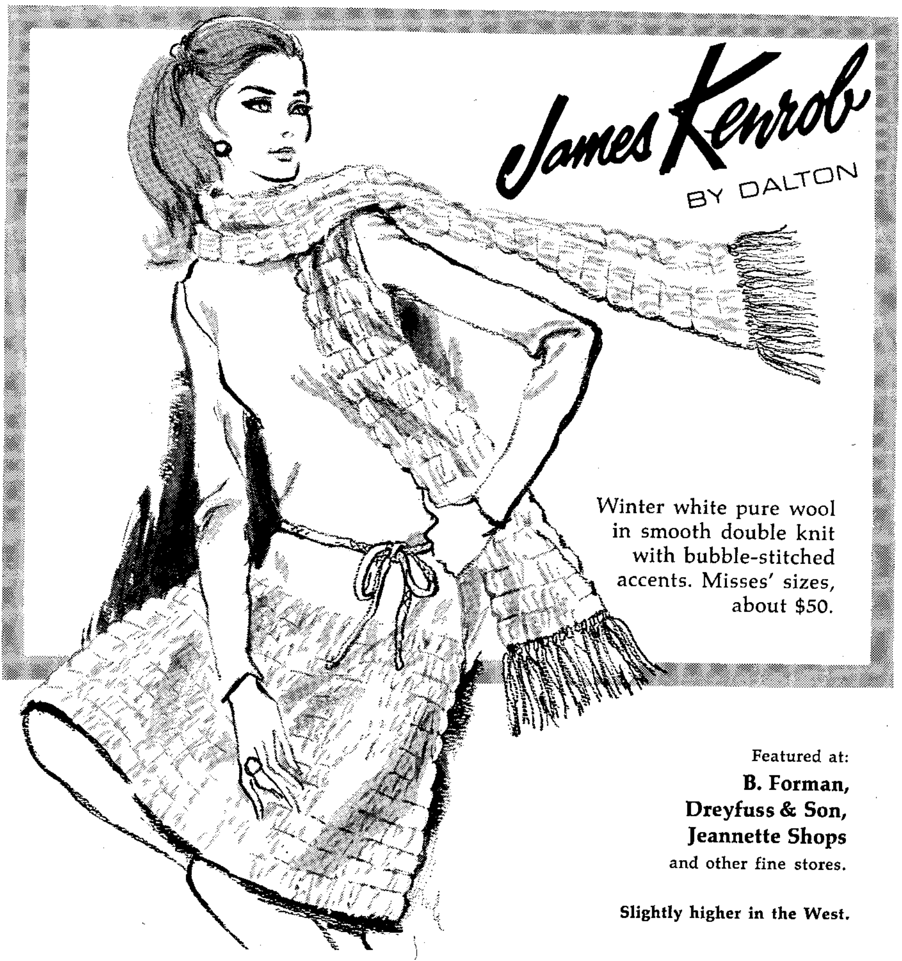


FRIDAY, JULY 10TH: Newport, as Henry James discovered, can make a philosopher of anyone. Its contrasts do it: airborne eighteenth-century houses within calling distance of bloated, eighteen-nineties mansions; CinemaScope skies, capable of simultaneously displaying a line squall and a clear three-quarter moon; a rocky, blowing coast and acres of asphalt parking lots; oceanic meadows and jumbled back streets; and those venerable opposites—Trinity Church and Touro Synagogue. All of which led me back this evening to the philosophical speculation about every fat man's containing a thin man struggling to get out, which immediately suggested the Newport Festival and its resident thin man, jazz. For sixteen years, the Festival has continued to put on pounds, with its increasing number of acts (many musicians bitterly resent this assembly-line programming and, economics willing, have long since forsworn the Festival), its longer and longer concerts (no ear can intelligently absorb more than three hours of uninterrupted music, but some Newport concerts last *six* hours), its growing gaggle of m.c.s, and its many do-nothing groups. And yet every once in a while the thin man escapes. He certainly did tonight. The evening was designed as a celebration of Louis Armstrong's seventieth birthday, on July 4th, but it was a lot more than that. (The only eulogistic clams came from Senator Claiborne Pell, who appeared to forget Armstrong's name at the climax of his encomium, and from Armstrong himself, who, in the middle of singing "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" with Mahalia Jackson, suddenly switched to "Hello, Dolly!," to Miss Jackson's consternation.) The ten-strong Eureka Brass Band, from New Orleans, opened the evening. Its members had room to roam around the stage as if they were marching, and the acoustics suggested the group's glorious reverberations when it parades through one of the narrow streets in the French Quarter. Cap'n John Handy, the irrepressible seventy-year-old alto saxophonist, who seems to have absorbed everyone from Sidney Bechet to Charlie Parker, was on hand, and there were a snare drummer (Cié Frazier) and a bass drummer (Booker T. Glass) who between them managed sliding boomlay-boom patterns that any bebop drummer would admire. Bobby Hackett brought on a faultless quintet (Benny Morton, Dave McKenna, Jack Lesberg, Oliver Jackson), and it was a delight to hear Hackett's Armstrong-Beiderbecke bells alongside Morton's climbing, worrying melodies. Then a beguiling group called the New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra appeared. It was put together earlier this year by Lars Edegran, a Swedish pianist who has been working in New Orleans for the past four or five years, and it consists of trumpets, clarinet, trombone, violin (William Russell, the great New Orleans jazz scholar), and the leader's piano, bass, and drums. It is a facsimile, right down to the arrangements, of the ragtime band led by John Robichaux in New Orleans before the First World War. (Ragtime, an elegant, complex, non-improvised music that flourished, mostly in the form of piano music, from 1900 to 1920, was one of the mainsprings of jazz.) It is a warm, gentle ensemble music (there are no solos) that moves along in waltz time or two-four time and accomplishes that spooky trick of making one feel nostalgic for an era and place and way of life one has never known. Particularly memorable among the numbers played were "St. Louis Tickle" (1904) and "Creole Belles" (1900). The Ragtime Orchestra was followed by six sterling trumpeters who in various ways were brought into being by Armstrong—Joe Newman, Hackett, Jimmy Owens, Wild Bill Davison, Ray Nance, and Dizzy Gillespie. ("Louis Armstrong's station in the history of jazz is unimpeachable," Gillespie announced before playing, "and I would like to thank him for my livelihood.") Each, in top form, played two numbers, backed by McKenna, Larry Ridley, and Jackson, and the finest moments were offered by Gillespie in a slow, languorous "Ain't Misbehavin' " and in "I'm Confessin'," in which he sang an affectionate mock-parody of Armstrong; by Hackett's "Thanks a Million;" by both of Davison's numbers (he is, I suppose, wholly out of fashion, but, in his rampaging, bent-note way, he is admirable); and by Owens' superb "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," in which he played the tune in the low register, unobtrusively changing a note here and an accent there, which resulted in a first-rate piece of improvisation that sounded like straight melody. After Nance's second number, Armstrong himself appeared, and sang three numbers, accompanied by the rhythm section and Hackett's glancing obbligatos. Armstrong is still recuperating from a nearly fatal illness and he is not allowed to play his trumpet for more than an hour a day. But he looks fit and composed, and he was in excellent voice. The ovation was tumultuous, as was fitting for the man who made jazz a majestic music.

After the intermission, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, made up of the nucleus of the Eureka Brass Band, played five stirring numbers, then gave way to Mahalia Jackson, who sang magnificently, thereby raising a curious point of musical physiology. Small singers are apt to sound delicate and even remote, while large ones are almost always formidable. The last time I heard Miss Jackson, three years ago, she had lost a great deal of weight and her enormous voice had dwindled to a magisterial whisper. Now she has regained most of that weight, and with it her voice. Her first six numbers were stunning, and when she got to "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" she became almost savage. Her statuesque stage presence is celebrated, but in "A Closer Walk" she charged back and forth, growled, danced, shouted, and clapped her hands, and when Armstrong joined her she almost swallowed him. And after the "Hello, Dolly!" aberration had been swept aside and the two of them began "When the Saints Come Marching In," the results were empyrean.

SATURDAY: This afternoon's concert started at noon and ended, about fifteen hours later, around six. The first three sets were in "workshop" form, and they involved two violinists, four trumpeters, and four drummers, who played and then answered questions, most of which went like "Are you planning any more albums?" or "Did you go to music school?" Of the violinists, Jean-Luc Ponty and Mike White, Ponty was by far the more impressive. A classically trained player, he has the tone and technique that most jazz violinists lack, and his reading of the old "Yesterdays" was, with its John Coltrane colorings, rich and assured. The trumpeters (Owens, Gillespie, Newman, and Nance) played onstage while the drummers (Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones, Jo Jones, and Chico Hamilton) played at the back of the field, and after the trumpeters' first number, a good "Sunny," I went over to hear the drummers. They were, with the exception of Philly Joe Jones, who was neat and forceful, in a desultory, self-absorbed mood. Jo Jones appeared baffled, Chico Hamilton was stiff, and Elvin Jones was inconclusive. The trumpeters were followed onstage by a Rocklike Japanese quartet, led by Sadao Watanabe, whom George Wein, who runs the Festivals, described as the Charlie Parker of Japan. Elvin Jones' quartet and Chico Hamilton's quartet went by, and so did a quintet led by Gary Burton. Keith Jarrett was on piano with Burton, and in the first number he played a fascinating, out-of-tempo solo that touched on Debussy and Schubert and Bill Evans. By this time, it was five o'clock and my battery was dead. Still another group was scheduled, but I went back to my hotel to recharge and watch the swallows, relish the openness of Newport, and bring on the evening.

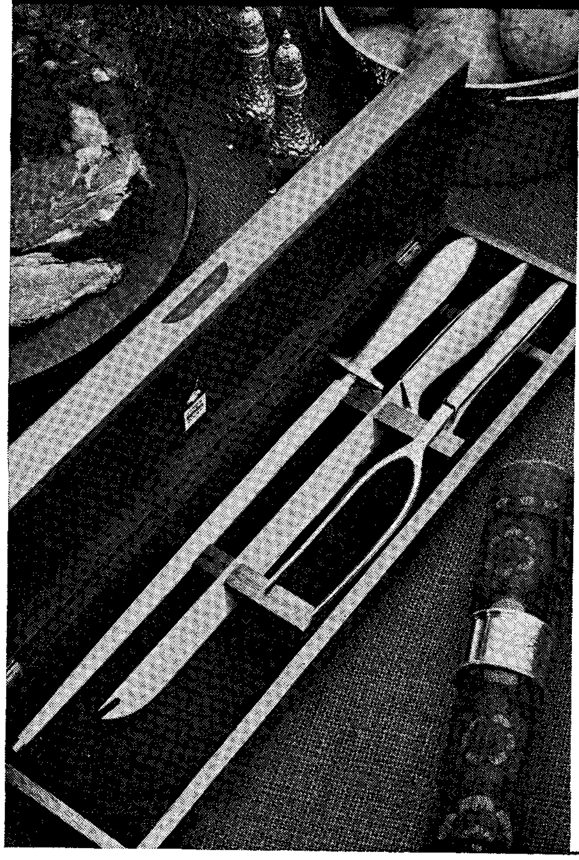
The thin man got out for a while tonight, and it was exhilarating. Kenny Burrell, accompanied by Ridley and Lenny McBrowne, opened the proceedings, and then acted as a rhythm section for Dexter Gordon, the forty-seven-year-old tenor saxophonist, who has spent most of the past decade in Europe. Absence sometimes jams the memory, and I had forgotten how persuasive Gordon was in the early fifties, when, combining elements from the styles of Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young and Charlie Parker, he constructed the model later followed by Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, who in turn brought along almost every tenor saxophonist who has appeared in the last fifteen years. Gordon has the ironwood tone that is now commonplace among tenor saxophonists, and an equally familiar amelodic way of phrasing that is made up of pitching runs, espaliered blocks of notes, and chameleon rhythms. There are few open places in his solos, which, with their cathedral-like intricacy and weight, are difficult to absorb at one hearing. He is a consummate musician who goes after the mind and not the emotions. He was, according to the hair-raising logic that governs most of the programming at the Newport Festivals, allowed only two numbers, but they were just about perfect. (The irrelevant Japanese group that played this afternoon had more time.) The second


James Kenrob
BY DALTON

Winter white pure wool
in smooth double knit
with bubble-stitched
accents. Misses' sizes,
about $50.

Featured at:
B. Forman,
Dreyfuss & Son,
Jeannette Shops
and other fine stores.

Slightly higher in the West.


Hand fashioned from Jewel Steel for superb carving

GERBER
Legendary
BLADES

The price tag on Gerber Blades is a bit higher than the ordinary. It has to be. We absolutely will not compromise on quality. For instance, Gerber's Jewel Steel assures a cutting edge that knows no equal. (Ordinary cutlery steel is far too soft to hold such an edge.) And we do a heap of handwork, nestle the blades in exquisite chests and guarantee them for life. For a gift or for yourself, why settle for less. At fine silverware, cutlery and gift shops everywhere. Or write for free catalog and nearby dealer's name.

Gungnir sharpening steel/ Snickersnee carving-serving blade/Ron holding fork in solid American Walnut chest. *$44.50*

GERBER LEGENDARY BLADES
Portland, Oregon 97223

THE Shirt

Here for you is the first truly new shirt since the coming of the Crocodile. And it carries an assured pedigree — an embroidered "L" and lion—only from Langrock. Pure cotton lisle. Super-comfort collar. White, Light Blue, Dark Blue, Yellow. Small, Medium, Large, and Extra Large. $11.

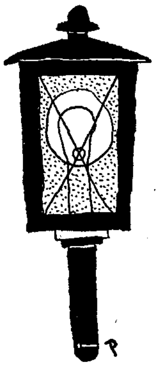
Langrock
42 Nassau St., Princeton, N.J. 08540

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50 Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

ELEGANT ELEPHANT WILL CARRY YOUR WATCH IN STYLE!
Our luxuriously supple Genuine Elephant Leather. Leather lined; interchangeable buckle.
Midnight Black. State width; ⅝", 11/16" or ¾".
$6.95
add 50¢ on mail orders
N. Y. Res. Add Tax
© N19
Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N. Y. 10022

one, "Darn That Dream," was closed with a stately, winding coda that recalled some of the weighty proclamations Coleman Hawkins liked to end his slow ballads with. The violinists, augmented by Ray Nance, reappeared, and Nance, playing an unabashedly soaring blues and a "Summertime" that was so intense it leaned on the listener, took the cake. Dizzy Gillespie's new group played five predigested numbers, and then accompanied Don Byas, the fifty-seven-year-old master tenor saxophonist, who, like Gordon, has long been based in Europe. Byas, who is one of the most proficient admirers of Hawkins' operatic side (Hawkins was myriad; mere facets of his style often provided entire foundations for other players), was also allowed just two numbers, but they were spacious enough to reveal his curving melodic lines, his Southwestern tone (a yearning, big-bellied quality shared by Herschel Evans and Buddy Tate), and his ability to swing very hard. He also demonstrated that innate, dowagerlike assurance and poise that seem unique to the best of the musicians who came up in the thirties. Next, Nina Simone, who has become more interested in the message in her songs than in the singing of them, posed here and there about the stage for a half hour, and then made way for a blessedly short set by Herbie Mann, a flutist who is also good at posturing, and his group. The evening was closed by the Ike and Tina Turner Revue, a funny, churning ensemble that consists of a nine-piece band led by Ike Turner, who plays guitar; the Ikettes, a female trio that dances and sings; and Mrs. Turner, who is beautiful and a fine shouter. The materials were gospel-soul-funk-blues, and I lost track of them when I got to watching one of the Ikettes, a tall, angular girl who liked to turn left when her compatriots turned right and who kept her mouth in a steady O, either because she was out of breath or because of sheer astonishment at finding herself where she was.



SUNDAY: There are always one or two please-the-people-and-make-a-buck concerts at the Newport Festival, and tonight was a dandy. Eddie Harris, a fashionably hard tenor saxophonist, started things, and then backed a young and extremely talented composer named Gene McDaniels, who sang a couple of his own songs. He is a sharp, eloquent lyricist, and the best of his songs, "The Silent Majority" (pronounced "majoaratee"), had, among other necessary things, a couplet about the silent majoaratee "gathering around the hanging tree." Les McCann, the pasha of soul-soap music, came on. He was followed by Leon Thomas, the singer and yodeller. Thomas should attempt "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the results might be definitive. More soul soap, this time from the Adderley Brothers, and then Buddy Rich appeared. He looked gray and tired and his band sounded the same. He did, though, get off a series of stunning four-bar breaks on a medium blues. They knocked one's wind out, and few drummers have known how to do that. Ella Fitzgerald finished the program, and she provided further proof that a singer's weight is to the voice what yeast is to bread. She has slimmed down considerably and so has her voice. It has the high, bobby-sox quality of her "Tisket-a-Tasket" days, and it made all her songs, which ranged from "Satin Doll" to "Raindrops Keep Falling," sound piping and pale.

Most of this afternoon belonged to the thin man, but not until the appearance of Roberta Flack, a singer-pianist in her late twenties. She is a handsome, poised performer, she has a rich, steady contralto, her phrasing runs in the gospel tradition, and she has an electrifying sense of dynamics. Her first five numbers were roomy and subdued, and then she let loose on "Reverend Lee," a funny, affecting song by Gene McDaniels about God's sorely tempting a preacher. Her handling of the words "Reverend Lee," repeated a dozen times during the song, was magic. Each time they came out differently, but in the best version she made the two words into ten, jamming some syllables together, separating others, and all the while granting almost each letter a different note. It was a goose-pimpling display of melismatics. Then Bill Cosby, one of the champion people, brought on his twelve-piece Badfoot Brown and the Bunions Bradford Marching and Funeral Band. It is made up largely of Los Angeles musicians, and includes a tenor saxophonist, a trombonist, two fender bassists, three guitarists, two pianists, an organist, and two drummers. In the first two numbers, the band accompanied Shuggie Otis, a sixteen-year-old blues guitarist and the son of Johnny Otis. He played a slow blues and a medium blues, and they were spectacular. The first was full of yearning and misery and pain (he is a motionless performer who smiles steadily, and the contrast between his coolness and the passion pouring out of his guitar was hilarious), and the second was a glistening celebration of cheerfulness and good feeling. Then the Bunions Bradford came on, and for forty-five minutes played one number, apparently arranged by Cosby, that was, though too long, comic and ingenious and unique. It also swung as hard as anything I've ever heard. Most of the instruments were electronic, and the piece, which was blues-based, included samplings of just about everything good that has been invented in the past decade and a half by the "new thing" school, by Charlie Mingus, by the Modern Jazz Quartet, by John Coltrane, by Miles Davis, and by the best rock groups. The tempo went up and down, there were dozens of slamming breaks, there were improvised duets, mountainous organ-chord climaxes, snatches of wild blues shouting (by the organist, Stu Gardner), a walking-bass passage, and a section in which the organist sang and played a rheumy, a-cappella "White Christmas," which was startlingly interrupted several times by drum duets. Cosby conducted the piece with such intensity and precision and humor that one had the impression that he was *playing* the band.

MONDAY: Over forty thousand people attended the Festival, despite uncertain weather and despite its being one day shorter than usual. Even better news is that the audience was made up largely of kids, who had come not to be sociological but to listen. Maybe the end of the tunnel is in sight.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

COMMENTING ON THE PERSISTENT STRENGTH OF CAPITAL SPENDING, THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK STATED:
7 MORE MORE MORE
—*A.P. news dispatch.*

Typical banker's reaction.

•

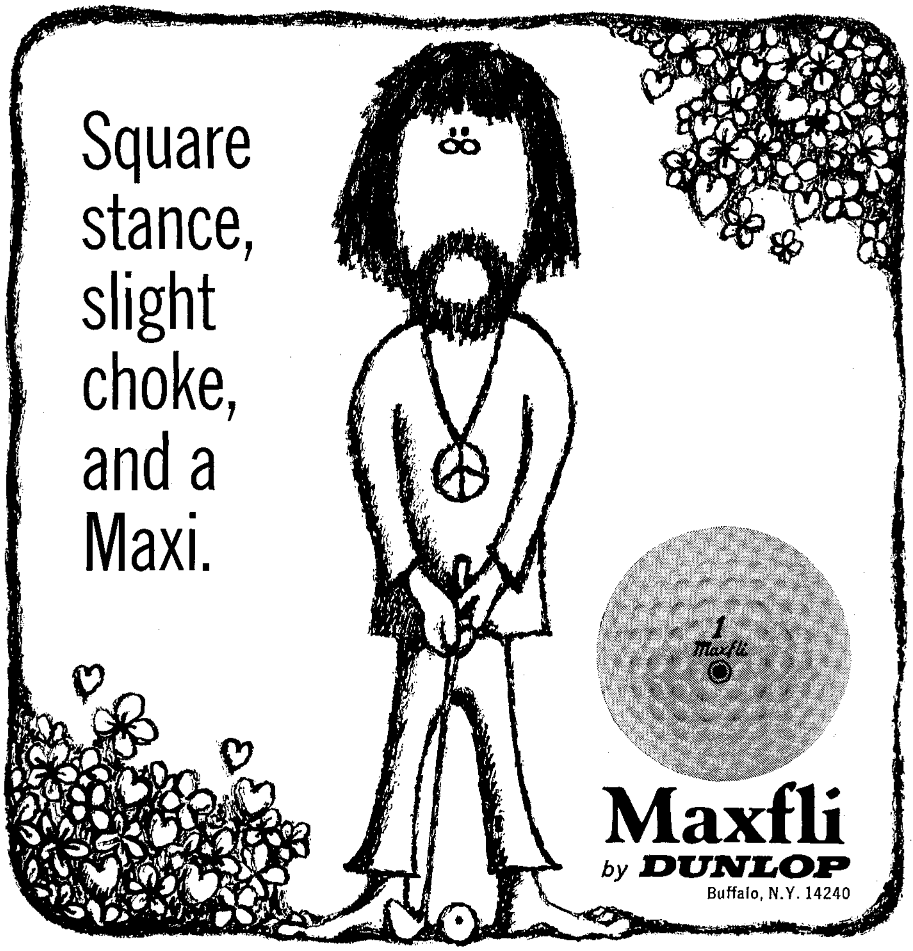
Virtually shatterproof and breakproof, these new Meyrowitz Polymil glasses—the first truly new glasses in 25 years—are one more reason why "the vision we pamper isn't just you."—*Adv. in the Times.*

We're not too stuck on *you*, either.

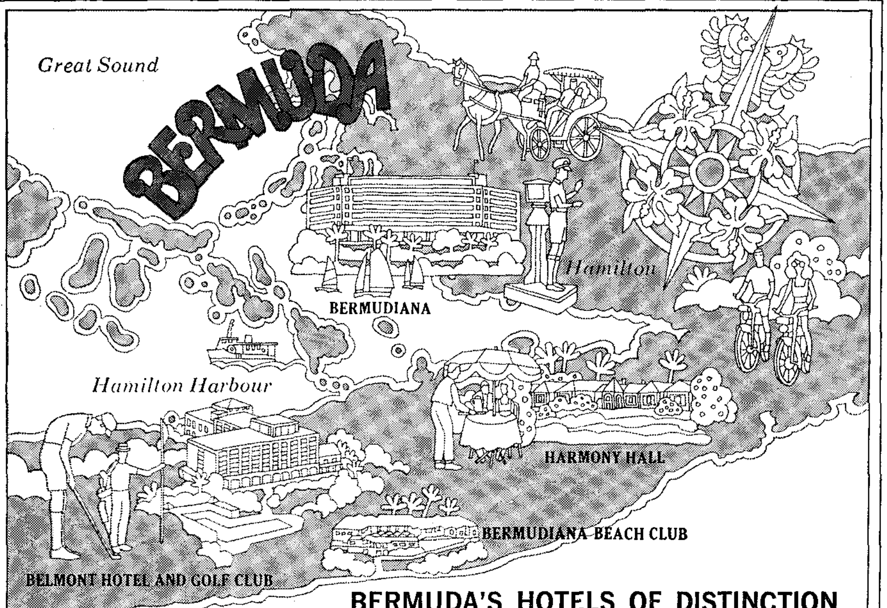
•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

So-Low Environmental Equipment Co., Inc., Cincinnati.
Ineffable Insurance, Hollywood.
Eunuch Wanted Stained Glass Window Co., Harrisburg, Pa.
Celeste Homes, North Babylon, N.Y.


Square stance, slight choke, and a Maxi.
1 Maxfli
Maxfli
by DUNLOP
Buffalo, N.Y. 14240

Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tires.



BERMUDA'S HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

When you stay at the Belmont, you're automatically extended all guest privileges of the Bermudiana and Harmony Hall. And you're a guest at our exclusive new South Shore Beach Club. The Belmont is famous for its 18-hole championship course and breathtaking view of Great Sound. Superb accommodations and all resort facilities.

The BELMONT
HOTEL AND GOLF CLUB

See your travel agent or contact: ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC. *International Representatives*, Dept. N-7, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020 Telephone: (212) 757-2444. Offices in Chicago • Miami • Toronto • London, England

SKI BIB OVERALLS
by Big Smith
For Men, Women and Children
Exclusively at the Aspen Leaf in Denver and Aspen Country Store in Aspen.
Assorted prints and stripes. Sizes: boys and girls 6 thru 16; men and women waist sizes 28 thru 40, lengths 30, 32 and 34. Send check or money order to Aspen Leaf, 221 Detroit Street, Denver, Colo. 80206 or to Aspen Country Store, Aspen, Colo. 81611. Prices: boys or girls $9.00. Men or women $14.00. Colorful engineer's cap $2.00. Add $2.00 for postage. Supply is limited. Order now.
Aspen Leaf
of Colorado Inc.

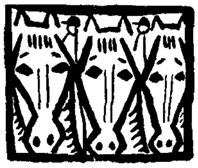
A JAMAICAN TRADITION
Less Pomp— Delightful Circumstance!
Relaxing, casual unspoiled charm. International cuisine, beautiful air-conditioned accommodations, lovely gardens and only moments away from famous Doctor's Cave Beach. All sports and sightseeing nearby.
$11 daily per person, dbl.occ. May 1 to Dec. Includes Continental Breakfast
Sidney F. Attwood, General Manager
GLOUCESTER HOUSE
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
See your Travel Agent or call
LEONARD HICKS ORG., NEW YORK 765-5800

NEW YORK THEATRE
"WONDERFULLY POWERFUL" —*Barnes, TIMES*
CHILD'S PLAY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs.: $8.50, 7.50, 6.90, 6.00, 4.80. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: $6.00, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60.
ROYALE THEATRE 242 West 45th Street, New York 10036
"BROADWAY'S WITTIEST MUSICAL IN YEARS." —*Clive Barnes, NEW YORK TIMES*
PROMISES, PROMISES
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Fri. Evgs. $12, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3. Sat. Evgs. $15, 12, 10, 9, 6, 5, 3. Mats. Wed. and Sat. $7.90, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3.
SHUBERT THEATRE 225 West 44th Street, New York 10036
"GREAT FUN! A BREEZY, BEGUILING COMEDY." —*Walter Kerr, NEW YORK TIMES*
FORTY CARATS
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: All Evgs. $8.50, 7.50, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. *Mats. Wed. & Sat.* $6.50, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80.
MOROSCO THEATRE 217 West 45th Street, New York 10036
"THE NEW HIT IN TOWN!" —*Lewis Funke, N.Y. TIMES*
HELLO, DOLLY!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $9.90, 8.05, 7.50, 6.90, 3.60. Sat. Evgs.: $11.90, 10, 8.60, 7.50, 4.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $7.50, 6.90, 6, 5, 3.60.
ST. JAMES THEATRE 246 West 44th Street, New York 10036

THE RACE TRACK

An Afternoon in Jersey

CURIOUSLY, the big handicaps seem to be following a pattern this season. Three that your wandering correspondent has seen certainly did so, and it made them exciting to watch. In the Metropolitan at Belmont on Memorial Day, Reviewer led almost from the beginning, only to have Nodouble catch him in the closing strides. In the Gold Cup at Hollywood Park a fortnight ago, Neurologo made all the running until the turn for home, where Pleasure Seeker overtook him. The same sort of thing happened again in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth Park last weekend. Charles Elliott was first to show in front, and at the three-quarters pole he was five lengths to the good. He held the lead into the straight, but, with a furlong to go, Gladwin, who had moved up steadily from a slow start, swept past him to win by three lengths. My Dad George, the favorite, was third, the shortest of noses behind. In the paddock beforehand, I thought My Dad George looked particularly good—quite the best of the thirteen runners. He needed to, for he was faced with a large order: a three-year-old, he was asked to give actual weight to seasoned older horses. He made a good try, too, to finish where he did, for he drew an outside post position and was far back of the leaders for half of the mile and a quarter. The biggest surprise of the Haskell, however, was the showing of the horses who had run one, two, three in the Suburban on the Fourth—Barometer, Verbatim, and Hitchcock. Barometer was tenth, Verbatim eighth, and Hitchcock twelfth. The change of scene or track, perhaps. But who knows what makes horses run the way they do? No doubt about it, though—Gladwin won fair and square. He started from close to the rail, and Gustines, who rode him, saved ground all the way. Incidentally, Gladwin had never gone the distance before. A smooth, lightly raced four-year-old bay by First Landing and Dungaree, he is owned by Hastings Harcourt. I fancy you haven't heard the last of him.



One of the thoughtful innovations at Monmouth Park, which, by the way, is celebrating its centennial just now, is the announcement of the results at other tracks—the first, second, and third horses in the stakes races at Aqueduct, Delaware Park, and Liberty Bell.

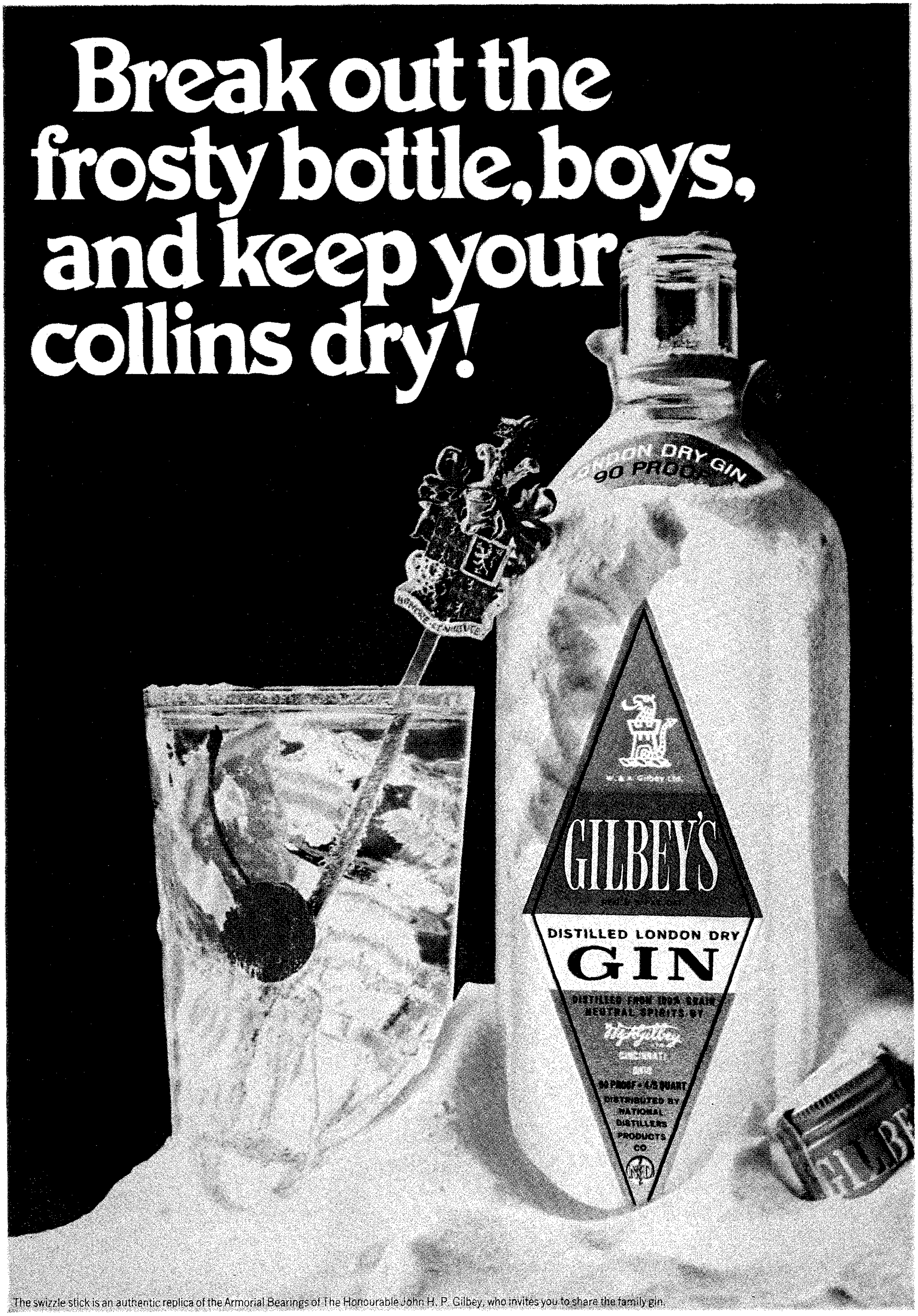
THOUGH the Haskell Handicap was a smasher, the most enthralling race of the afternoon was the second division of the Sheepshead Bay Handicap at Aqueduct, won by Pattee Canyon. Happily, I caught it on TV at Monmouth Park, which has all the comforts of home. Pattee Canyon carried 132 pounds and gave as much as twenty-three pounds to the opposition. As I saw it, Top Round, to whom she gave seventeen, left the gate fast and led by open daylight well into the stretch. Pattee wasn't so lucky, getting into close quarters as she went to the far turn in the mile-and-three-sixteenths gallop over the grass course. After Rotz, who rode her, eased her out, I was fascinated watching her close the gap. A sixteenth from the wire I wouldn't have taken 20–1 on her, but her nose was in front in the last stride. Top Round saved the place comfortably from Jungle Fire II. Pattee, I'd say, gads around as much as Nodouble. So far this year, she has raced and won at Hialeah, Gulfstream, Hollywood, Arlington, and the Big A. Her next start will probably be in the Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park next Saturday. Good luck to her! The first division of the Sheepshead Bay was a surprise all round, with Princess Pout winning from A.T.'s Olie by a length and a quarter. Klassy Poppy (what names these animals have!) was third, and Drumtop, the favorite, was sixth. Oh, well.

AS for the two-year-olds, Fast Fellow ran true to his name in the Hollywood Juvenile Championship, California's blue ribbon for the youngsters, last weekend, winning by a nose from Kfar Tov, with Moonsplash, a hitherto unbeaten colt, third. Fast Fellow, who went off at 13–1, earned $106,400 for the Gem State Stable, which owns him. I wish I could have seen it from the spot where I saw the Gold Cup a week before. I must have sand in my shoes. —AUDAX MINOR

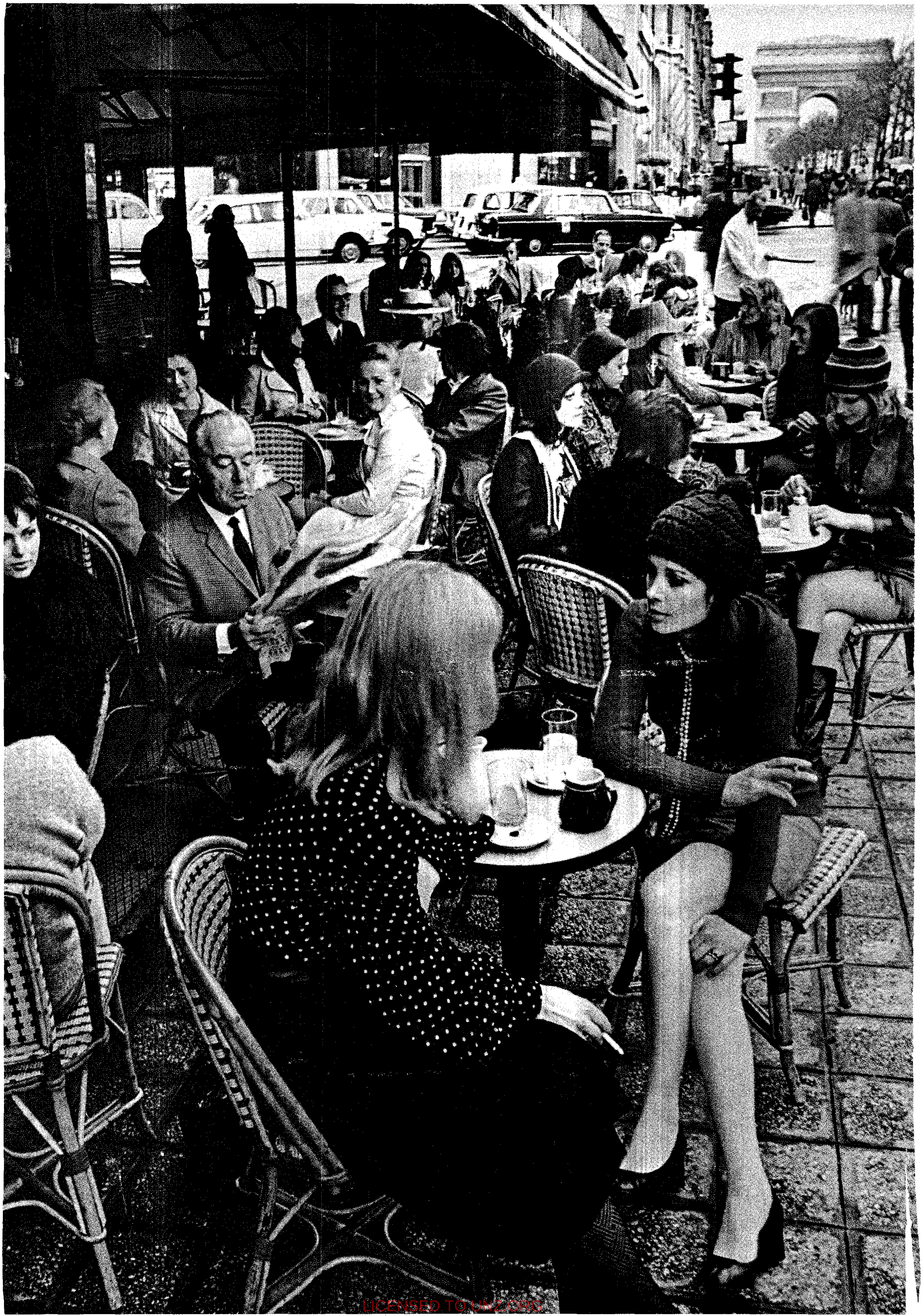
•

GE self-cleaning oven range, needs cleaning, excellent condition.—*Adv. in the Contra Costa (Calif.) Times.*

Just tired, that's all.


Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your collins dry!
LONDON DRY GIN
90 PROOF
W. & A. Gilbey Ltd.
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS BY
W&A Gilbey
CINCINNATI
OHIO
90 PROOF • 4/5 QUART
DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.
GILBEY

The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.



When an American asked us where he could sell his lingerie he couldn't believe where we told him to go.

"Paris?

"Oh, you've got to be kidding," he said. "Sell lingerie made in the United States to French girls?"

Well, not just French girls, we told him. Also Dutch girls. And Italian, German and English girls, too. Because according to our offices, correspondent banks and representatives there was a market for American made lingerie in Europe.

But that's the middle of our story. It started with one of our customers, a lingerie manufacturer, who was looking for new markets.

He didn't know too much about how to get started selling overseas. Or even where to sell. And he knew almost nothing at all about the ins and outs of export financing. Or international credit. Or foreign exchange. Or letters of credit. Or even how to fill out forms for shipping merchandise overseas.

So naturally, he asked our advice.

And while we didn't know too much about lingerie, we knew a lot about credit and money. We also knew where and how he could get the marketing help he needed to get started.

First we put him in touch with the right government agencies. Then we got in touch with our own offices and representatives in Europe. Then we got his sales literature and samples to some prospects.

And when orders started coming in we checked his customers' credit ratings for him. We also helped him fill out all those complicated shipping forms that have to be filled out before merchandise can be shipped to another country.

Finally we arranged for the transfer of funds from the buyers' banks to our client's account in New York.

What did we get out of all this work? We turned a fairly small account into a bigger account.

That's still growing.

If you're looking for overseas markets. And you need help. Call or write Mr. Edwin H. Curtiss, Vice President, International Banking Department, Bankers Trust Company, 280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, Telephone (212) 692-7271

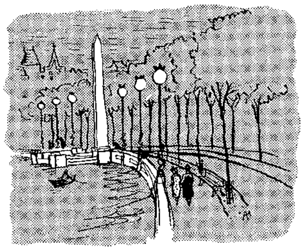
You'll find an international banker at Bankers Trust.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 15

SOME of the black home truths about the British economy under the Labour Government, which the Conservatives insisted were only obscured from view during the election campaign, have already come home to roost on the new administration's doorstep during the last forty-eight hours. The set of trade figures just published for June, when Labour was still in office, is the worst in over a year, showing an alarming, record imbalance between exports and imports. One reason for imports' suddenly hitting the sky was immediately given to anxious citizens in the shape of this morning's other and unexpected bit of bad news—last month's rush of firms scurrying to get their shipments home, it was thought, before a threatened national dock strike (the first in forty-four years) shut down the ports. Yesterday, it looked as if the strike had been called off, or at least postponed while the unions hashed over the employers' latest pay offer in what seemed to be a newly reasonable atmosphere. The papers were full of premature congratulations to all concerned for averting a national disaster, and particularly to the Secretary of State for Employment and Productivity, Mr. Robert Carr, whose calm presiding personality was reported to have done much to take the heat out of the long, wearing talks and to have impressed the union leaders. Now the men in many of the ports have angrily served notice that they are not impressed by anything said in London on their behalf, and, seemingly rejecting in advance the rumored figures on which a settlement was being negotiated, have ignored the union's instructions and come out on their own in an eccentric rash of unofficial strikes. At this not bright moment, few people seem optimistic enough to hope that the militants among them will listen to reason when other muscular unions, and even the restrained white-collar workers, asserted themselves so successfully in the spring tide of wage increases, to which the then Government made no attempt to play Canute.



Only last week, when the new House of Commons devoted the customary several days of debate to the principal points in the Queen's speech—the formal address (always more interesting after a switch of Government) delivered by the monarch at the state opening ceremony, in which she outlines her ministers' legislative intentions for the session—the Opposition speakers were still vehemently claiming that Mr. Heath and his party had misled the country. Leftover recriminations from the election drama were heated up too often in the economic debate, on Tuesday, which aroused the most interest and attracted the biggest audience. Some of the public, leaning forward in the galleries to gaze down with sharpened curiosity at the transformed Government front bench—and in particular at the Prime Minister, as though examining someone they had never seen before, which in a way was so, to judge by the brand-new confidence and authority of his awaited public exchanges—may have felt, as the cheers and the jeers of the victors and the vanquished filled the chamber, that they would have preferred less of the same old noises and more news of the alterations, welcome or unwelcome, that a Conservative administration will make in their lives. Hopes of an immediate cheering announcement from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Iain Macleod, were disappointed—a chastening blow to the rank and file of the Party, who had been waiting confidently for brave new Tory policies to start flowing. He had been expected to indicate at least a few spots where the change at the top would let air into the economy and give desperately needed relief to businesses squeezed almost out of existence by the restraint on bank lending. Mr. Macleod's speech was rated by the press next day as an incredible feat of personal courage—chalky white but impassive, apparently in his usual sardonically biting verbal good form, he spoke and sat stoically through the whole debate while suffering from acute appendicitis, for which he was rushed to a hospital that night—but as a rather less courageous political performance. The Conservative election manifesto had promised that taxes would be cut, and that the unpopular selective-employment tax, paid by employers on employees in the non-manufacturing trades—shops, the hotel business, banking, horticulture, and so on—would be abolished. The Chancellor ringingly gave his pledge that this would be done eventually, but the timetable remained blurred. The caution that in recent years has usually overtaken high, optimistic pronouncements after elections, when the incoming team has actually been settled in office for a few weeks and taken its first look at the books, was plainly audible in his speech, and understandable, too, in the light of this week's serious news. The eagerly awaited summer of Conservative content would not begin to shine on the country, he hinted, before he made another statement to Parliament, in the autumn. Then, for all the world like a Labour Chancellor, he announced (while Members opposite hooted with derisive amusement) that the banks had been instructed to keep right on applying the credit squeeze. His predecessor, Mr. Roy Jenkins, who spoke next, spent a long time berating the Government for exaggerating the country's economic difficulties. He sounded like a virtuous landlord who had rented a house in apple-pie order to incoming tenants who then spread scandalous false stories about its state.

The other violent Commons clash between the parties last week was on the Conservative plan for the young. The Government certainly lost no time in announcing that it will reverse Labour's cherished policy of building nothing but large "comprehensive" schools, which would swallow up the old, established grammar schools that many middle-class parents prefer to send their children to. This carefully classless idea aroused passionate feelings for and against among local authorities and parents everywhere. The new Secretary of State for Education, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, a pretty, blond woman of forty-four whose charming pastel appearance is combined with a formidably tough brain—a Somerville girl who graduated as a research chemist, she is also a lawyer—looks to Labour backbenchers the very embodiment of the selective upper-class education that they regard with aversion (though in truth many in their ranks are the product of one). In a bedlam of Opposition noise, she laid about her stoutly in defense of her decision to give local councils and parents freedom to decide what kind of schools would be best in their neighborhoods and how they would like their children to be educated. In reply to furious Labour accusations of high-handed ideological arrogance, she reminded the Opposition briskly that this intention had been made clear during the election campaign and that the majority had approved it with their votes last month. By no means all Conservative educationalists seem to share Mrs. Thatcher's views, however, and the National Union of Teachers, scandalized by her speedy countermanding of Labour plans without pausing to find out the profession's opinion, gave it immediately in a vigorous thumbs-down. The union's demands for a whacking thirty-seven-per-cent pay rise will be placed as a further sour welcoming note on the Secretary's desk shortly.

THE Post Office issued a handsome new set of outsize stamps this summer to mark two literary dates—the bicentenary of William Wordsworth's birth and the centenary of Charles Dickens' death. The Wordsworth stamp is a Victorian engraving, black on watery green, of the cloudy mountains sloping down to Grasmere Lake. There are four delightful Dickens stamps reproducing the Phiz and Cruikshank illustrations for three of the best-loved novels—a blue Miss Betsey Trotwood holding up her hands in astonishment at the appearance of young David Copperfield in her garden, an orange Pickwick receiving a copious stream of anecdotage from Mr. Jingle, a magenta Micawber clasping a wave of small fry to his splendid bosom, and a chrome-yellow Oliver Twist making his electrifying supper request. The Dickens centenary has been celebrated here in various ways, the most enjoyable being the huge, fascinating, and exhaustively complete exhibition at the Victoria and Albert, which will be open until mid-September. The museum was the obvious setting, since it has the largest collection of Dickens manuscripts in the world, bequeathed to the nation by the novelist's faithful friend and biographer John Forster, in 1876, when the Victoria and Albert existed as the South Kensington Museum. They are all on view, with more lent from other collections. The enormous outpouring of words in that bold, flowing writing seems too prodigious to be confined on the pages—crossed out and recrossed violently, blotted with more words and ever more ideas and characters elbowing their way in and being lodged temporarily on scrawled scraps of paper with "Yes" or "No" or "Not yet" added, according to whether he had been able to work them in or not. His signature was a flourish run into one impatient illegible word teed up on a triangular base of thick black squiggles, the whole rather resembling a doodle of a Tibetan terrier. There are such fascinating footnotes to the novels as the 1829 issue of the

In New York he stays at 160 Central Park South

Marriott's
ESSEX HOUSE
One of the world's great addresses
for reservations: (212) 247-0300 or call free from anywhere (800) 228-9290

The charm of the past
The comfort of the present
Come in the near future

THE NEW
Woodstock
Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for brochure
Woodstock Inn, Box 57N
Woodstock, Vermont 05091
Operated by ROCKRESORTS, Inc.

A Silent Woman-how can that be? Patient traveller, do not scoff; Drawn from the very life is she. And mute, because her head is off!

the
Silent
woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

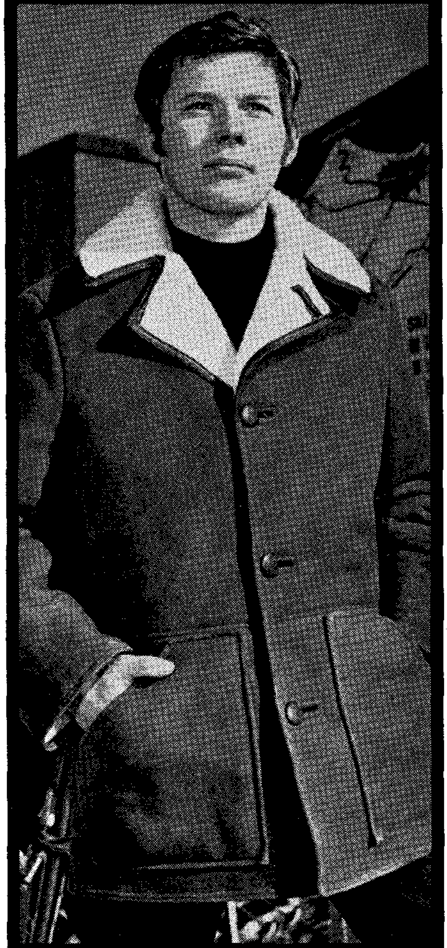
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN NEW YORK until you've seen
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

Recording for the Blind, Inc.
GOES TO
GREAT LENGTHS
TO HELP
BLIND STUDENTS
LEARN BY LISTENING

*
by furnishing their recorded educational books *free of charge* anywhere in the United States

Won't you give to:
RECORDING FOR THE BLIND, INC.
215 East 58th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

antartex
SHEEPSKIN
from Scotland



No. 3: $130.
in white fleecy

All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women — 25 styles (four new this year), 12 colours — from $90.00. Also available in Antartex sheepskin — slippers, boots, hats, rugs, etc. Handmade knitwear. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq. 868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath 60045. 312-CE4-9100
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276
Washington, DC: The Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' Street, N.W. 202-338-8078

Send $1 for your catalogue and real sheepskin samples with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP, (AT.1) 120 Greenwich Ave. Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

Times, which carries in its personal column the advertisement of an academy for boys conducted by a Mr. Shaw at Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, who undertook to pump education and nourishment into his wretched, starving urchins for twenty guineas per annum—"no vacations except by the parents' desire." Dickens, under an assumed name, went with a friend to call on Mr. Shaw, who was suspicious and did not show them much of his establishment, though enough to become the villainous original of Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. The exhibition begins—as though it were a signpost pointing to so much in Dickens' life and character—with the register of the Marshalsea Prison open at the entry of his father's admission for debt on February 20, 1824. John Dickens' portrait is of an amiable-looking man with large, restless eyes rolling in an actor's face. There is a letter from Dickens hopefully describing the cottage in Devonshire where he was about to settle his parents, but even in this carefully distant sylvan retreat Dickens Senior ingeniously circulated promissory notes in his son's name. There are early letters to Dickens' wife, Catherine ("Believe me, my dearest pig, ever yours," one ended, in somewhat strange loverlike style), whose portraits show a sleepy, pretty, odalisque face running down to double chins already. There are paintings and photographs of Dickens, of course, at every stage in his life, from the long-tressed romantic youth in the Daniel Maclise early portrait to that heavier, swarthy, and already careworn middle-aged man. The final likeness is the touching drawing by Sir John Millais of his curiously emptied dead face as he lay on a bed improvised for him after his fatal stroke in the dining room at Gad's Hill. As a backcloth to the exhibition there are many wonderful photographs—deep sepia, as though fog had got into the lens—of the old coaching inns, the drunken gravestones of little forgotten churchyards, the grim prisons, and the rotting slum tenements of his London.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

"I guess what I am trying to say is that the responsibility for clean, breathable air and safe, dependable automobiles lies as much or more so with any other single group." than with any other single group."—Jack Wilson, retail training manager, Douglas Oil Co.
—*Gasoline Retailer.*

If it's an effort, stop trying.

Doesn't everyone move up?

Hopefully! But sometimes that means a transfer. That's where Previews Executive Homesearch can help. Schools, commuting time, resale value? We'll worry about that. You stick to your job and turn the house-hunting over to us. We'll find the house and community for your style of living. A highly personalized service dedicated to your needs. Backed by 37 years of integrity, experience and a nation-wide network of Realtors. Best of all, the guidance is free to you and your company. Get the facts. Call collect.

Previews inc.
EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Phone (212) PLaza 8-2630
Boston • Washington, D.C. • Palm Beach
Chicago • Denver • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Paris
A Division of Reeves Telecom Corporation

We have a putting course. And three "19th holes."

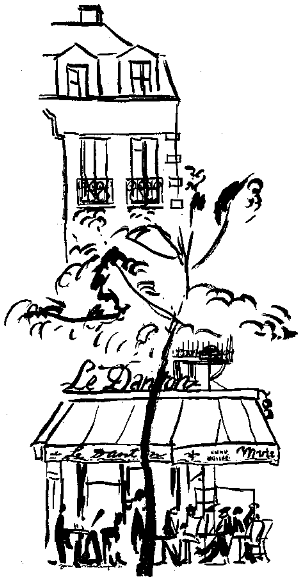
Chalfonte • Haddon Hall
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York
Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
Or call collect 609-344-5131

THREE LIONS
English Pub & Restaurant
Open 7 days from 8 A.M. to 3 A.M.
FREE DINNER PARKING (after 6 P.M.)
305 E. 41st St., N.Y.C. • Phone 867-3220

Wooden Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 15



THERE has been such a slump of late in first-rate French fiction that even the last Prix Goncourt was simply a murder story, suitable for light August-vacation reading some morning when it rains. However, for ideal holiday reading, to last a full fortnight, there is a new, enormous, calm, interesting volume of memoirs just off the press by France's best-known, best-selling author, the Belgian-born Georges Simenon, famous mystery-story writer and creator of Commissaire Maigret of the Quai des Orfèvres Criminal Brigade. The memoirs will doubtless not be a best-seller, since they are not fiction but Simenon's own inquiry into and recounting of several years from the middle of his life, under the enigmatic title of "Quand J'Étais Vieux." They are preceded by a baffling seven-line preface, which states, "In 1960, 1961, and 1962, for personal reasons or for reasons I do not know, I began feeling old, and I began keeping notebooks. I was nearing the age of sixty. I shall soon be sixty-seven and have not felt old for a long time. I no longer have need to write in the notebooks, and those that I did not use I have given to my children. Epalinges, December 24, 1969." Epalinges is the Swiss village, near Lausanne, where Simenon lives, in indubitable domestic felicity with his second wife, Denise—born Canadian and a tearing beauty—and his four children, three of them boys, the oldest by his first marriage, to a painter. In his memoirs he says that when he first came from Liège to Paris, he frequented Montparnasse and knew Vlaminck, Foujita, Derain, and Kisling, who for the most part became his friends. "Each week, I visited the art shows. Matisse was one of my gods. I saw life through these painters, or, at any rate, I loved its surface that they showed. Today, I find myself facing abstract art, which throws me off my stride. Some of the canvases delight me, but I admit that I don't understand them, that I don't trust them, and that I get the scent of something that smells of a trick. Seen logically, the abstract painters appear to be right. At this moment when we begin to discover the mechanics of the universe—the atom, genes, and anti-matter—it is probably normal that painters should be interested in a decomposed world. The new novel, which contains no plot and which people talk about (I haven't read any of them)—isn't that the same thing in literature as abstraction in painting? I should like to understand, to become enthusiastic, not become a reactionary, but I can't manage it. I have doubts. I hunt reasons. The parallelism between my writing, between my life, and painting has suddenly stopped. Is abstract painting wrong, or am I?"

This is more sustained than most of his discussions with himself, but it sets the tone of his new book, whose aim seems to have been to put his general ideas in order, so that he could see what he thinks and knows and understands. An omnivorous reader, he is also such a self-disciplined writer that he is constantly rewriting in order to assuage his own grumbling dissatisfactions, to a point where he acts like Flaubert. Actually, he is considered a phenomenon, a freak of organization in the French writing and publishing world. Once he has found his idea for a novel (of which he has published two or three hundred), he can sit down before his typewriter at ten o'clock of a Monday morning and finish, without skimping, by Friday afternoon. (He wrote his memoirs by hand, which makes them a self-identifying production.) In these novels he has created a certain style of written French that sounds like spoken French in its easy security, fluency, and capacity for communication—a style that is *sui generis* and that apparently comes from his belief that in writing even of a criminal he must write as if from inside the character's skin. André Gide, who became a fan of his and carried on a long correspondence with him, thought him, for style, perhaps the best novelist in France.

Whatever it was he was worrying about in those troubling years he never divulges, though it may have been a faulty diagnosis by a doctor who assured him he would soon be dead. It certainly did not affect his extracurricular sexual activities, candidly mentioned in the memoirs as a form of truthfulness that he thinks basic to civilized, successful domestic love. What Simenon has written in his long memoirs, running to four hundred pages in octavo format, is like the chronicles that countrified Englishmen wrote a couple of hundred years ago as a form of their national instinct for writing down history, no matter how small its field—a record of their local events and wonderments and crops and family and animals such as made up a complete normal life and was consequently called "a commonplace book," because that was what it was. For anyone who likes to read lengthily in French and at the same time to read intimately of the ideas of a veracious memoirist, Simenon's volume will be a palpable pleasure, like one tall, straight exotic tree that has achieved full growth in a crowded *jardin à la française.*

THE real gardens of France—the rose gardens of the Paris suburbs, and their fences—have never been so fully draped in pink buds and blossoms as during this past fortnight, having been first well watered by night rains and then pampered by ten days of rare Seine Valley sun, which shone unflickering from dawn until a cloudless, lemon-tinted dusk set in, with the new crescent moon swelling to the shape of a golden melon cut precisely in half. To the terror of the Tuileries pigeons, on Bastille Day, July 14th, the annual morning flypast of the Fouga-Magister planes of the Air Patrol of France, followed by sixty-six Mirages and seventy-two other planes, plus a gaggle of helicopters, took their noisy flight through the Paris sky. July 14th is France's greatest annual fête day, still celebrating the fall of the Bastille and the resurgence of republican man in full governing power. As if government by the people were always bound to set off sparks, the evening of the Fourteenth is traditionally given over to a superb display of fireworks. The most beautiful, elaborate, costly, and fanciful of any in any city of Europe throughout the year, they are a magnificent celestial display, fired off in its full artificiality from various high points in the capital city—from the hill of Montmartre, from the Buttes-Chaumont in the northeast, from over near Vincennes in the east, from down by the Parc Montsouris in the south—with the richest display this year being sent up from the prominence of the Palais de Chaillot. The best viewing point, allowing one to see all of them in turn

Garden Ornaments

CONTEMPORARY AND TRADITIONAL

Hand-carved Figure
Italian Stone
48″ high
One of a Set
of Four Arts
$485.00 each

Lead Falcon
18½″ high, 7″ wide
$85.00
Prices f.o.b. N.Y.

Gracious sculpture and fountains for decorative gardens, foyers and homes. Erkins has a wide variety of lead, stone, bronze and copper ornaments in a wide price range. Send 50¢ for fully-illustrated Catalogue . . . or visit our galleries.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 303, 8 West 40th St.
New York, New York 10018

(*Advertisement*)

OPEN LETTER

To the Revisions Editor of the *Standard American Dictionary*
Sir:

In your forthcoming revision of the S.A.D. please insert the word *neophiliac* with the following entry:

Neophiliac (ne-o-*fil*-e-ak) n [Gk. *neos* new + *philia* abnormal appetite or love for]: one who indiscriminately adores the new for the sake of newness. In the plural, currently associated with the title of a new book *The Neophiliacs* by Christopher Booker in which the vagaries of the "Swinging Sixties" are examined and accounted for, but rapidly coming into general use.

Sincerely,
The Editors of
Gambit, INCORPORATED

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

with a roving eye, is the roof of one's hotel, if it is near the Tuileries. This year, the skyrockets were, if anything, more elaborate than ever before. As usual, they were manufactured according to the old Chinese art by the house of Ruggieri, with gunpowder supplied in part by the French government, which jealously controls its production. From year to year, pyrotechnic styles change a little, like women's evening clothes, but are now perfected to the point of being able to resist rainfall, such as Paris underwent at 10 P.M., drenching all the crowds. The rockets from the Chaillot hill had rare new lavender colorations Tuesday night, and were elaborately involuted in their packing, so that after the first fallout of effervescent colors, like a great, spreading parasol patterned against the sky, littler umbrellas of solid colors emerged, to float away or to be reinforced by large cerise pear-shaped forms, holding their shape as they drifted off in the style of parachutes, bent on their own brief airy destiny. They were all gorgeous and exquisite, no matter in what direction one looked—all luxurious, civilized, and useless, giving joy and delight and pleasure to the eye for the length of a long breath and the cry of "Aaah-a-ah!" Each pyrotechnic center in the city ended with the same classic finale, always called *le bouquet*—a great rocket that explodes in the sky into what looks like a snowfall of silver-and-gold sparklers. Each of these detonates with a loud bang, creating in its explosion smaller sparklers and bombs, until the last and smallest of all give off their minimum final report. By the time *les bouquets* were all finished, the rain had stopped, and the crowds and the tired children went home. —GENÊT

•

Some have estimated that we are admitting only one-half of all the qualified applicants to medical school. Whether this is true or not, it certainly is true that there are twice as many students qualified for medicine as are admitted every year.—*American Medical News.*

Any way you look at it, it's a rotten shame.

•

He left his job . . . to form his own business to sell Korean clothes to stores. He . . . knows he couldn't do it without his wife.

"She was invaluable. . . . She's been in fashion more than 10 years," he said proudly.—*Bernadine Morris in the Times.*

Before that she was démodée?

On the fringes of a war that everyone lost,
a young American lieutenant journeys through England and Europe, in a novella and six short stories by the author of *The Investigating Officer* (soon to be filmed by Columbia Pictures). "*The Bicycle Rider* manages to be witty, tender, sad and completely unself-pitying . . . rich in insight and beautifully told." —*Publishers' Weekly.* $5.95

THE BICYCLE RIDER

Frederick L. Keefe
Portions of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*
A Seymour Lawrence Book
delacorte press

BADRUTT'S
PALACE HOTEL
St. Moritz
"The Perfect Holiday"
July - August

Information:
The Hotel Representative, Inc.
660 Madison Avenue,
N. Y. 10021

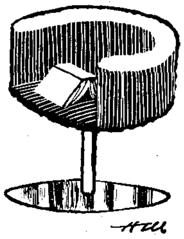
or telex direct
PALACE HOTEL
Nr. 845 74424 Palsm Ch
St. Moritz, Switzerland

HOTEL Meurice
Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $19.00.
Doubles from $26.00.
Suites from $29.00.
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

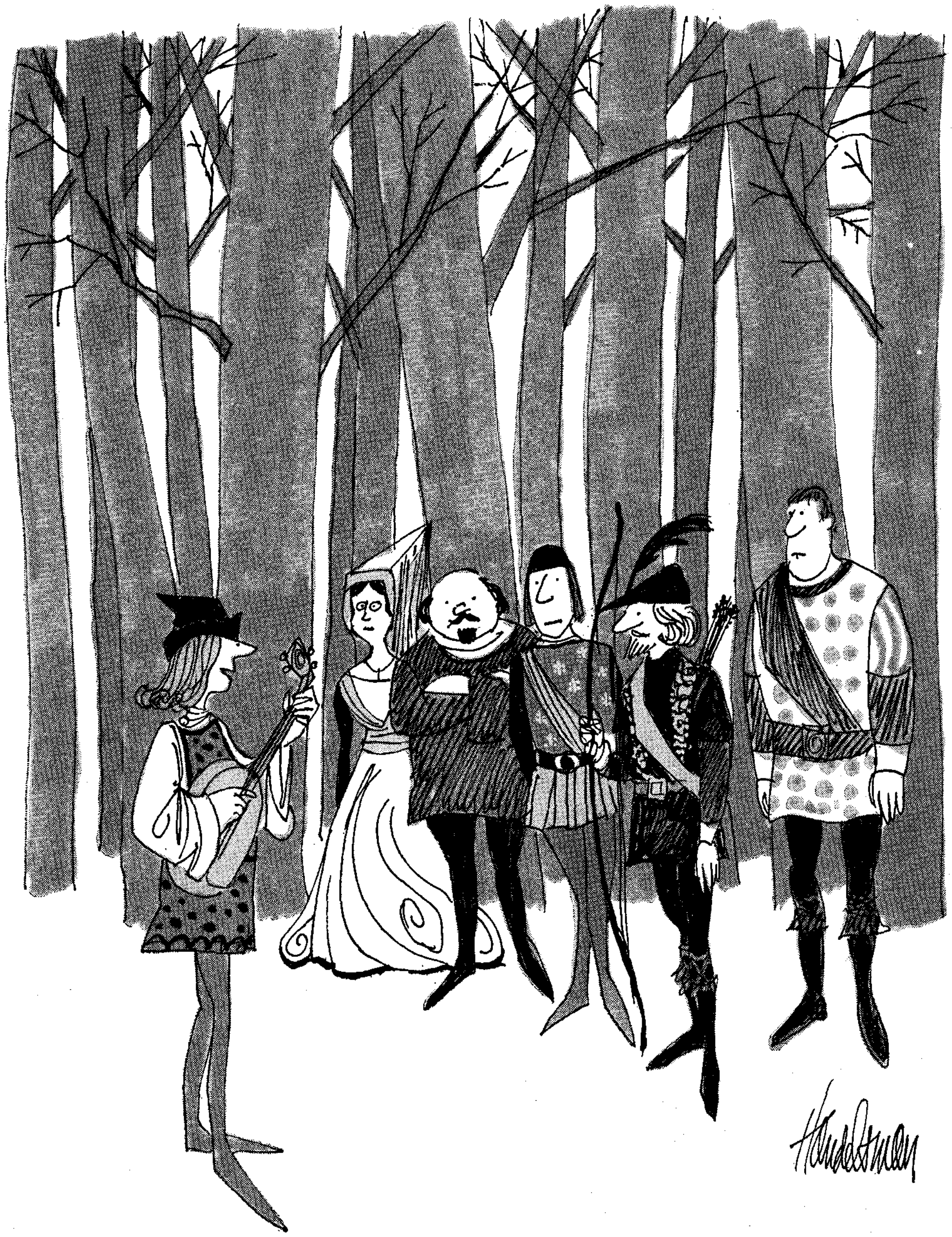
BOOKS

Scribe



JIM BOUTON has been remembered, up to the present, as a hard-throwing young right-handed pitcher who won forty-one games (including two World Series victories) for the lordly New York Yankees in 1963 and '64; from now on, he should be celebrated as the author of the most intelligent and entertaining participant's account of the national pastime yet published ("Ball Four," edited by Leonard Schecter; World). This success story does not concern itself with the author's Yankee years (who cares about the brilliance of youth?) or even especially with his season-long struggle to reattain the major leagues last year on a weak expansion team as an older and barely passable relief pitcher with a dead arm and a newly acquired knuckleball (who cares about the aches of middle age?). The success here is Mr. Bouton himself as a day-to-day observer, hard thinker, marvellous listener, comical critic, angry victim, and unabashed lover of a sport that has been often written about with perfunctory honesty and insufficient wit. Throughout last year—spring training, the first games of the newly born Seattle Pilots, his horrendous descent to Vancouver and the minors, his recall, and his eventual trade to the Houston Astros and accomplishment of a modest competence there—the writer-in-residence pays attention not just to the stratagems and superstitions of clubhouse and bullpen, to the anxieties and jokes and energetic evening pursuits of the athletes, and to the smugness and deadly orthodoxy of the front office but to his own survival as a human being caught up in an exhausting and ultimately unforgiving business that often seems inhumanly doltish as well.

Bouton recorded all this on tape, but, thanks to his easy style and his luck in finding Mr. Schecter as his editor, the written results are never mechanical: "Decided to get a haircut today. My hair was quite long and the sideburns were thick and heavy. I didn't want to have a long-hair image, so I got a really short haircut and looked like a stormtrooper. It's terrible, but it won't hurt me. You never can tell how spring training is going to go. I could be one of those borderline cases, and the difference between making the club and not making it might be the length of my hair. . . . When I walked into the clubhouse with my new haircut, Sheldon said, 'Now you look like the old Bulldog.' Bulldog! That's what they called me when I was a big winner with the Yankees. Bulldog. *Gruff!* This is the impression I wanted to create all along. Maybe they'll think because my hair is short I got my fastball back." The author reports a number of plain truths that organized baseball may consider damaging to *its* image (that ballplayers often get themselves up for a game with amphetamines; that management commonly indulges in evasiveness, bullying, and plain dishonesty in conducting financial negotiations with the players; that umpires have been known to punish unpopular players with unfavorable calls at the plate, and that they regularly give the benefit of the doubt to superstars; that black ballplayers of less than superlative talent find it difficult to stay in the majors; that Whitey Ford was a master of surreptitiously doctoring baseballs on the mound), yet it is Jim Bouton's achievement that his book never settles into the sportswriting clichés of debunking and anecdotage. What he has given us, rather, is a rare view of a highly complex public profession seen from the innermost inside,



"I did the Crusade-winning ballads for Richard the Lion-Hearted, and now I'd like to work for you people."

◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.

We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors

41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

DARIEN—FOR SALE

Charming, substantially-built one-story home on 3 acre bird and wildlife sanctuary, at dead end of street. 5 minutes to station. Stone walls, lawn, woods and ponds. Entire property flood-lighted. L/R 28 x 20 with fieldstone fireplace, large master B/R with fireplace, 2 other bedrooms and 2 baths. Dining room, wet pantry, large modern kitchen (service porch). Terrace and two large screened porches. One room cabin near pond.

Tel. Owner for details—203-655-3845

MONSIGNORE

ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

along with an even more rewarding inside view of an ironic and courageous mind. And, very likely, the funniest book of the year. —ROGER ANGELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A QUIET VOYAGE HOME, by Richard Jessup (Little, Brown). Mindless violence is Mr. Jessup's theme, and he illustrates it by means of a young persons' uprising on board a palatial liner sailing from Le Havre to New York with a full load of passengers returning to America after a summer in Europe. In tourist, there are sixteen hundred boys and girls of high-school and college age—all under thirty, anyway. In the hands of a good writer, this might have made a convincing nightmare story, but Mr. Jessup succeeds only in providing a headache for the reader too dutiful to put the book down after the first page or so. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MATILDA, by Paul Gallico (Coward-McCann). A cheerful, gooey tale of an Australian kangaroo who comes to New York City and makes a huge fortune for some kindhearted Broadway villains. The kangaroo is a male, and his talent is for boxing.

GENERAL

ZELDA: A BIOGRAPHY, by Nancy Milford (Harper & Row). In her admirable and solidly researched book, Mrs. Milford has made the fabulous Zelda (she was named after a gypsy queen in a novel) and Scott Fitzgerald absolutely real. The Fitzgeralds were larger than life, and their drama is as harrowing as any in Strindberg. Here the most interesting fact to be brought into sharper focus in the wide and terrible range of their lives is the degree to which Scott felt that he possessed a right to Zelda's life as his raw material, and her frantic response in trying to be both herself and what he required of her. Artfully, Mrs. Milford allows her principal characters to speak for themselves as much as possible, quoting Zelda's diaries and letters, and pointing out how Scott used them in his fiction from the beginning, when he was unknown and courting her in Montgomery, Alabama. Later, he published the stories she wrote under both their names or, when financially expedient, under his name alone. By the time of Zelda's mental breakdown, the confusion of identities had gone so far in this direction that Scott could not accept it when she herself wrote an autobiographical novel in an effort to regain her sense of individuality. "That is all my material!" he cried in a confrontation with her before her doctor. "None of it is your material!" In the face of the demands he made upon himself, it apparently did not matter that she might be hurt by his use of her insanity and by the inclusion of phrases from her vulnerable letters to him from the hospital in the text of "Tender Is the Night." The Fitzgeralds' story is a frightening revelation of the cannibalistic exigency of art and its effects upon the life of the artist and those nearest to him. Mrs. Milford presents it dispassionately and with equal concern for her two heroes. Ten dollars. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

WHO NEEDS THE DEMOCRATS; AND WHAT IT TAKES TO BE NEEDED, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Doubleday). A short, brisk, funny outline of a program that the author thinks the American Democratic Party must adopt in order to survive. Some points are familiar Galbraith (stop bragging about economic growth and pay some mind to what we are growing—slag heaps and junkyards), and some are old Democratic sore spots (Whose Party is it? Mendel Rivers'? Allard Lowenstein's? It may belong to neither, but it can't belong to both), and some are current generalities (the Cold War bureaucracy needs to be dismantled). Mr. Galbraith's incisiveness is entertaining, but, as he goes forth to battle the Philistines, he does not seem to remember that practical politics is not just discrimination but accommodation, too.

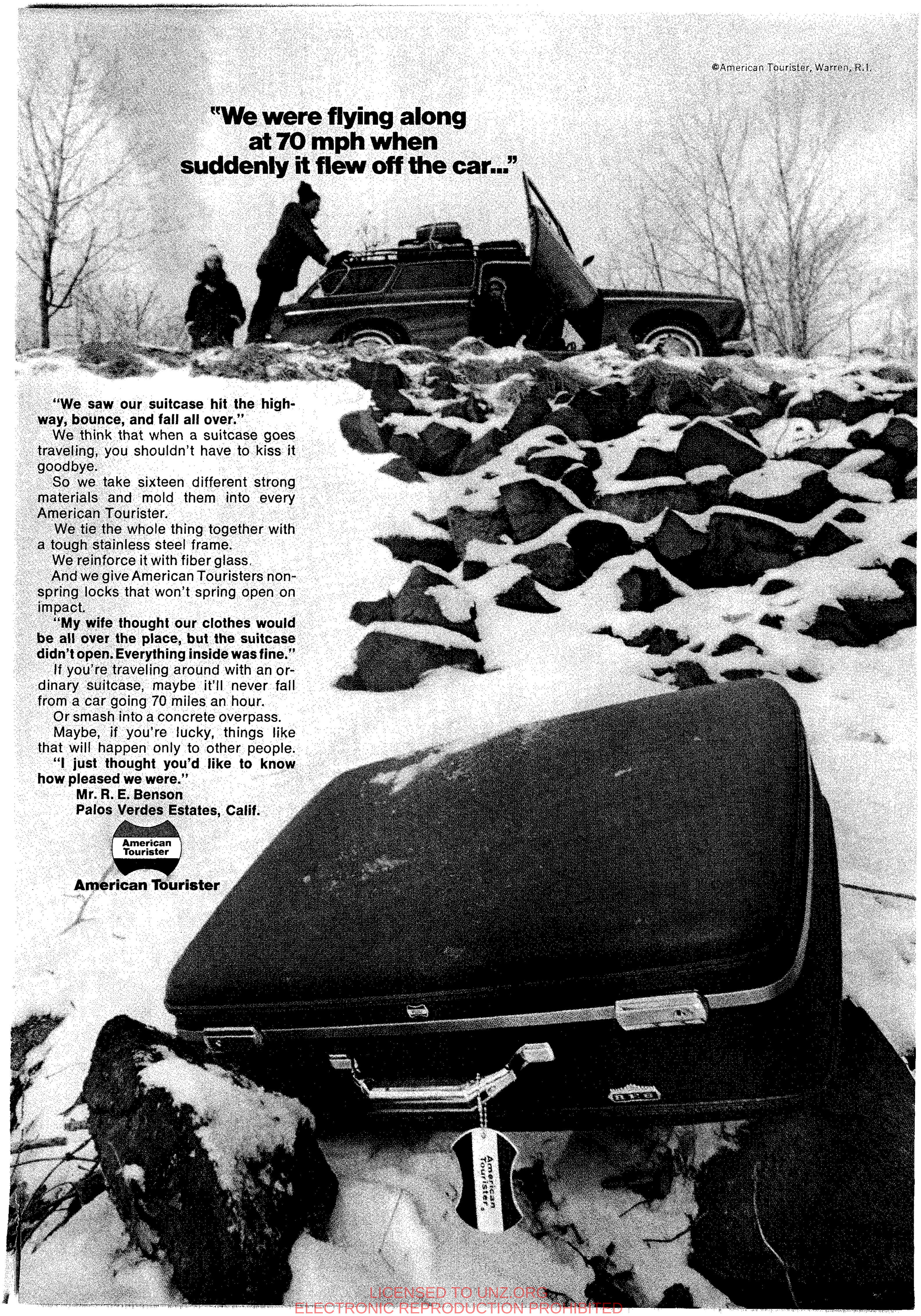
ROBERT BURNS: THE MAN AND THE POET, by Robert T. Fitzhugh (Houghton Mifflin). A biography that begins "Robert Burns was a witty compound of satire, sentiment, and sex" is apt to turn out badly, and this one does. Burns' life seems as sad as ever, and this worshipful reappraisal, puffed out with far too many poems and letters printed entire, is no service to us and something of a disservice to him. Illustrated. Ten dollars.

•

The soloists in the anthem today are—The Pharisee: Eugene Simpson, bass; The Republican: Donald Haun, tenor. —*Calendar of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Richmond, Va.*

Virginia has a Republican governor, come to think of it.

©American Tourister, Warren, R.I.



"We were flying along at 70 mph when suddenly it flew off the car..."

"We saw our suitcase hit the highway, bounce, and fall all over."

We think that when a suitcase goes traveling, you shouldn't have to kiss it goodbye.

So we take sixteen different strong materials and mold them into every American Tourister.

We tie the whole thing together with a tough stainless steel frame.

We reinforce it with fiber glass.

And we give American Touristers non-spring locks that won't spring open on impact.

"My wife thought our clothes would be all over the place, but the suitcase didn't open. Everything inside was fine."

If you're traveling around with an ordinary suitcase, maybe it'll never fall from a car going 70 miles an hour.

Or smash into a concrete overpass.

Maybe, if you're lucky, things like that will happen only to other people.

"I just thought you'd like to know how pleased we were."

Mr. R. E. Benson
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

American Tourister

American Tourister

An act of the gods made this the best tasting rum in the world.

Leilani Rum is made in Hawaii. And as legend has it, it's made with the help of three gods.

The god of Volcanoes. The god of Sun. And the god of Rain.

The god of Volcanoes gave us the volcanic soil to grow the finest sugar cane in the world.

The god of Sun gave us 350 days a year of sunshine to grow the richest sugar cane in the world.

And the god of Rain gave us plenty of water to grow the juiciest sugar cane in the world.

With that kind of help, Leilani has to taste great.

Thanks, gods.

HAWAIIAN RUM · 80 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO. · HONOLULU, HAWAII

Leilani Hawaiian Rum
Leilani Hawaiian Rum
DISTILLED IN HAWAII AND BOTTLED BY
CALVERT DISTILLING CO.
HONOLULU, HAWAII, SARATOGA, CALIF.
4/5 QUART · 80 PROOF